Britannia and eve

Christmas 1937

1/6

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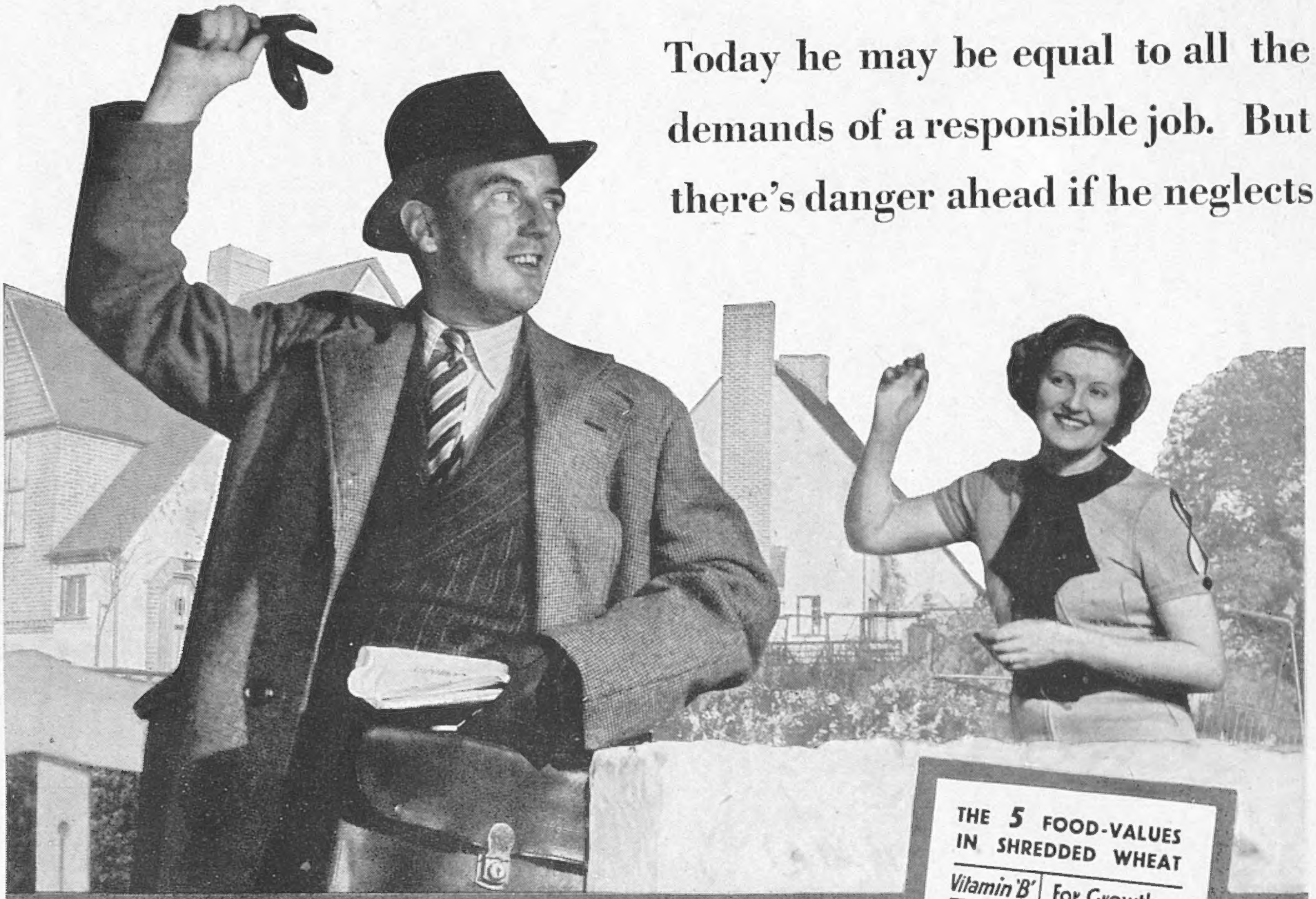

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* This applies to stockings 2/11 to 8/11

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Klirsheer

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Britannia and Eve

Vol. 15 No. 6 December, 1937

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 188. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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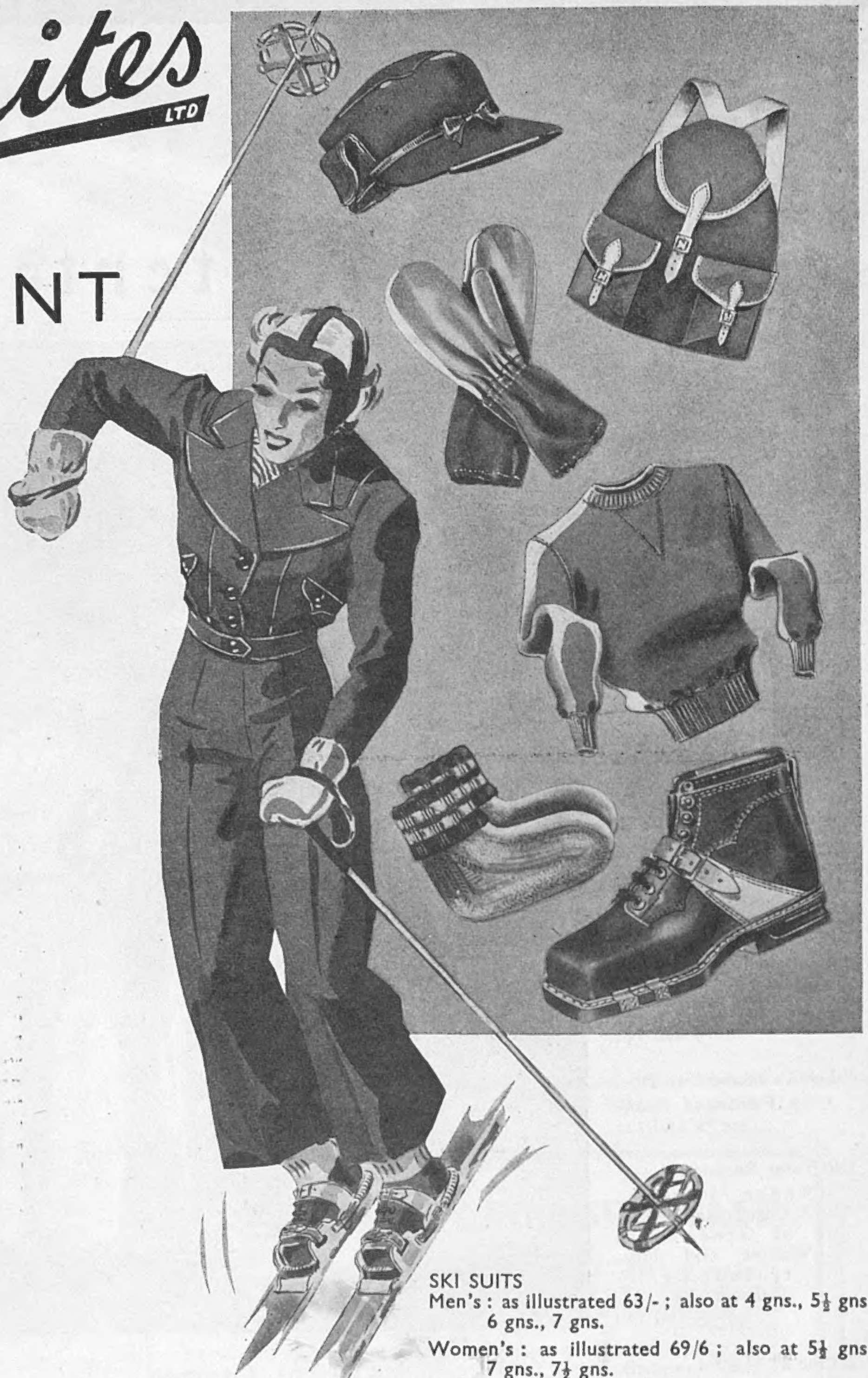

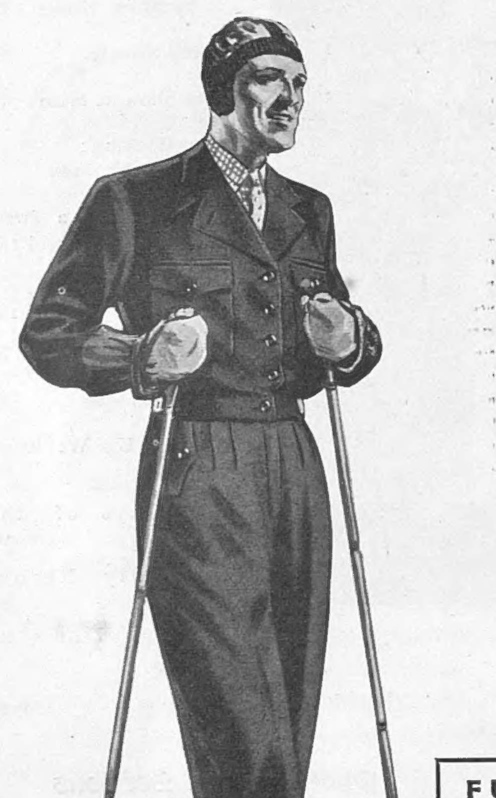

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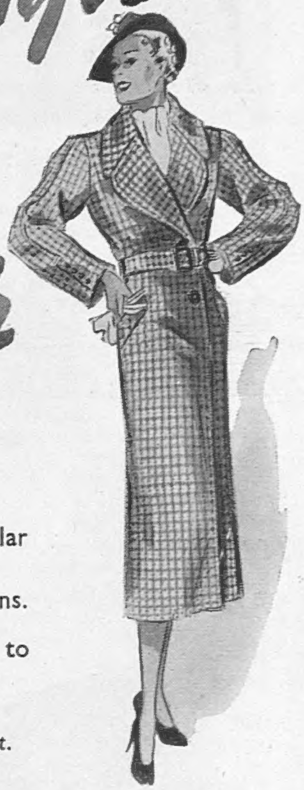

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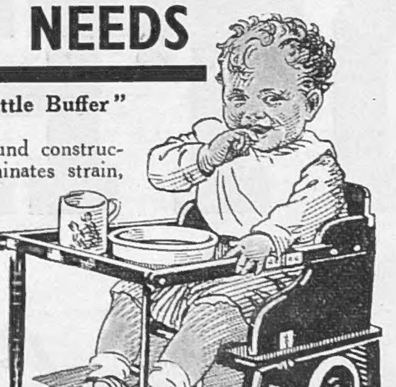

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No. 3 (with tray), Beautifully Polished, 25/6. Enamelled, 28/-. Post Free. *(With Commode and Double Seat, 4/- extra.)*

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Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
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Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for research and information on cancer. The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

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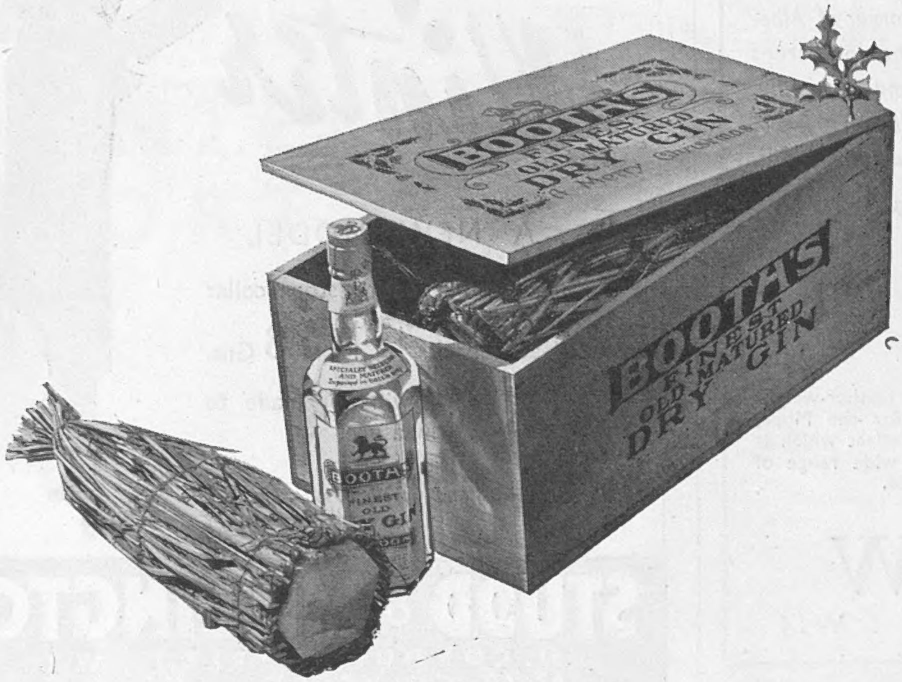
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A Merry Christmas
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DECEMBER
2
ALL HOT
BAG

Dim-berried is the mistletoe
With globes of sheenless grey:
The holly midst a thousand thorns
Smoulders its fires away.

That's traditional December by Walter de la Mare.

Dickens would add snow, and splash the men's cheeks and noses scarlet.

But in December, 1772, nasturtiums blew in Gilbert White's garden.

In 1915 the average temperature at Salisbury, Wilts, was 63° Fahrenheit throughout December.

So only three things are certain:

The chestnut man with his brazier appears at street corners. One festival dominates the month, and days are dim. Although it is possible to have 7 hours 37 minutes sunshine, the average is 1 hour and 23 minutes!

All the better for the Christmas Tree.

Noel . . . Noel . . . *Noel* — NOEL!

Wednesday, 1st.

Prospers women, their affairs, and entertaining.

Hotel and Catering Exhibition at Olympia.

7.30 p.m. Grand Display of Amateur Boxing, Albert Hall, in aid of Scottish Women's Hospital.

At Grotrian Hall, intimate recital by Yvette Guilbert, celebrated French *diseuse*, and Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, 8.15 p.m.

Thursday, 2nd.

New Moon. 11.11 p.m.

Sunday, 5th.

Gigli returns to Albert Hall at 3 p.m. to sing to those who were turned away from his last concert, October 31st.

Monday, 6th.

Welcome your expensive sons! Prodigies and prodigals return. End of Cambridge Michaelmas Term.

Smithfield Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. 10 a.m. Three days.

Housewives, don't miss. Purpose of show is twofold. It demonstrates which is best quality meat to buy, and enlightens breeders as to their mistakes in cattle-feeding.

Cattle are shown alive Monday; carcases, Wednesday. Sold Thursday.

The reason Argentine beeves and Danish pigs swamp British market is that Argentines and Danes know to a T how much fat or lean the British housewife likes to her steak and bacon, and raise and grade their cattle accordingly. British farmers just muddle along. But they're learning.

Thursday, 9th.

One-day Champion London Dogs' Show at Earl's Court.

Friday, 10th.

Grouse shooting ends.

Best recipe to see grouse out is: Tie bird in thick slabs of pineapple over-daubed by large nuts of butter. Place in lidded casserole dish and confine to oven. Draw out and remove lid occasionally to braise with brandy. 40 minutes. Asparagus tips with cream can be eaten with this. An invocation should be murmured before starting to swallow it, and after that silence until the end.

Tongue and purse will remember.

Sunday, 12th.

Ember Week.

Spade-work counts in the garden. Dig deep. Dream dreams in the evening, work out the colour blaze of your herbaceous borders and pore over nurserymen's lists.

A word on winter thunderstorms. Cyclonic in origin, they are part of the depressions or bad weather systems arriving from the Atlantic Ocean, and can be used for long weather forecasting, as winter thunderstorms usually precede sharp and prolonged *frosts*. A case of thunder and frost.

Monday, 13th.

National Amateur Skating Championships, Empire Pool, Wembley. 10 a.m., 2 p.m., Finals 8 p.m.

Cecilia Colledge, a Welsh girl, and the *Woman's World Champion*, will be present to defend her title. Also British Man Champion, Graham Sharpe. Free skating. Figure skating. Skating in pairs.

Gratifying to know that an English woman leads the world on skates, although we go abroad or indoors for our ice.

Wednesday, 15th.

Ember Day.

Friday, 17th.

Full Moon. 6.52 p.m.

Oxford Michaelmas Term ends, just in time for lads to thump their nob-nailed boots and many-hued scarves and blazers into suitcases, and shoulder skis for Winter Sports in Switzerland.

Saturday, 18th.

Special Tourist boat and train leave for Kandersteg, Grindelwald, and San Moritz. Nine days away, and six days' all-inclusive stay at Kandersteg: £8 8s. At Grindelwald, where ski instruction is included: £8 14s. At San Moritz: £15 2s. George Lunn's computations. That's a good family present for the Wanderlust son or daughter, just a rip-roaring, snow-browning holiday. No one ever goes to bed in Switzerland.

For home-stayers, Royal Choral Society's Carol Concert, Albert Hall, recommended. Conductor: Musical-Puck Malcolm Sargent.

After attending this, carol-singers will know just how to form bands and collect money for their pet and private charities by singing on doorsteps.

Sunday, 19th.

Fare for the more serious-minded: *The Messiah*, rendered by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham. Covent Garden. 3 p.m.

Monday, 20th.

Schools start breaking up. Fun grows fast and furious. So do packing, shopping, Christmas rush. Home becomes a smugglers' den, where mysterious packages are *insinuated* in and out. They accumulate behind doorways, tower upon cupboard tops, are secreted in wardrobes, and no really nice person ever sees a package they are not meant to know about.

Even the dog catches the habit, and takes his treasured bones and bits into a corner.

Tuesday, 21st.

Michaelmas Law Sittings end.

Wednesday, 22nd.

Shortest day in the year. Official lighting-up time 4.15 p.m. But lights will probably shine all day.

Bertram Mills Circus opens, Olympia, until January 27th. Lions, horses, elephants. No one but his keeper must go near the baby elephant. He's heavily greased to keep out the damp, for he suffers fearfully from rheumatism, and grows fractious. Poor sweet!

Friday, 24th.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Last-minute preparations in every home, ward and nook.

Last postings.

Families congregate, also friends. At midnight, the children's stockings are filled. Santa Claus creeps into their rooms, and barely does Santa Claus' feet slide into bed and head touch the pillow than the dark is pierced with delighted shrieks announcing the early dawn of

Saturday, 25th.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Happiness, holiness, love.

Peace on Earth and Goodwill.

Outside the streets are quiet, inside the house is gay.

At eleven o'clock Church bells peal for Matins. Ring gladly out, sweet bells, to the sky.

After the noonday feast, a feast of broadcasting links the Empire, culminating with the King's Speech.

And so, through bliss, God-granted, to the end of day.

Sunday, 26th.

Thanksgiving. Recovery. Peace.

Monday, 27th.

BOXING DAY.

Deferred mails and parties Fake this as gay as Christmas.

Tuesday, 28th.

INNOCENTS' DAY. Family men, have a care how you wander back into the office and wide world from the home fires. Stellar forecast augurs success for rogues.

Friday, 31st.

Last day of 1937.

Chelsea Arts Ball, Albert Hall, 10 p.m., and other festivities commit the year to memory; just as if next day did not start the old familiar whirligig once more on its way.

Square and Even

A Tale of Royal Brighton

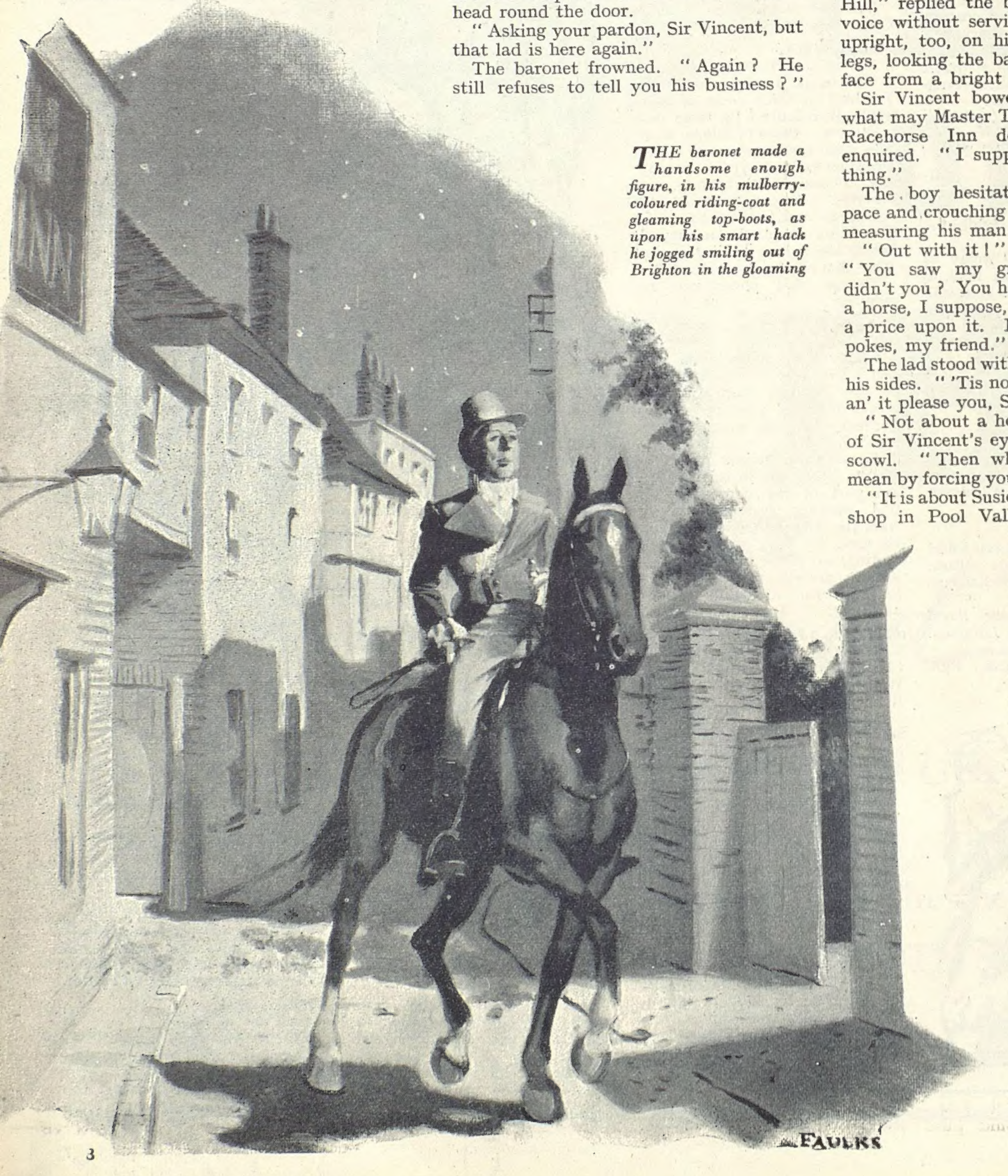
By D. L. Murray

SIR VINCENT GREX glanced in the mirror at his sallow face, with its fixed smile and unsmiling black eyes. He patted the creases of his cravat into place, flicked a speck or two of dust from the collar of his high-waisted riding-coat, cut in the newest fashion of Trafalgar year, and lifted a glass of cherry brandy from the table on which his hat and crop were lying.

His windows looked out across the Steine at Brighton to the colonnade and dome of the Prince's Pavilion, now outlined against a pink June sunset. Down in the square he could hear his horse striking a restless hoof against the cobbles. He set down the empty glass, wiped his thin lips thoughtfully, and was about to pick up the white beaver hat and whip when his valet insinuated a head round the door.

"Asking your pardon, Sir Vincent, but that lad is here again."

The baronet frowned. "Again? He still refuses to tell you his business?"



THE baronet made a handsome enough figure, in his mulberry-coloured riding-coat and gleaming top-boots, as upon his smart hack he jogged smiling out of Brighton in the gloaming

"He says it is private to your ear, Sir Vincent."

"A jockey, you said?"

"Jockey or groom, sir. Anyways from some stable."

"H'm . . . he may have information to sell. I will spare him three minutes."

He was standing on the hearthrug, tapping the tops of his boots with his crop and whistling softly, when the servant thrust rather than introduced a short lad of eighteen, wearing ragged gaiters, into the room.

"And what may your name be, and why do you pester me in this way?" demanded the gentleman as the valet withdrew.

"Gregory, Sir Vincent, Tom Gregory, from the Racehorse Inn on White Hawk Hill," replied the boy in a fresh young voice without servility in it. He stood upright, too, on his hooped horseman's legs, looking the baronet straight in the face from a bright brown eye.

Sir Vincent bowed ironically. "And what may Master Tom Gregory from the Racehorse Inn desire of me?" he enquired. "I suppose you know something."

The boy hesitated, drawing back a pace and crouching a little, like a pugilist measuring his man.

"Out with it!" snapped Sir Vincent. "You saw my groom waiting below, didn't you? You have information about a horse, I suppose, and you mean to set a price upon it. But I buy no pigs in pokes, my friend."

The lad stood with fists clenched against his sides. "'Tis not about a horse at all, an' it please you, Sir Vincent."

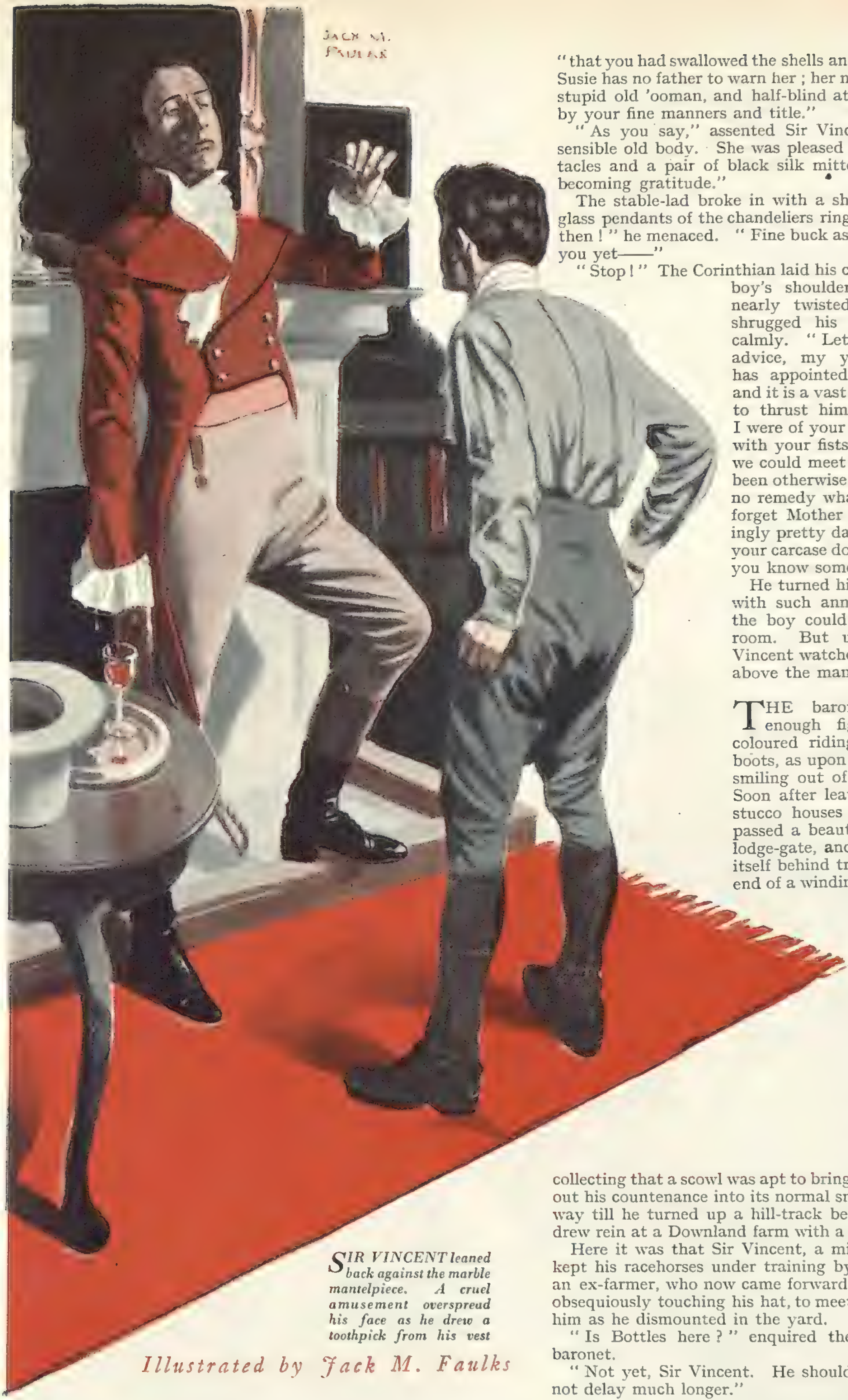
"Not about a horse!" The dark line of Sir Vincent's eyebrows crumpled in a scowl. "Then what the devil do you mean by forcing your way up here?"

"It is about Susie Haymes of the oyster shop in Pool Valley," interrupted the youth, breathing short and defiantly.

Sir Vincent raised his crop to strike, but brought it back with a slap against his boot. "Get out!" he said, pointing to the door. "I desire no scenes here. Get out, and think yourself fortunate, you impudent little dog."

"Not till I've said my say!" cried Tom. "'Tis a lamentable shame for a gemman and a slap-bang Corinthian like you to turn a poor girl's silly head with your mock promises. She would be too good to listen to your courting else, Sir Vincent Grex! You to vow you would marry a girl from an oyster shop! 'Tis a wicked lie, to help you to have your will of her!"

Sir Vincent leaned



SIR VINCENT leaned back against the marble mantelpiece. A cruel amusement overspread his face as he drew a toothpick from his vest

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

back against the marble mantelpiece. A cruel amusement overspread his face as he drew a toothpick from his vest. "A disappointed suitor, I presume?" he said.

Tom Gregory blushed. "Susie were happy as my honourable sweetheart till the black day last March when you first came to the shop and asked her to open oysters for you."

"Which she did with such pretty hands that I believe I was tempted to swallow two dozen of them."

"I wish," blurted Tom, beside himself at this genteel mockery, "that you had swallowed the shells and all, and choked yourself! Susie has no father to warn her; her mother is an unaccountable stupid old 'ooman, and half-blind at that, easy to be taken in by your fine manners and title."

"As you say," assented Sir Vincent, "Mrs. Haymes is a sensible old body. She was pleased to accept new silver spectacles and a pair of black silk mittens from me with a very becoming gratitude."

The stable-lad broke in with a shout that made the green glass pendants of the chandeliers ring. "Take heed to yourself then!" he menaced. "Fine buck as you are, I'll be evens with you yet——"

"Stop!" The Corinthian laid his crop with a light tap on the boy's shoulder—to find it seized and nearly twisted out of his grasp. He shrugged his shoulders and continued calmly. "Let me give you a piece of advice, my young friend. Providence has appointed certain social orderings, and it is a vast mistake for anyone to seek to thrust himself out of his place. If I were of your station you could fight me with your fists; if you were of my rank we could meet with pistols. Things have been otherwise ordained, and so you have no remedy whatever. You were best to forget Mother Haymes and her exceedingly pretty daughter . . . and for love of your carcase don't come here again, unless you know something about a horse."

He turned his back upon Tom Gregory with such annihilating indifference that the boy could only stumble out of the room. But until he disappeared, Sir Vincent watched him warily in the glass above the mantelshelf.

THE baronet made a handsome enough figure, in his mulberry-coloured riding-coat and gleaming top-boots, as upon his smart hack he jogged smiling out of Brighton in the gloaming. Soon after leaving behind the last little stucco houses on the London Road he passed a beautiful garden with a Gothic lodge-gate, and a castellated villa hiding itself behind trees and shrubberies at the end of a winding drive. In an orchard in front of the house the figure of an Indian with a black face and golden earrings threatened marauding birds with a bow and arrows.

Sir Vincent frowned as he trotted past the place, which was still known as the Prince of Wales's Dairy, though his Royal Highness had lately transformed it into a country refuge from the oppressive splendours of the Pavilion. Then, recollecting that a scowl was apt to bring on wrinkles, he smoothed out his countenance into its normal smile, and thus pursued his way till he turned up a hill-track beyond Preston village and drew rein at a Downland farm with a great range of stabling.

Here it was that Sir Vincent, a mighty patron of the Turf, kept his racehorses under training by an ex-farmer, who now came forward, obsequiously touching his hat, to meet him as he dismounted in the yard.

"Is Bottles here?" enquired the baronet.

"Not yet, Sir Vincent. He should not delay much longer."

"Now remember, Thoresby," said the baronet, "we must try to sell Jimini to the old fool. That grey's lameness is beyond all cure, and it is my belief he can never be made to race again. Support me in all I say about him, though. Bottles may be shrewd enough with his betting-book; but when an old leg like him preens himself on becoming a racehorse owner, he

deserves to have his feathers plucked, and you and I are the men to do it."

"Never fear me, Sir Vincent." Thoresby's small eye glinted craftily. "There's Mr. Bottles's wheels, I reckon."

A gig rolled into the yard, drawn by a spanking horse and driven by a tall old man whose brass-buttoned blue coat and spotless nankeen breeches rivalled the baronet's own attire. As he stepped down, after throwing the reins to a stable-helper, and advanced to greet Sir Vincent, his thin, aristocratic-looking face, lit by keen and straight grey eyes, might have belonged to some ascetic churchman. Yet "Gentleman Bottles" had begun life as a pot-boy, continued it as a prize-fighter—happily without damage to his fine features, even after holding the champion of England for 48 rounds—and was now a prominent member of the small new class of professional bookmakers who were regularising racing wagers.

"Well, Sir Vincent," said he, "so I hear you are thinking of selling your racing-stable. I hope you have not had bad luck lately?"

"Not a bit of it, my good fellow. I only want to make room for fresh blood; so now is the time for those who wish to be owners of racing stock to pick up bargains."

"I hope, Sir Vincent, you mean to sell me Arbiter; that's the horse of yours I want."

"Arbiter? My worthy Bottles," the baronet laughed boastfully, "you couldn't find the price of Arbiter in all your money-bags. Besides, I'm keeping him to win the August Plate at Brighton."

"Provided always," put in the old bookmaker, "that the Prince of Wales decides not to start his Pegasus."

"Pegasus! Pooh! Arbiter could give him a furlong and a beating. That's why he's not for sale. But if you want a sure winner, you can have Jimini—at a price."

"Jimini!" Mr. Bottles's face lengthened. "I don't fancy old Jimini at all, Sir Vincent. His legs won't stand any more racing, if you ask me."

"Nonsense, man! He's a little out of form perhaps. Nurse him carefully, and you'll find he's still as good as when he ran a dead-heat with Escape at Newmarket."

"What are you asking for him then, Sir Vincent?"

"To you, Bottles, the price will be 200 guineas."

"I didn't hear you very distinctly, Sir Vincent. Did you say 80 guineas?"

"Do you offer 80?"

"Ye-es."

"Done with you! You're a witness, Thoresby, that he has offered 80 guineas!"

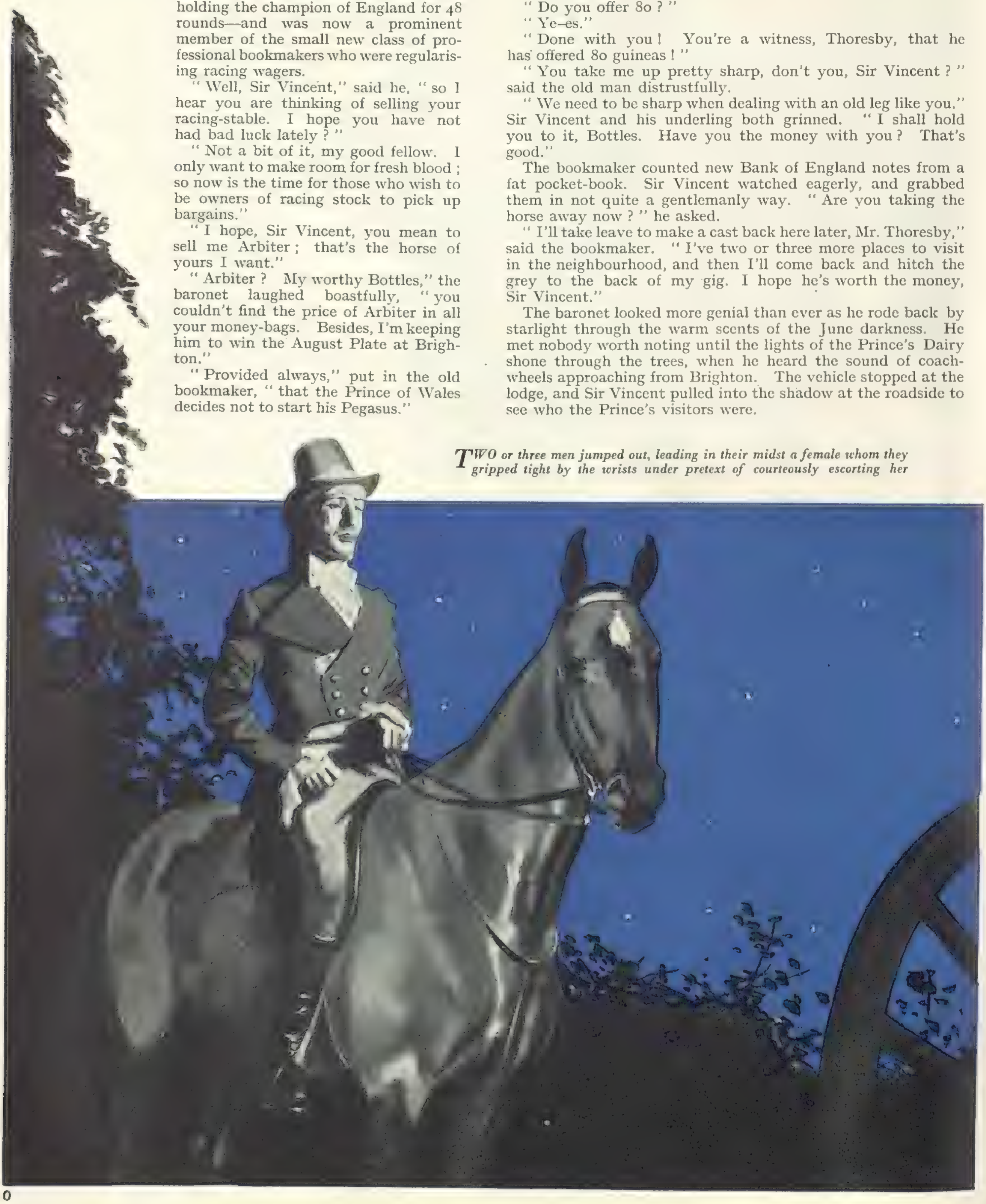
"You take me up pretty sharp, don't you, Sir Vincent?" said the old man distrustfully.

"We need to be sharp when dealing with an old leg like you." Sir Vincent and his underling both grinned. "I shall hold you to it, Bottles. Have you the money with you? That's good."

The bookmaker counted new Bank of England notes from a fat pocket-book. Sir Vincent watched eagerly, and grabbed them in not quite a gentlemanly way. "Are you taking the horse away now?" he asked.

"I'll take leave to make a cast back here later, Mr. Thoresby," said the bookmaker. "I've two or three more places to visit in the neighbourhood, and then I'll come back and hitch the grey to the back of my gig. I hope he's worth the money, Sir Vincent."

The baronet looked more genial than ever as he rode back by starlight through the warm scents of the June darkness. He met nobody worth noting until the lights of the Prince's Dairy shone through the trees, when he heard the sound of coach-wheels approaching from Brighton. The vehicle stopped at the lodge, and Sir Vincent pulled into the shadow at the roadside to see who the Prince's visitors were.



TWO or three men jumped out, leading in their midst a female whom they gripped tight by the wrists under pretext of courteously escorting her

Two or three men jumped out, leading in their midst a female whom they gripped tight by the wrists under pretext of courteously escorting her. Sir Vincent smiled sardonically, for there was nothing new in such a spectacle at the gates of the Prince's retreat. Then in a moment his smile vanished, for he heard a girl's voice breathlessly crying, " Please, gentlemen, don't force me to go with you . . . Let the frolic stop! Oh! pray, gentlemen ! " and the voice was that of pretty Susie from the oyster shop in Pool Valley.

With an oath he sprang off his horse and pursued the struggling group. He was too late. The iron gates clashed behind them, and as two of the fellows hurried the protesting girl along the windings of the drive, a third turned round and confronted the baronet through the locked bars. He was a squat little man, with a red, pimply face, and Sir Vincent recognised the Prince's private secretary. " You, Colonel ! " he exclaimed furiously. " What the devil am I to make of this ? "

" Nothing, if you are wise, Sir Vincent," answered the colonel. " It is in no way your affair, you know."

" Not my affair ! But it is, I tell you ! That little girl belongs to me. If your master lays as much as one of his fat fingers upon her, he shall give me satisfaction ! "

" What ! His Royal Highness give satisfaction to a commoner ? Pray, don't be absurd, Sir Vincent."

The baronet rattled the bars of the gate. " You shan't shut me out ! " he bawled.

" Do you want me to call the lackeys with their canes ? Come, Sir Vincent, spare us a scene—and let me offer you a piece of counsel. It is senseless for you to constitute yourself a rival of one so high above your station."

" You damned pimp ! I'll be even with the crowd of you ! " snarled Sir Vincent, and flung himself on to his horse again.

The road fell into silence as his hoofs died away ; the lights shone steadily from the house, and music floated out among the trees. Then, after about half an hour, there was a bustle in the garden. Hoarse voices shouted and lanterns flashed to and fro among the shrubberies. These noises too died away in time, and there was quiet once more until the whir of wheels and trotting of horses announced the return of Mr. Bottles, with his new purchase tied to the back of his gig.

A couple of hundred yards beyond the Prince's house a figure rose suddenly from a ditch and ran towards the bookmaker with imploring arms.

" Oh ! Mr. Bottles, save me ! Take me away ! " sobbed a girl's voice.

" Good gracious ! " ejaculated the old man, peering over the splash-board as he pulled up. " It's never little Susie of the oyster shop ? How do you come here, my child, and what is the trouble ? "

" Take me away, Mr. Bottles ! " she answered frantically. " Don't let them take me and drag me back *there !* " she shuddered.

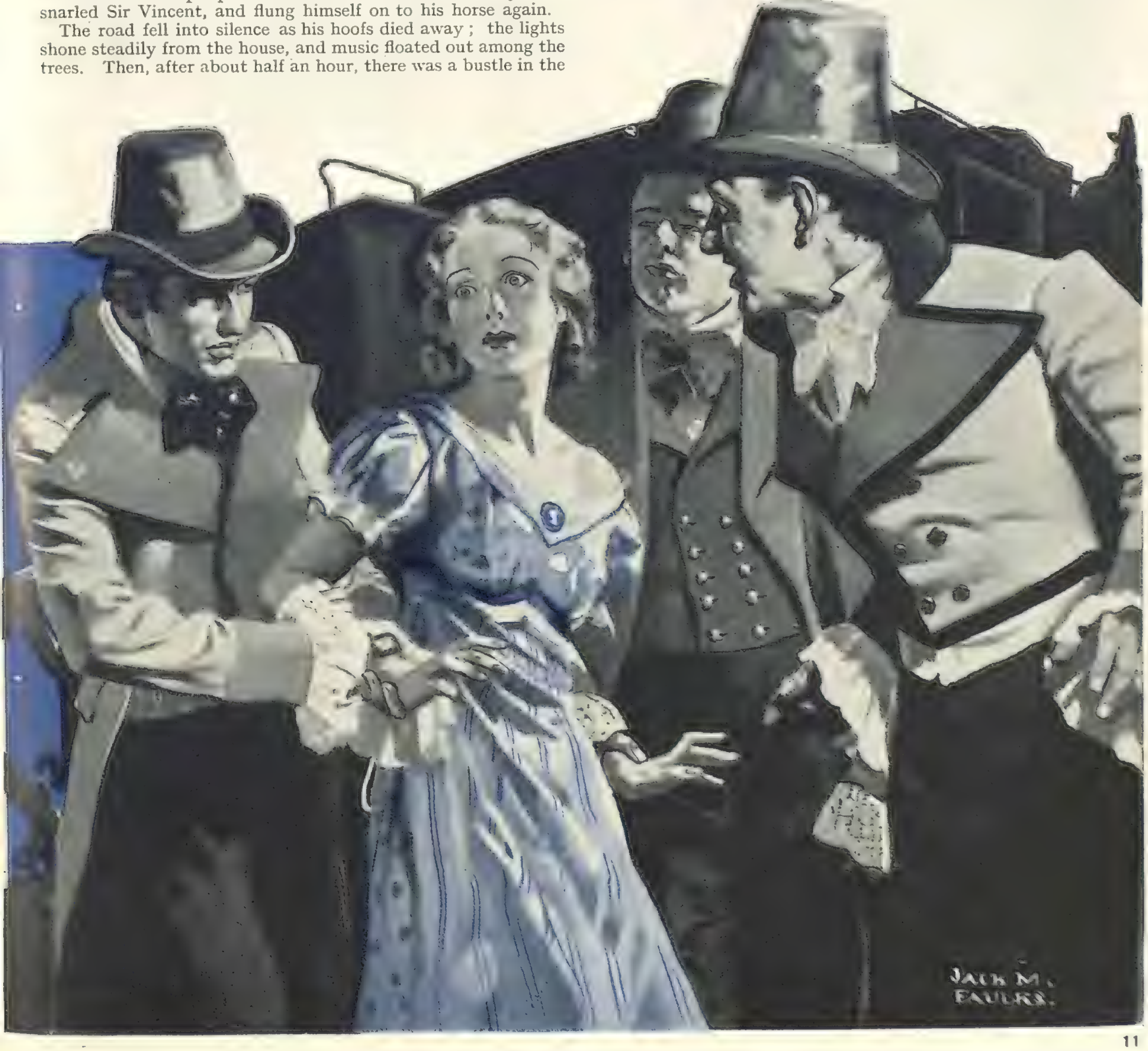
A look of grim comprehension came over his face. " Jump in then quickly, my gal, and let's be off." She scrambled in, and he whipped up his driving-horse smartly, while Jimini, like a tall grey ghost in the dark, cantered awkwardly behind.

" Oh ! Mr. Bottles ! " said Susie, flooding into tears. " I've been such a silly girl ! "

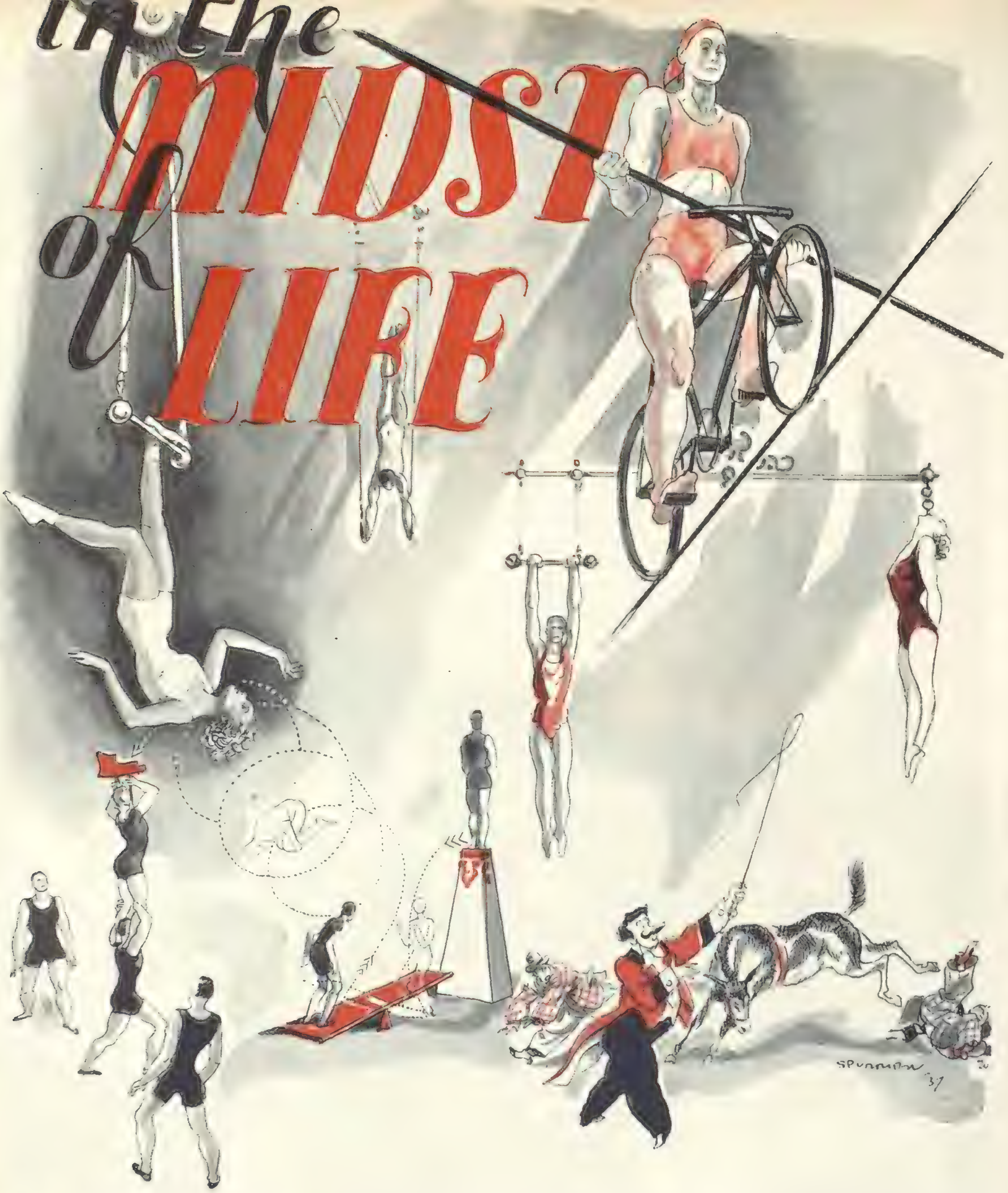
" I hope no worse than silly," retorted Mr. Bottles, glancing sharply at her pretty, saucy face, its features now swollen and its violet eyes dimmed by weeping.

" Indeed, I have not been bad ; indeed, I have not ! " she pleaded. " That Colonel said if I would just step outside the shop a moment Sir Vincent Grex was there and wished to speak to me."

(*Continued on page* 152)


JACK M. FAULKS.

in the MIDST of LIFE



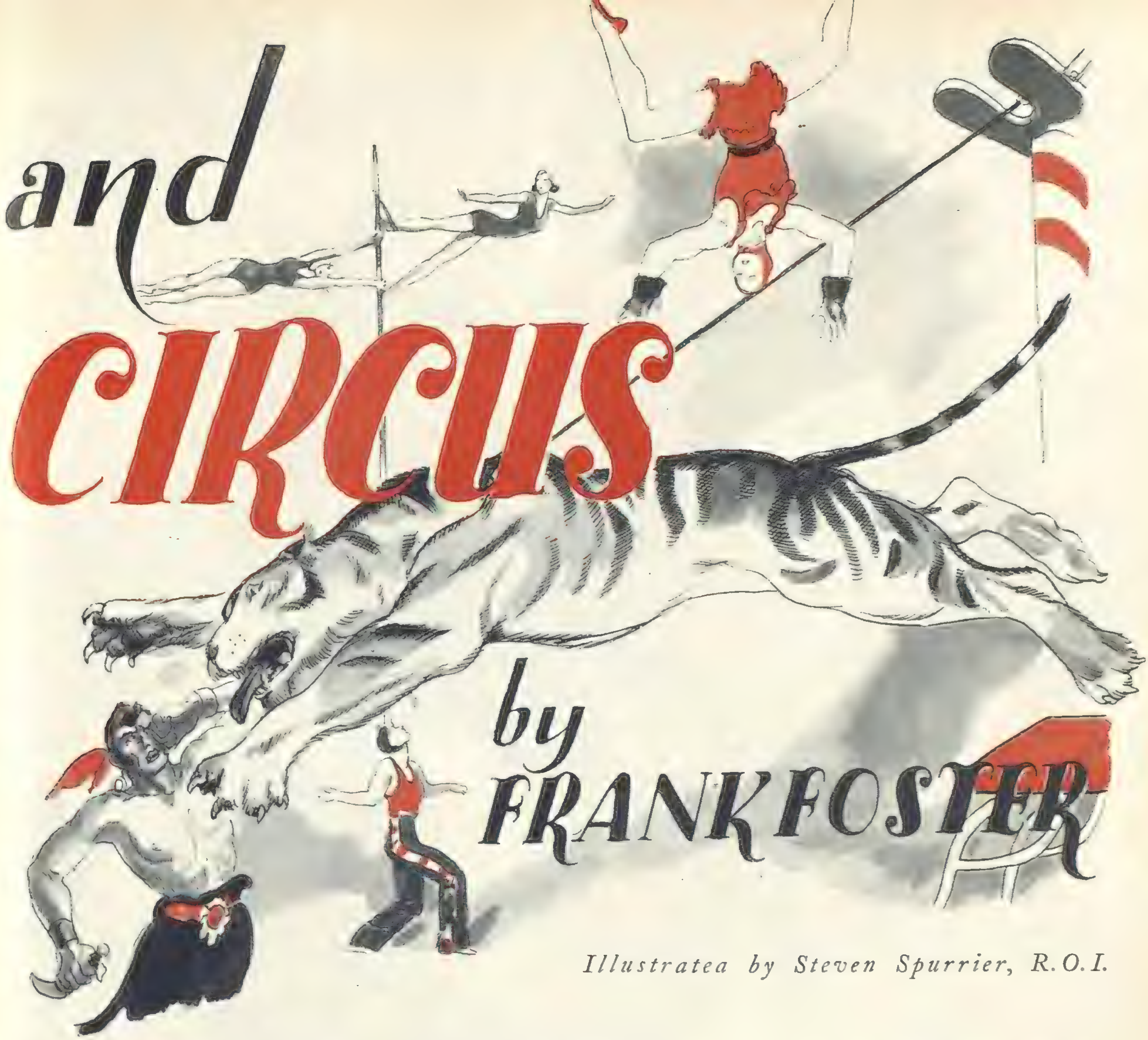
ONE of the earliest and most distinct memories of my childhood was a visit to a circus. It is a vivid impression which is as clear to-day as on that memorable occasion over forty years ago.

I remember the laughter and youth of my own parents, the thrills and overwhelming excitement of it all. Were that self-same programme to be in some mysterious way presented once again, I believe in memory I could detail each little item. Such is the impression of my first visit to a circus and such the happy reaction of Circus to all children.

The thrill of all that it can give created a desire in me to do something, to emulate something of what I had seen done. But this is not strange, for I have in later years heard thousands of confessions of a similar nature. In my case the desire was strong and circumstance, ever freakish, deemed it so that a few short years afterwards my ambition was realised and I joined a circus, which in itself is another story. Yet, withal, I can still write and expound the value of its joy and laughter, its demonstrations of physical perfection in both human and animal, teaching a most wonderful lesson; that harmony of working between mind and body, the clean-living and self-restraint so necessary in the making of the gymnast, acrobat or equilibrist, patience, tenacity and courage the fundamental principles in each and every one.

God's masterpiece is on view in the circus ring.

Can you remember when you stood in front of a mirror taking stock of that body which is yours and wondering if it could be made to develop into what you would have liked it to be? Did it ever occur to you the reason why it did not? On examination of mode of living and lack of self-restraint, one usually finds the answer.



and CIRCUS

by FRANK FOSTER

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Progress of any kind is not a life of ease, whether mental or physical, for the greater the achievement, the more is exercised the organic matter, and thus follows development. To the circus artist this is not advice. It is his method of living.

With the mushroom growth of modern entertainment, the circus artist has had to become more spectacular and more daring still to hold the fort against this opposition, the outcome of which has been the accomplishment of tricks in all its varied branches that have hitherto been looked upon as impossibilities. Never before in the history of Circus has the standard been so high as it is to-day. The result of this endeavour is its universal popularity as an entertainment.

But there is a sadder side to progress, which induced me to write this article, paying tribute to the glorious spirit and courage that exists amongst these spangled heroes who defy death twice daily at scheduled times, dependent on their own muscular control and accurate judgment, fully aware that the slightest miscalculation means disaster.

Try to imagine the lesser ills and not-too-well feelings that are a part of life and fit them in with this kind of work. If this is possible without having experienced it, you will no doubt have a greater appreciation.

Before me as I write are several letters, each containing the saddest news.

The first I pick up is worded very briefly:

"Willy Wallenda fell while cycling across the High-Wire, and was killed instantly."

This accident happened in September, 1936, at Göteborg, Sweden. Willy was a friend of mine of many years' standing. I knew his ability on the High-Wire, and the thousands of times he must have accomplished the trick which was to cause his death. The only way I can account for this is that there is a margin of safety in the expert manipulation of the balance-pole. If, by mischance, it gets beyond a certain angle, it will tend to pull you off rather than help you in balance. Should this happen, it is then time for quick thinking, as there is just one other means of saving yourself.

To nip forward opposite to the way in which you are falling and grab the wire. But the temptation is to fight for balance to the last possible moment rather than come down and give a bad show. This is the real danger of the High-Wire, and was, I think, responsible for Willy's tragic end.

One misjudgment—finale! Still the act goes on. The Great Wallendas, exponents of the High-Wire, doing stunts that have eclipsed even Blondin.

The courage of the circus artist continues undaunted by ill-luck, yet full of superstition. Many things supposed to be unlucky are scoffed at as being ridiculous, yet one cannot fail to notice how they all carefully avoid them, such as opening an umbrella inside the Big Top, whistling in the dressing-room, and even the more common superstition of walking beneath a ladder.

I remember one occasion whilst out walking with a certain artist, asking if he was really superstitious after he had made a detour rather than pass beneath a ladder. His answer was: "Not in the least, but should there be anything in superstition, I will give it the benefit of the doubt. It is so little extra trouble to walk around."

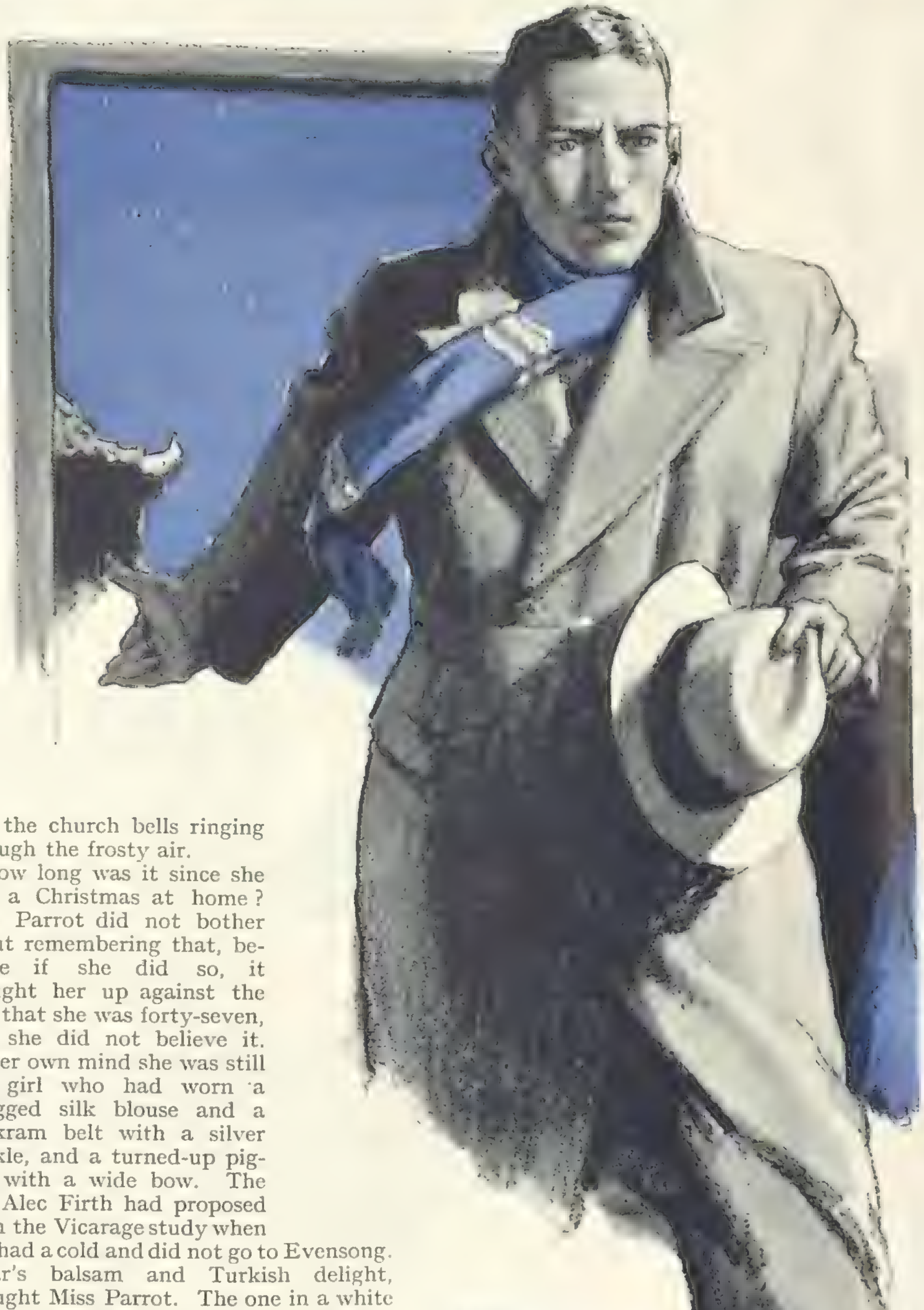
A most interesting study is to be behind the curtains at

(*Continued on page 169*)

"Britons never . . ."

A Christmas Story with a Chinese Setting

By Dorothy Black



"HERE, you've to come out of this," said Tom Maladice, and he was in a hurry. "Before you know where you are, you'll be cut off"

MISS PARROT was never homesick nowadays, except at Christmas, and she struggled manfully against that. She knew she was incredibly sentimental. A person can fight against lamentable tendencies up to a point, but no further.

All about the schoolhouse stretched the bare ochre-coloured plain, lashed with a cruel wind. Muffled-up figures, perambulating bundles of blue and dun colour, passed by. The bare trees that wore such lovely flowery dresses in summer looked like tortured skeletons writhing in effort to escape from an unbearable fate. Lean dogs scavenged in empty gutters, without hope. The squat little houses of the village looked like drab limpets resisting the efforts of the wind to prise them from their rock. Beyond the plain, unfriendly hills were piled untidily—like brown lump sugar heaped against a leaden sky.

Not a bit what one had expected China to be like from the Vicarage, Melton Bolding. But then, lots of things in life hadn't turned out as one expected them to from the Vicarage, Melton Bolding, Miss Parrot knew to her cost.

She had expected blue skies for ever overhead, and lavish flora and fauna, and jolly sinful heathen. Not these patient, afflicted people who bore so much, saying so little, who smiled at her half shyly, exposing blackened and broken teeth, and were pathetically grateful for the little she was able to do for them; who looked on her as a healer and general adviser as well as schoolmistress, and had an uncomfortable way of making her feel they were all much better than she was.

Another instance, said Tom Maladice, of her incurable sentimentality. They had had some fine arguments while he was in charge of the school, and she his assistant. But he had gone to wider fields, and was now in charge of a college in the big town. Miss Parrot, with curious lack of ambition, had remained where she was.

She was quite happy except at Christmas time. Then she indulged in a pang of homesickness, looking out across the dun-coloured plain, and remembering how the fields of Melton Bolding would look from her window in the Vicarage to-night. White fields, smelling cold and clean, and the church bells ringing through the frosty air.

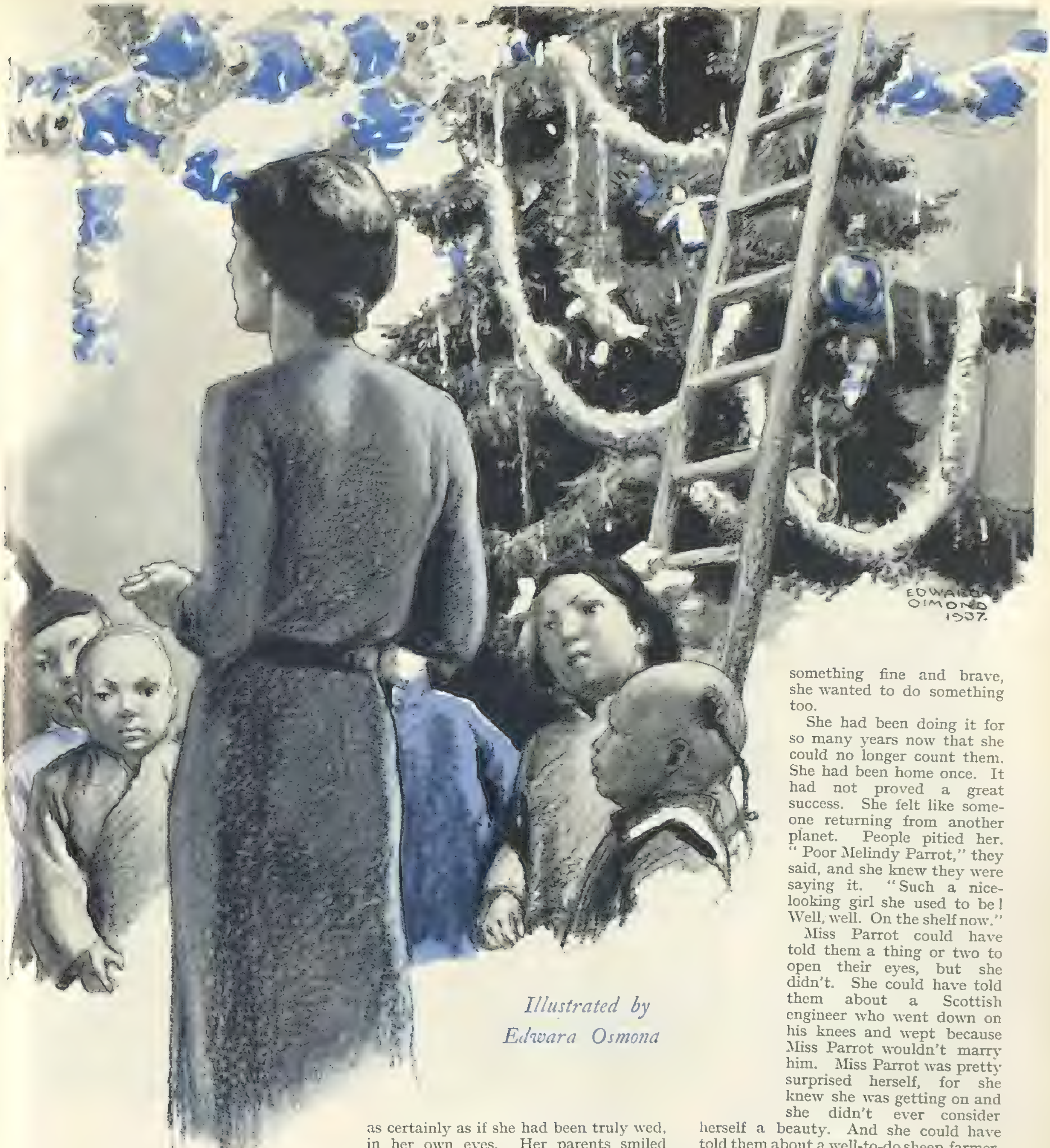
How long was it since she had a Christmas at home? Miss Parrot did not bother about remembering that, because if she did so, it brought her up against the fact that she was forty-seven, and she did not believe it. In her own mind she was still the girl who had worn a sprigged silk blouse and a buckram belt with a silver buckle, and a turned-up pigtail with a wide bow. The girl Alec Firth had proposed to in the Vicarage study when she had a cold and did not go to Evensong. Friar's balsam and Turkish delight, thought Miss Parrot. The one in a white tin jug, the other in a round wood box, thoughtfully brought by Alec because it was good for sore throats.

IT had been Christmas evening when Alec led her gravely into the empty church, with its holly-berry decorations, its sleeping stone Crusaders, its evergreen branches filling every nook and cranny with fragrance and good cheer. Late, it was, and getting dark, and high time they went in for tea. But he took her hand, and he led her right up to the altar steps, and he said in his grave young voice, holding her hand:

"In sickness, in health, for better, for worse, to have and to hold, till death us do part, and hereby I plight thee my troth."

Miss Parrot remembered she had been slightly shocked when he kissed her there and then on the altar steps. Girls were very proper in 1914, and she feared it was rather profane. Because, of course, they were not really married. They were going to be, when the War was over. They had arranged it all. Meantime it would not do. Seventeen and nineteen were far too young to marry.

Alec went back to the front on Boxing



Illustrated by
Edwara Osmona

Day. Though nineteen was far too young to marry, it wasn't too young to die. The telegram came at supper time. Macaroni cheese and rice pudding and raspberry jam and cream. Raspberry jam turned Miss Parrot a little faint to this day. Tom Maladice used to laugh good-humouredly at this idiosyncrasy of hers, more than half inclined to think she put it on, except that she did go rather pea-green.

So there was Melindy Parrot, widowed as certainly as if she had been truly wed, in her own eyes. Her parents smiled sympathetically, and wise aunts nodded their heads. The young get over it, they cried, polishing up their glasses, burnishing their lorgnettes. The young forget! Time cures everything! The deepest wound heals, leaving hardly a scar.

They were frightfully kind in providing quite expensive diversions for Melindy Parrot. But she didn't forget. You could have knocked them down with a feather when she announced she was going out to be a missionary in China. At least, said Melindy, to teach in a mission school. She did not tell them that because Alec had been a soldier and done something fine and brave, she wanted to do something too.

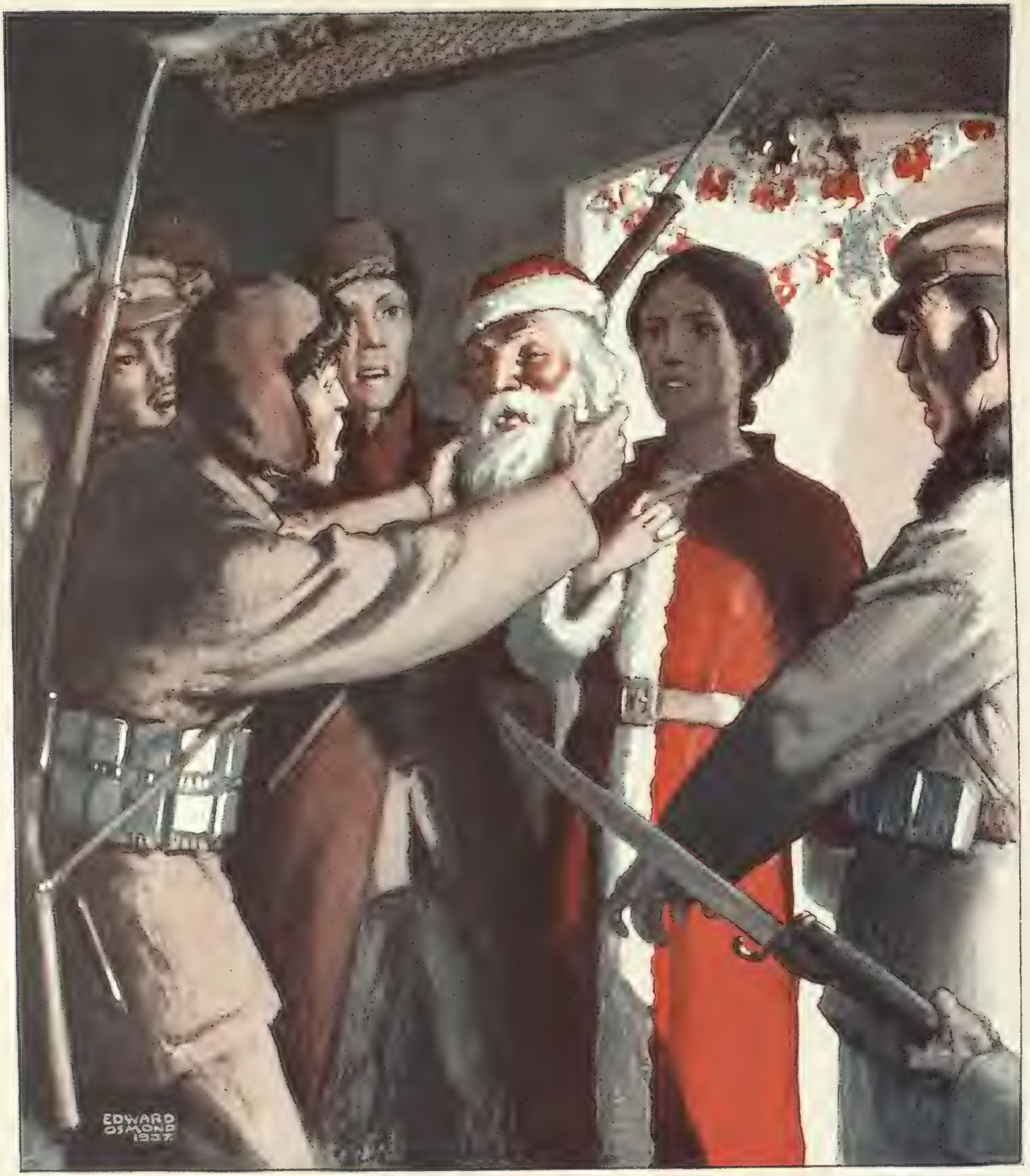
She had been doing it for so many years now that she could no longer count them. She had been home once. It had not proved a great success. She felt like someone returning from another planet. People pitied her. "Poor Melindy Parrot," they said, and she knew they were saying it. "Such a nice-looking girl she used to be! Well, well. On the shelf now."

Miss Parrot could have told them a thing or two to open their eyes, but she didn't. She could have told them about a Scottish engineer who went down on his knees and wept because Miss Parrot wouldn't marry him. Miss Parrot was pretty surprised herself, for she knew she was getting on and she didn't ever consider herself a beauty. And she could have told them about a well-to-do sheep-farmer. And she could have told them about Tom Maladice, who would marry her to-this day if she would have him.

She might have had him if she had not got it firmly wedged in her mind she was married already, quite irrevocably, to Alec. Though he had been dead all these years, she never felt he was very far away. When she repeated the words of her childhood's prayer she had never grown out of—

And four good angels guard my bed
Two at the foot and two at the head

—she always saw in her mind three good old-fashioned angels with kind faces,



HE stood for an instant looking at it, appalled, then flung it away with a scream, and fled.

white nightgowns, and goosefeather wings. But the fourth was a grave young man in a muddy service uniform, wearing a shrapnel helmet, leaning on a gun.

" I suppose I am just a sentimental old ass," said Miss Parrot, but for all that it seemed amazingly real to her. And often she got the impression, just before waking, that he whispered to her instructions for the day, and generally furbished her up, like the men in the corners furbish up boxers, getting them ready for the next round, whispering words of encouragement in their ears.

That might, after all, be the whole idea of guardian angels. Why not? thought Miss Parrot, alone in a plain in the middle of China. The instructions she got so often proved to be right, in the face of everybody else's better judgment. The only time they had let her down had been over the business of Chai Shan.

A naughty boy, Chai Shan, his fingers given to picking and stealing. Tom Maladice had been for throwing him out of school altogether, for it looked as if he was one of those cases you would never make anything of.

Miss Parrot had been singularly obstinate about it. She shook Chai Shan till his teeth rattled, and sketched the awfulness of the doom that awaited him if he did not alter his ways, and he gritted his teeth and looked very evil.

" When I am a man grown, I shall come back and kill you," he said.

Miss Parrot laughed in his face, and smacked his behind, and kept him on, as before, and he rewarded her for her kindness by stealing her ear-rings, the last vanity she had.

" Kick the little brute out," stormed Tom Maladice, but she wouldn't. She wouldn't because of the dream she had. She had looked at Alec, asking him mutely, "Shall I?" And his eyes met hers, gentle and grave and kind, and he shook his head . . .

It wasn't, of course, the proper way to run a school, but then Miss Parrot was incredibly sentimental, and time wasn't curing her. It was making her worse. Especially after Tom Maladice moved to the town, and she had the place to herself.

Once the school had stood in the middle of quite a flourishing community, but time and changing economic conditions, two famines and a flood, had changed all that. There was nothing left now but the huddle of squat houses like limpets sticking to an unfriendly rock, and the ever-present menace of the river, and unspeakable poverty on every side. Chai Shan and his generation had long since grown up and gone away—and the children who filled the school now were of poorer physique, undernourished and often diseased.

Troubles had fallen heavily on the land.

For months now letters had been coming urging Miss Parrot to pack up and go. The neighbourhood was long since listed as no longer safe. Bandits, it seemed, were drawing in, and were reputed to be lodged in those hills that looked like brown sugar lumps piled up against the leaden sky. Little ragged bands of men passed sometimes through the village and over the plain, but they never did any harm, and Miss Parrot thought the whole thing a silly scare. If there had been any reason for her to go, Alec, she felt certain, would find some way of making her understand.

He gave no sign, and Miss Parrot remained, a figure that grew gaunter and more grey with each passing year—who wore an untidy bun and clothes that somehow still kept about them a whisper of 1914, though Miss Parrot was convinced that, all things considered, she had kept herself remarkably up to date. And children grew and drifted out of her school and out of her ken, and new ones took their place, who looked exactly like the old ones, save that now they were thinner and worse clothed. And there was an increasing tendency to abandon girl children at birth on the river bank. . . . Miss Parrot had already three on her hands come by in that way.

She wasn't really homesick except at Christmas time, with all its memories. They still sent her out a box of toys and oddments from the Vicarage, Melton Bolding, and coloured paper for making chains, and boxes of imitation frost, and little tin toys of various kinds. The parcels got yearly smaller, but they had not forgotten her altogether yet. She was so busy at Christmas time there wasn't much leisure for brooding. Miss Parrot kept the feast with might and main, there at the back of beyond, and it was the only treat the children ever got—their one glimpse into a fairyland more fortunate children know well.

Tom Maladice always got a tree for her in the town. It was sparsely lit because of late they had grown mean with the candles, but it was a Christmas tree, and it glittered, and, by hook or crook, Miss Parrot managed to have a present for them all. The situation was aggravated by the fathers and grandfathers, who would push their way in too, and pinch the gifts that were intended for the children. One old man was so pleased with a mechanical duck that Miss Parrot simply hadn't the heart to take it from him. But she was always quite firm with them when they tried to pinch the Ox and the Ass from the side of the Manger, with its kneeling figures, that Miss Parrot always rigged up in one corner. You must draw the line somewhere. If the Ox and the Ass went, there would be nothing to make the Holy Family with the next year, for it would be impossible to replace them.

The rats had been at the Ox again. Miss Parrot simply could not imagine why they liked him so much, whilst leaving the Ass severely alone.

What with seeing to all these things, and making the cakes and the sweetmeats, and teaching the children to sing "Noel, Noel," Miss Parrot had her work cut out. There was no one to help her except the girls she had gathered from the river bank where they had been abandoned. They were now approaching womanhood, but none of them was very clever, not having had the best possible start.

CHRISTMAS that year fell on a Sunday. On the Saturday night Miss Parrot was on a ladder, her mouth full of pins, putting finishing touches to the decorations. The little schoolhouse had taken on an immensely gay appearance, really quite festive. Miss Parrot regarded it, her head on one side, her hair wispy because she had so little time. She was thinking what a lot you can do with tinsel and coloured paper. Not important in themselves, but used the right way, how well they disguised drab facts like cracked walls and peeling roofs! She was just on the verge of becoming philosophical when a well-known rattle and clatter brought her down to earth to greet Tom Maladice, whose antique car stopped at the door with a colossal explosion.

"Here, you've to come along out of this," said Tom Maladice, and he was in a hurry. "Before you know where you are, you'll be cut off."

Miss Parrot said vaguely: "Cut off from what?"

There were times when he felt a little impatient with her. There were times when he thought living so much alone with the Chinese was making her queer.

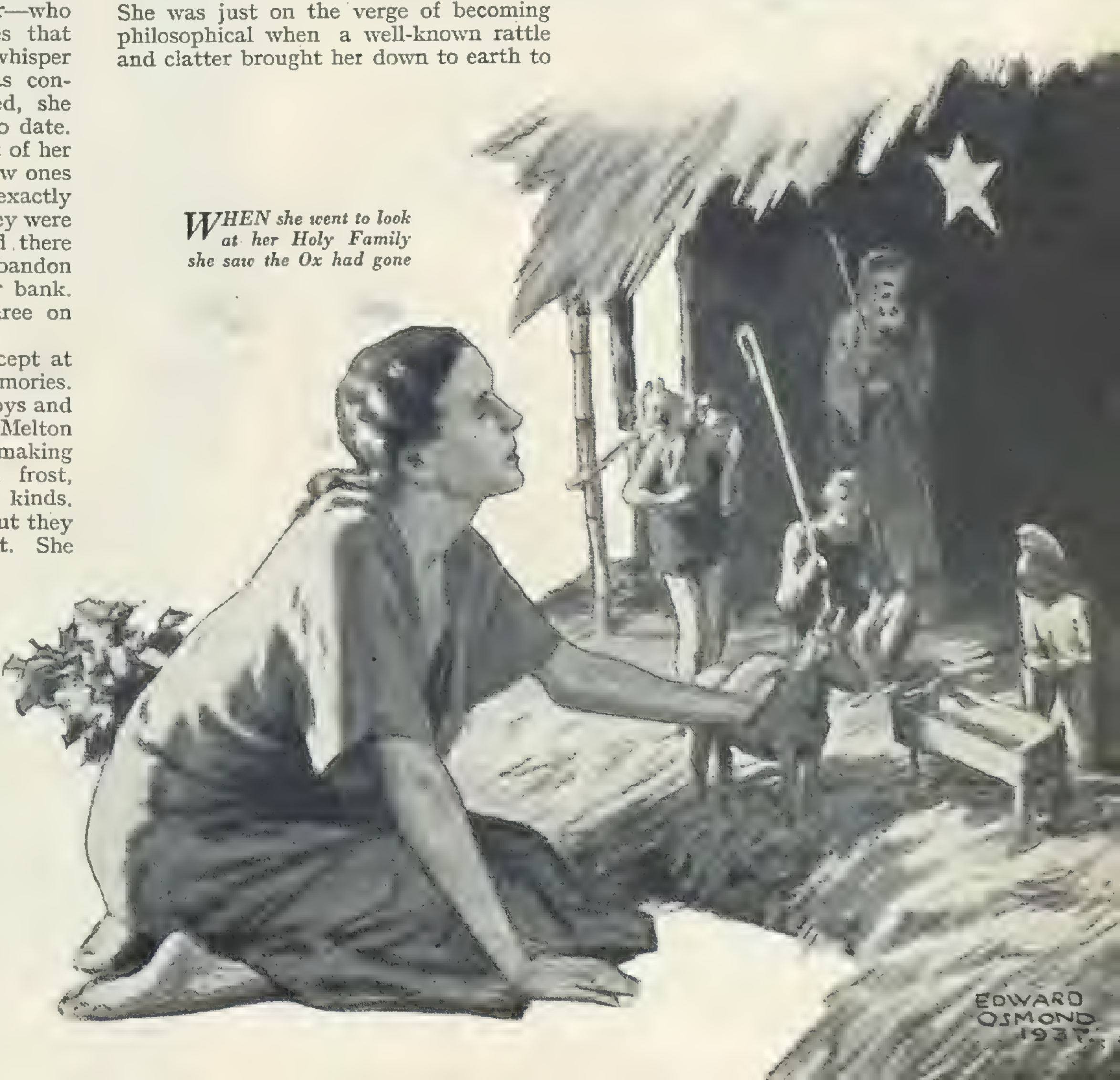
"Bandits, my dear," he said. "We know for certain they are coming this way. They've sacked the country further to the north . . . You've got to clear out. . . ."

"At Christmas time? Leave all this? Not give them their party?"

She was horrified at such a suggestion. Alec stuck it out. Alec did not quit when things grew uncomfortable, and neither would she . . . All about them the children stood, like yellow gnomes, not understanding, but perhaps sensing what was in the air. A little ice-cold hand was slipped into Miss Parrot's, and looking down she saw the baby of the school, Ah Tong, swathed in the bundle of rags he called his winter clothing . . . She smiled at him.

"Oh, no . . ." said Miss Parrot softly.

Tom Maladice was demented, for he had his orders and he did not know what to do. Obviously Miss Parrot was becoming a little mad. He had offered her a home of her own, and the protection of his name, and interesting work in comfortable surroundings, and she would have none of it, and now insisted on remaining out in the wilds to be massacred. The (*Continued on page* 150)



WHEN she went to look at her Holy Family she saw the Ox had gone

150
GERALD
U MAURIER

PICCADILLY CIRCUS at the time when London streets stank with the smell of petrol from the first experiments in motorised vehicles. It was all a fad, all this electricity and petrol. Couldn't possibly last

Gas-lit London

HANSOM, sir?

Clop, clop, clop, go the horses' shoes on the asphalt roads of gas-lit London. Do you remember the swaying "growlers" with straw on the floor, the red horse-drawn omnibuses—the blue ones which went to Bayswater, and the chocolate ones to Camden Town? Did your grandmother ever tell you that no *lady* ever rode on top of a bus? ("You don't want to be taken for what you are not, do you, Ethel?")

Gas-lit London, those long, sleepy Sunday afternoons, yawning in front of the drawing-room fire until the muffin man came round the corner swinging his bell, his tray of muffins balanced on his head, the muffins covered with a piece of green baize. Then the lamp-lighter with his long pole and the lamps strung like flickering amber beads on a long street necklace.

Can you recapture the smell of oranges coming from the blazing naphtha lights of a coster's stall; the "Buy, buy, buy," of the butchers on a Saturday night?

Oxford Street at Christmas in the gas-lit time was a cross-section of England: roast beef and John Bull England. No flood-lighting, no neon lights—but pretty jolly and happy for all that.

Not a cinema the whole length of Oxford Street, but melodrama and music-hall on the same side of the street. At the Princess's they gave us translations from the French, such things as "Two Little Vagabonds," with Miss Sydney Fairbrother as one of them, drawing our tears and our laughter. Farther along, almost on the edge of Tottenham Court Road, we had Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell, Marie Lloyd and Harry Randall, and T. E. Dunville and Florrie Forde, but not at Christmas time; then the stars went into pantomime and the music-halls had to get on as best they could until "panto" flicked out when the children went back to school after the Christmas holidays.

When gas flickered around Piccadilly Circus, Eros was surrounded

GEORGE ALEXANDER (left) gave every year a Pinero piece at the St. James's. Mrs. Patrick Campbell (above) supplied the drama

HANSOMS, horse buses, and growlers had Regent Street to themselves

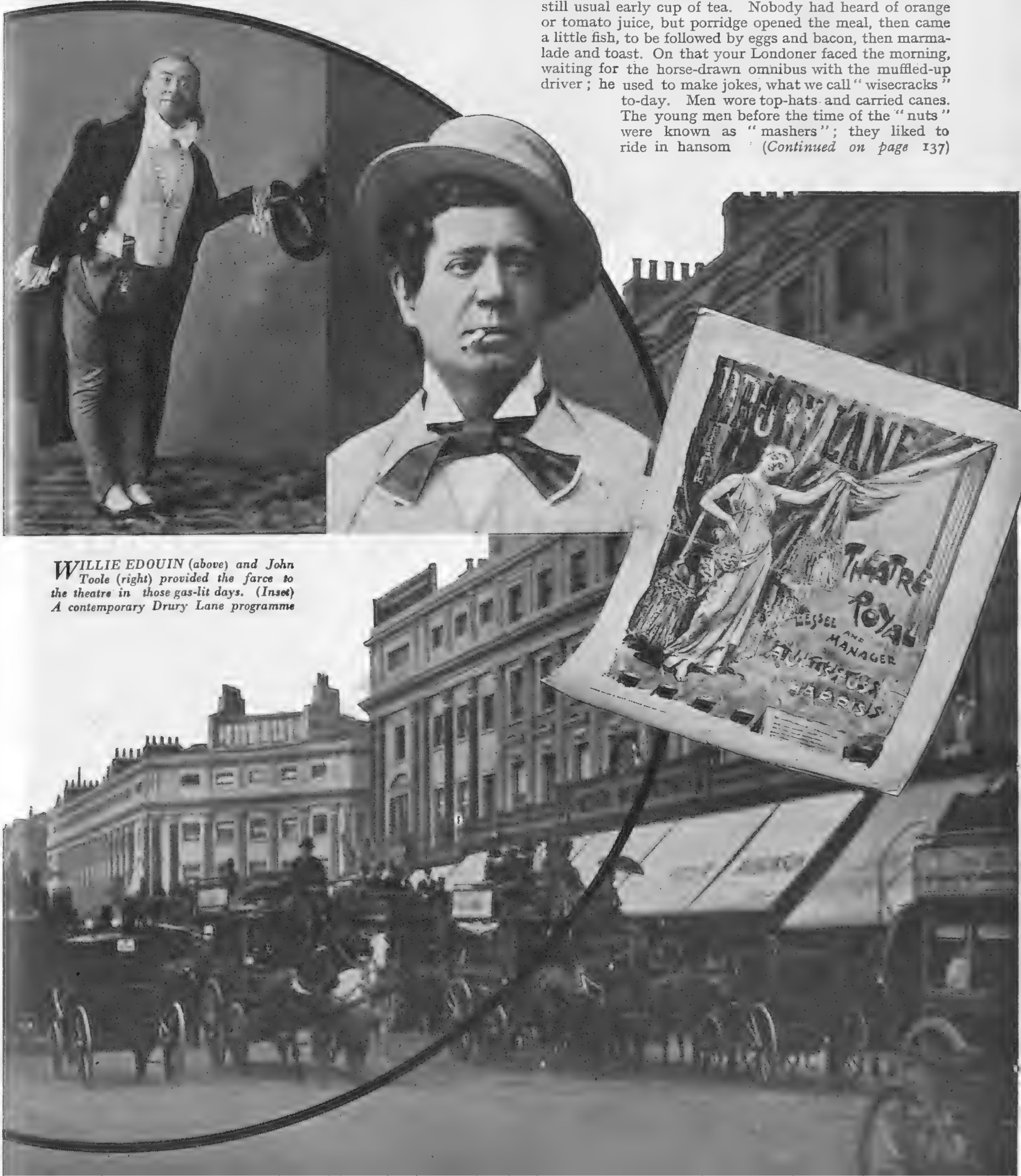
Memories of the "Good Old Days" By Harry J. Greenwall

by a number of women wearing black beaded bonnets and coloured shawls. They were not beautiful, but their wares were. Large wicker baskets heaped up with flowers. " Buy a bunch of vi'lets for the lidy, sir, penny a bunch, lovely vi'lets."

Kipling once made a marvellous speech about scent and scenery: how smells conjured pictures. Words, just words, do that to me. I can close my eyes as I write the cry of the Piccadilly flower " girls " and see London as it was.

No " tuppenny tubes " yet; no motor omnibuses either, and London moved slowly. A heavy breakfast after the still usual early cup of tea. Nobody had heard of orange or tomato juice, but porridge opened the meal, then came a little fish, to be followed by eggs and bacon, then marmalade and toast. On that your Londoner faced the morning, waiting for the horse-drawn omnibus with the muffled-up driver; he used to make jokes, what we call " wisecracks " to-day. Men wore top-hats and carried canes. The young men before the time of the " nuts " were known as " mashers "; they liked to ride in hansom

(*Continued on page* 137)



WILLIE EDOUIN (above) and John Toole (right) provided the farce to the theatre in those gas-lit days. (Inset) A contemporary Drury Lane programme

Decoration
by
J. Nicolson

In Search *of* Food

By Negley Farson

THIS is a greedy article. The saga of twenty-three years eating my way around the world in the export business and as a foreign newspaper correspondent. It is the adventures of a stomach. Food—its high spots and its low spots. The ghastly week when I had to live on nothing but caviar in the marshes of Bessarabia. Disillusions. The ecstasy of my first meal in a wagon-lit—Finland, 1914. Ten years later, when for six years I had lived so much in wagon-lits that in self-defence I took to eating nothing but apples. The dramatic part that food must play in the life of a successful foreign journalist; we do nearly all of our best work around luncheon or dinner tables, picking somebody's brains. A process, by the way, which has exploded the theory, as far as I am concerned, that the best way to worm a secret from a Foreign Office official is to feed the brute. With the British in particular I have found that if they unbent slightly over a bottle of good wine, I unbent even further. A certain Polish journalist and I drank up the entire stock of Pouilly at a famous London restaurant trying to discover just how strong England would be with Italy over the Abyssinian affair. . . . Our reward was the Hoare-Laval proposal. . . .

How we come to look upon food as a bribe, particularly those "intimate" luncheons to which a few of us are always invited by the heads of visiting foreign missions. The cynicism with which we swallow this bait. And how we come to be suspicious, like Maxim Litvinoff, who protested when the Americans were trying to send the Hoover relief into starving Russia:

"Food is a veapon!"

DOWN in Southern France there are two famous chefs who live within less than two hours' drive of each other: Monsieur Burin and Monsieur Burtin. M. Burin was chef to Franz Josef, the Emperor of Austria. M. Burtin was chef to the Kaiser. M. Burin, who in his white jacket looks like a distinguished surgeon about to enter the operating theatre, will emerge from his beloved kitchen with a land-locked salmon, Sauce Chambertin. These delicate fish, caught in nets at a depth of over a hundred and fifty feet in the apple-green waters of Lake Annecy, smell of thyme even after they are cooked. The Sauce Chambertin?

"Ah, it is not much," says M. Burin, almost English in the way he undervalues his own excellence (height of conceit). "I merely take some old Chambertin, the juice of mushrooms, the juice of fresh veal and four egg-yolks, and work it until the sauce comes. Quite a simple sauce."

Whereas M. Burtin had very little opinion of the Potsdam Court—he said that the only one who had any finesse of taste was the Crown Princess Cäcilie—M. Burin was overflowing with admiration for the Court of Franz Josef. The old Emperor especially was very *gemütlich.* Frequently sitting in the Park at Schönbrunn, M. Burin would see the old Austrian Kaiser walking, with his hands behind his back, deep in meditation. When the Emperor saw his chef he always passed the time of day with him.

"Are you lonely?" asked the Emperor. "I hope you are happy in Vienna." And then he would add: "But you must remember—*Ich bin Wiener.* You mustn't give me too much French food."

M. Burin told me that at the big state dinners at the Hofburg there were two sets of chefs with two independent kitchens and staffs—M. Burin and his French assistants, and an Austrian staff.

"We never quarrelled," said M. Burin. "We worked in harmony." And then

Whatever Travel does for the Intellect, it certainly Sharpens the Palate!

he said philosophically: " After all, there is always something one can learn—even from Wiener Schnitzels—they used to baste theirs with an anchovy and horse-radish butter. Very piquant."

M. Burtin, who runs the Hôtel de l'Europe at Mâcon, is almost a cynic about food. He has no menu. When you arrive there, if he likes you, he will suggest certain dishes. The combination will just touch your taste—and no more. M. Burtin is an artist in quantities as well as qualities. It was there that I really learned what spinach—that vegetable so casually handled by the British—really could be. And what Sauce Béarnaise could mean to fillet of beef.

I WAS introduced to these two famous chefs by M. Vacheron. M. Vacheron was the fish cook on the old " Olympic." He cooked in the " private " restaurant, that de luxe dining-room where millionaires and movie magnates gorged themselves across the Atlantic. They had seventeen chefs for thirty-eight people.

" Mr. Pierpont Morgan," said M. Vacheron, " *always* ordered oysters *au gratin* and lobster Newberg."

M. Vacheron, when I came to know him, was running the " Lion d'Or " in the mountains of Haute-Savoie. I was trout-fishing. And you can imagine my delight when I discovered that my host was a fish-cooking specialist.

" I will cook them *truite au bleu*," said M. Vacheron, " but you must bring them in alive. I cook them alive and then clean them afterwards. If you cannot bring them back alive, then you must mark the two or three trout that you catch within the last hour. These I shall cook. The colour will not be *truite au bleu* —but they will taste quite as good."

I spent this last spring eating *truite au bleu* cooked by M. Vacheron. It gave me an added sense of expectation as I waded those swift streams that pour down through the mountains around St. Jean de Sixte.

I WAS lucky to get a trout at all in these streams, as the entire male population of Haute-Savoie was on the river after the day's work was over. One of them, shot through the shoulders at Verdun, was without doubt the best fly-fisher I have ever seen. M. Croisier placed his flies as deftly as if they were on the end of a wand. For luncheon we ate smoked raw mountain ham.

M. VACHERON made the startling announcement that the golden age of cooking was over.

" It is the sauces," he said. " Truffles and cream and butter —even the big restaurants aren't so free with these any more. From our point of view (the chefs') probably the finest restaurant in the world was the old Café Royal in London . . . when Mrs. Nobel owned it. . . . Ah . . . everything ! . . . handfuls of truffles . . . all the butter you wanted . . . if a dish was not exactly correct . . . you threw it in the fire. . . ."

" And some of the dishes we used to prepare. . . . The *Crêpes Veux-tu ?* . . . ! They were pancakes cooked in apricot brandy . . . with lizards done on them in meringue . . . with cherry eyes . . . and then little piles of fresh peaches and pineapple piled up all round. And then there were the *Nids Lapereaux* . . . they made the nests by dipping the back of a ladle in hot batter . . . lined with *foie gras* . . . and filled with truffles, kidneys and mushrooms. . . . Ah . . . what days ! "

THE apprenticeship of a chef is almost as rigorous as a surgeon's. M. Vacheron, like every other young chef of his day, wanted to serve under the great Escoffier, who was then at the Carlton in London. For months M. Vacheron, literally starving in his little room in Soho, tried to wheedle the famous chef to take him on. Finally Escoffier consented—and for eighteen months M. Vacheron cooked under the hand of this master . . . for eighteen shillings a week.

IN France this year I encountered some Englishmen serving their apprenticeship. I met two—both perfect gentlemen—learning the hotel business. One had an amorphous position in an hotel where Napoleon had

(*Continued on page* 140)

King Frost Promises

A Rich Harvest in 1938

ERIC FRASER

WE were sitting in front of a big log fire in his library, the astronomer and I, talking about the Star of Bethlehem—"a nova," said the elongated, grey-haired student of the universe, "obviously a nova; I don't believe in the meteor or comet theory"—when the girl came in, pulling off a hard hat whose left brim had parted company with the crown. She was piebald: trim, well-brushed and polished from riding-boot heel to neat hunting stock on one side, and mud-caked to the ear on the other. But she looked pleased—young, and limber, and in high good humour with life.

"Key, please. We need liquor."

"We, Linda?"

"Both of us," said the niece. "But we won't touch your port. I'll have a shot of brandy—I came quite a cropper. But he says he'd like beer. It was the mud," she explained to me, defensively, for I had earlier recorded my opinion, giving her a toss up, that the hunter was about three hands too high for her, long legs or no long legs. "We took a cattle rail and just went into a skid in grease the other side."

"Ah," said her uncle, "you'll have another worry to-morrow or next day. Frost is on the way."

"Good," said the girl. "I like frost. Perhaps the pond will freeze and we'll get some skating. Oh, goody! You might ask my young man to dinner," she threw over her shoulder, jingling the keys. "He's nice."

"To-morrow," nodded the astronomer. "You can promise him a reward for picking you up. Sirius should be in good form. You can take him up to the turret and give him a look. You should make an impression on him if you remember what I told you about Sirius."

The girl shook her Garbo mop back with a toss of the head. She smiled, a long, slow smile. "I'll make an impression on him anyway," she said, "if I want to." She went out.

I asked the astronomer about Sirius. He told me things I never knew before. It is the brightest of all the stars in the sky, and each Christmas brings it clearly into view above the eastern horizon. It shines with a

By C. Patrick Thompson

Decoration by Eric Fraser

silvery light just below the constellation of Orion. It may or may not have been the star which the Wise Men meant when they said "We have seen His star in the East": probably not. Modern chronology places the birth of Christ somewhere between 7 B.C. and 2 B.C. In the constellation, Pisces, the Fishes, in the year 7 B.C., Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction within one degree of each other three times: on June 7th, September 18th and December 15th. On the latter date the two major planets would have been seen as a double star shining in the West after sundown: an astronomical phenomenon which must have appeared most impressive to the Wise Men travelling towards it as they made the pilgrimage from the Eastern countries to Palestine. This would square with the description in the Bible. Of course, in June the planets would have been seen as a double star in the eastern sky five hours before sunrise, while in September they would have been seen together from sundown to dawn.

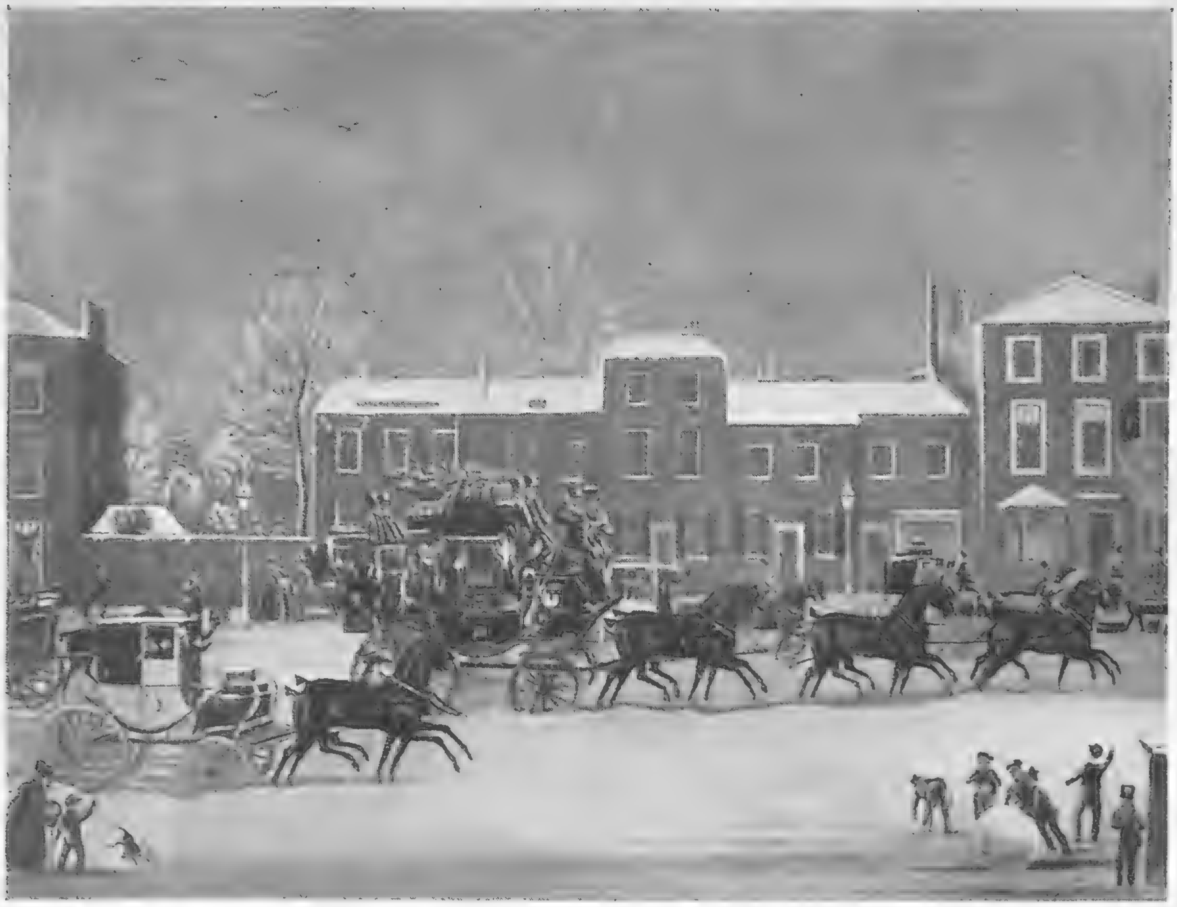
Nothing wrong with Kepler's calculations: but that did not prove that the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter explained the Star of Bethlehem which legend tells us heralded the Nativity. One has to remember that the Romans clapped two additional months at the end of the year, and we have put them at the beginning of the year. The original Roman year began in March, a very proper time for a new year to begin, on the very edge of spring. They had their Saturnalia, the great winter feast, towards the end of their tenth month, which would be our twelfth month, and their feast of the New Year three months later.

The Roman Saturnalia was absorbed by the feast of Christmas when the Christian era was firmly established; but as men changed the calendar, the feast of the New Year had to fall on the first day of the first month, which was much too soon after the great winter feast, and would have pained the old feast organisers greatly if they had known that their seasonal festivals would be so distorted.

Probably Christ was born in March, and that would destroy the Kepler theory of the Star of Bethlehem. A comet? One might have appeared at the beginning of the Christian era. The Chinese records quoted by De Mailla in his *Histoire Générale de la Chine* state that a comet appeared and was seen for seventy days in March, 4 B.C., in the region of Capricorn, and in 3 B.C. another comet whirled its dazzling path across the sky in the months of April and May.

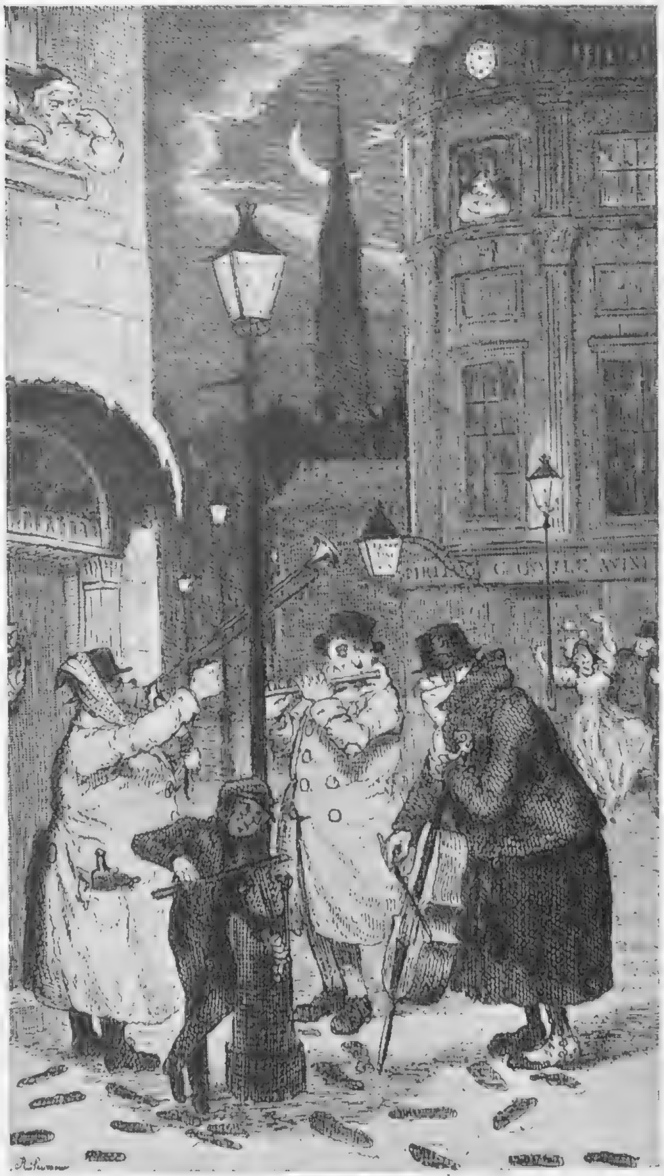
On the other hand, a nova is a well-known astronomical curiosity. Towards the end of 1935 the Nova Hercules burst forth. It was a minute pin-point of light in that constellation at the beginning of December, but it

(*Continued on p.* 174)



IN this picture "Approach to Christmas" the artist, James Pollard, portrays what one might call a "Real Old-Fashioned Christmas."

"THE Waits," by R. Seymour. Always do these sorry entertainers stand in the snow, puce with cold, whilst comfortable citizens pour forth abuse, and often something else, from opened windows above.



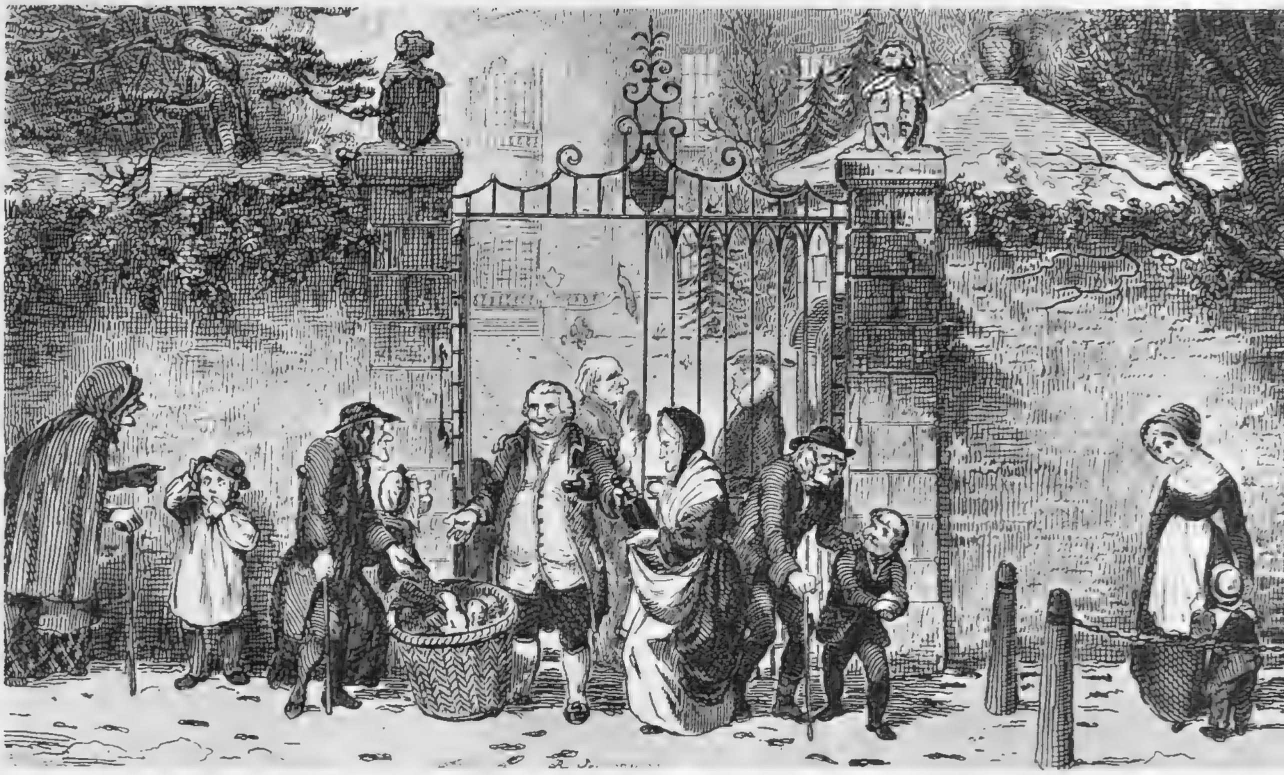
That Old-Fashioned Christmas

By Philip Page

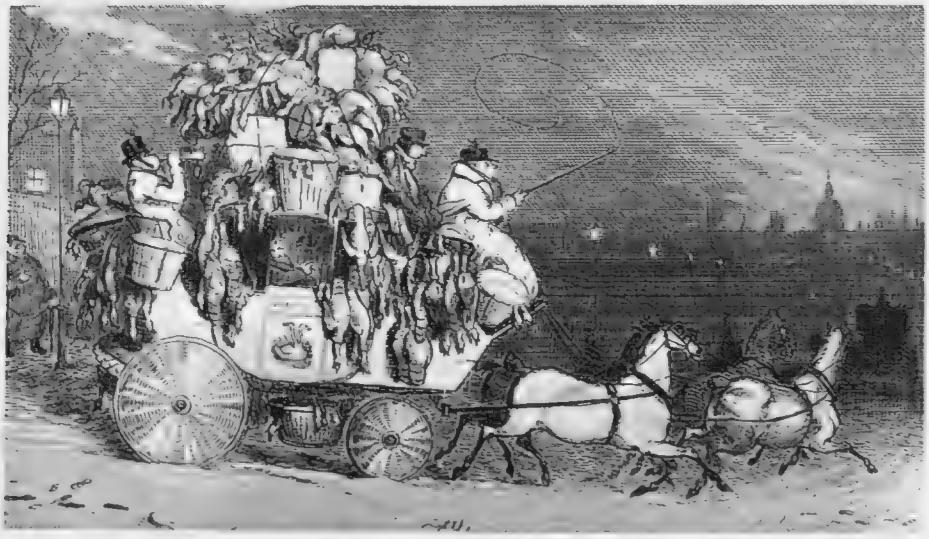
WHENCE came the mysterious assumption that in the course of only a century—a tiny moment in the æons of unrecorded time—the climate of a small fraction of the globe known as England should have radically changed ? Meteorological records tell us that nothing of the sort has happened. Yet these weigh nothing with the sentimentalist who hankers after a past which he has made up his mind must have been picturesque, and in an endeavour to prove his point he will assume anything. Those who sigh to-day for "a good old-fashioned Christmas" assume, for instance, that (*a*) in bygone times nothing ever fell from the sky in winter time except snow; that (*b*) when it was not snowing either the sun or the moon was shining on neatly packed drifts of intense whiteness—"Deep and crisp and even"; that (*c*) it was always cheerfully frosty, but with an invigorating chill, causing discomfort only to those butts of the time, the "waits," whom artists had to depict with frozen fingers and blue noses; that (*d*) a Christmas season could not possibly exist without continuous facilities for skating, sliding, snowballing and tobogganing, a thaw setting in only for comic purposes and in order to enable heavy men ("stout parties," in the lingo of contemporary humorists) to fall through the ice; and that (*e*) a mild Christmas, together with such words as "muggy" and "slush," was never known before, say, 1860.

These Christmas superstitions do not stand alone. They have as much, and as little, truth in them as many which weighed heavily on the Middle Ages and were still in fairly full swing when the nineteenth century and Mr. Charles Dickens were young. It is fortunate that they do not survive as (*Continued on page* 29)

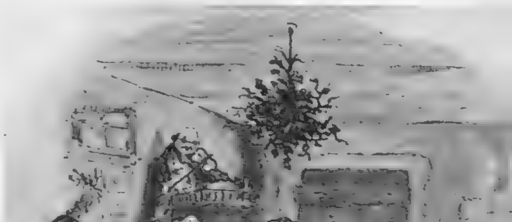
It was the custom, even in those days, for the rich to dispense gifts of food to the poor. This print shows an old English gentleman at the gate of his mansion, distributing the contents of a large basket to his poor tenants



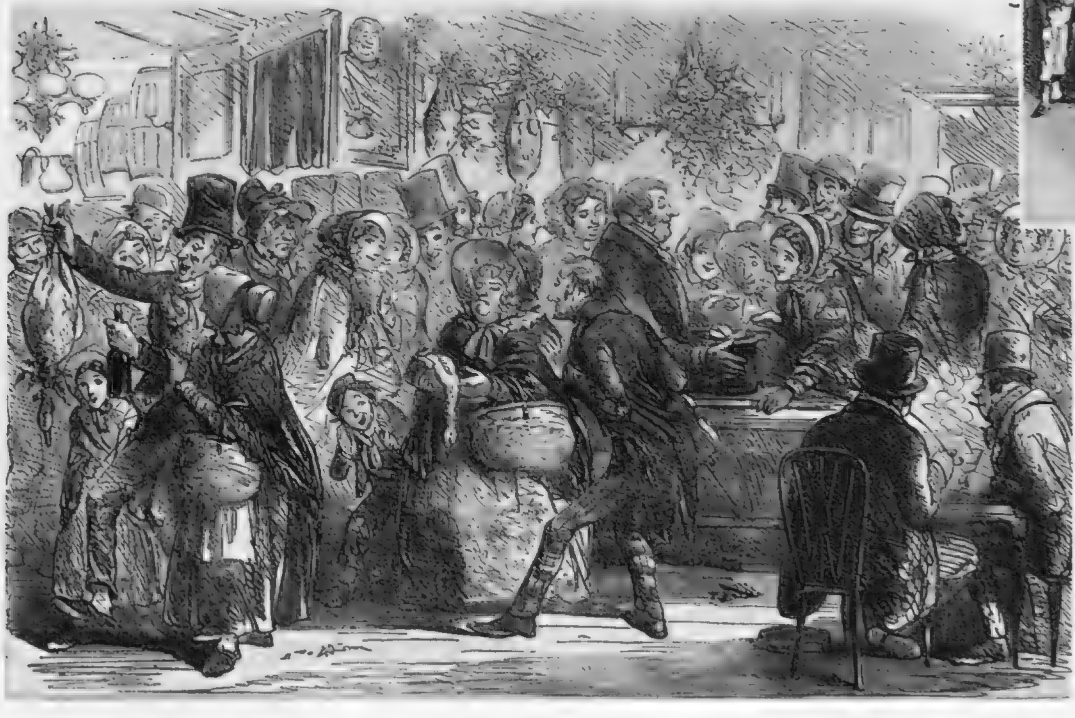
That Old-Fashioned Christmas (*Continued*)



The Norfolk coach bringing choice geese and Christmas fare to London



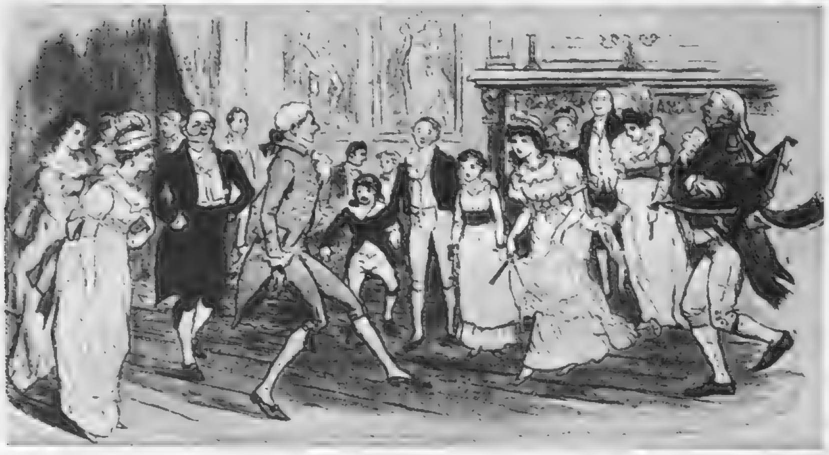
Mr. Fezziwig's Ball. "But the great effect of the evening came when the fiddler struck up 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig." (Reproduced from John Leech's illustration of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol")



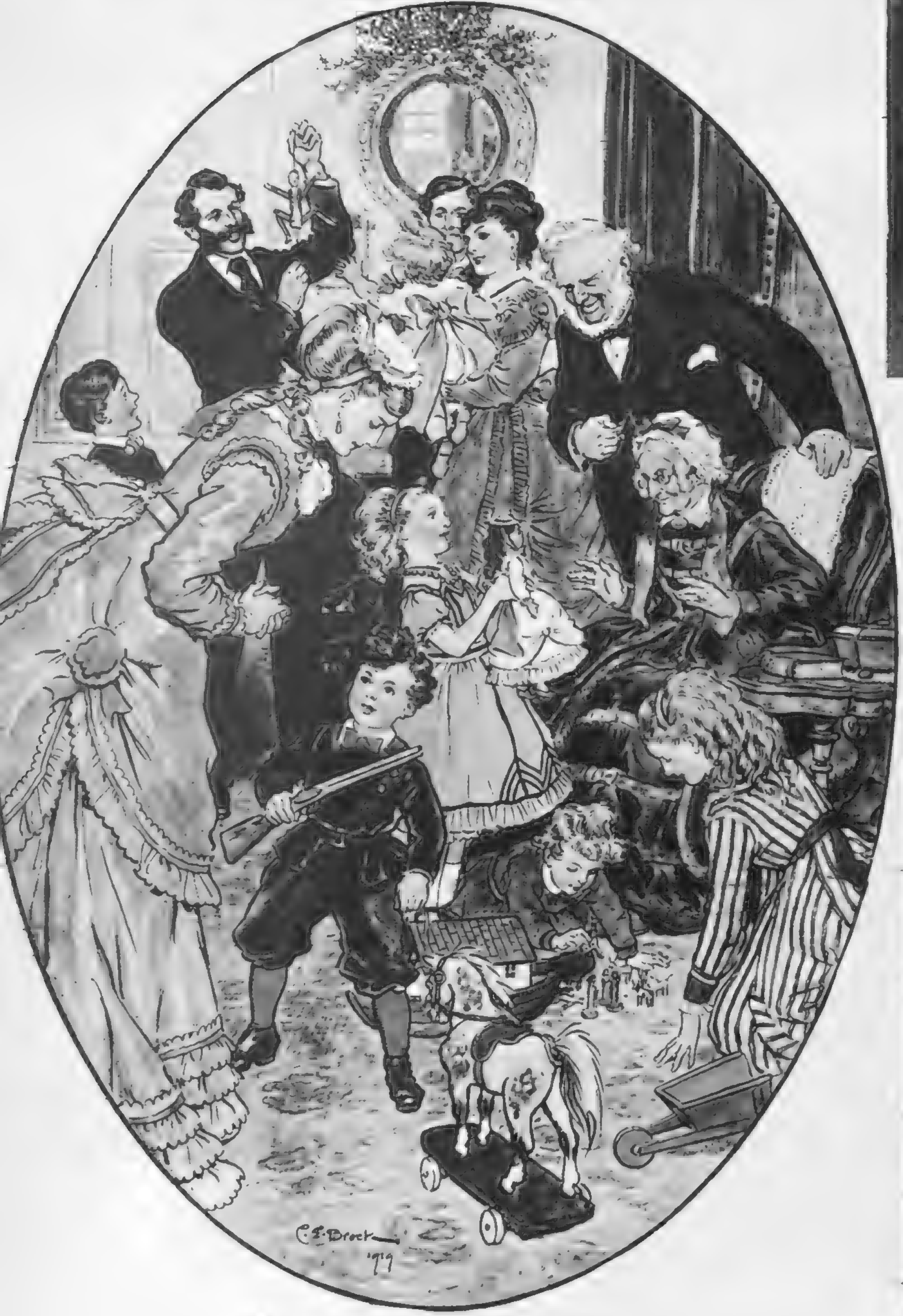
The Goose Club, as pictured by Phiz. Mine host in the centre is inducing the charming damsel to draw a ticket from the top-hat. The old lady seems very disappointed at the size of the bird she has obtained

That Old-Fashioned Christmas

(Continued)

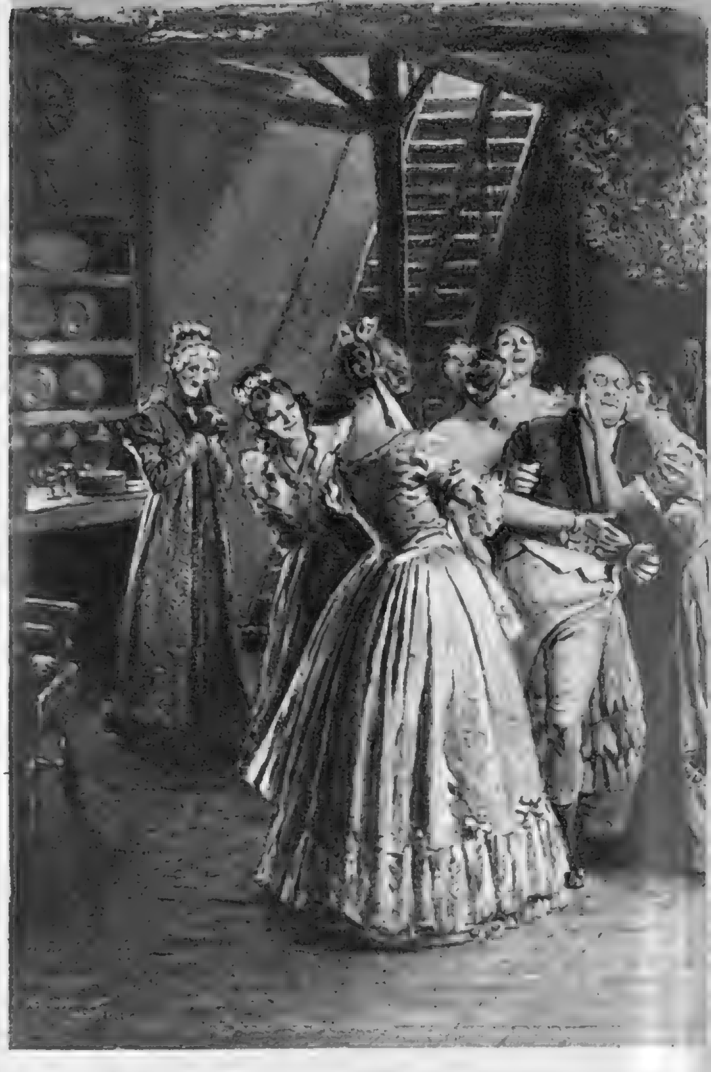


" The Dance in the Hall at Christmas." From the Sketch by Randolph Caldecott (1846-1886).

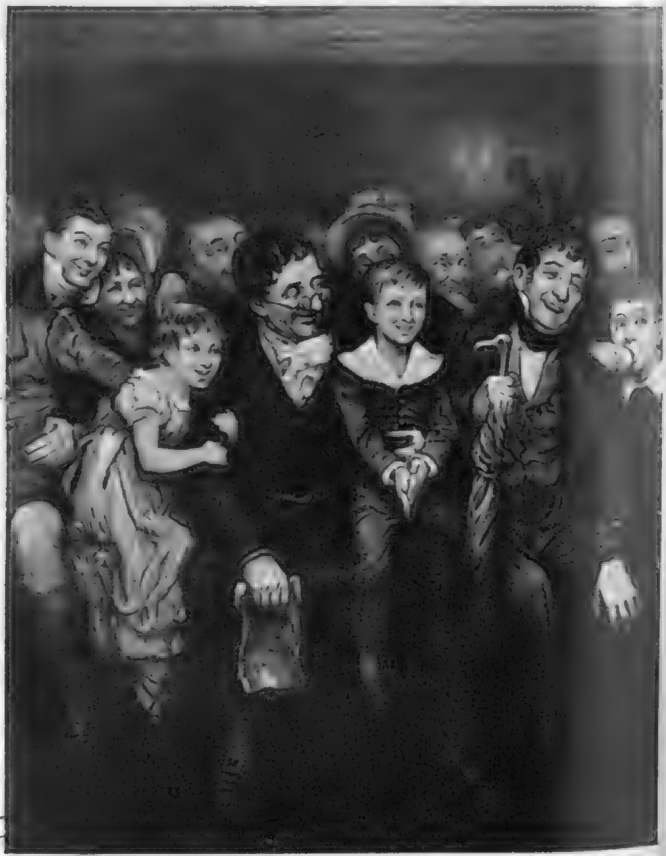


Christmas Morning, 1869, by C. E. Brock.

A Victorian Christmas Morning in which the many children are seen displaying their Christmas presents to grandmother and grandfather whilst father is amusing the youngest member of the family and probably himself, with a mechanised doll. (With Acknowledgments to the " Graphic.")

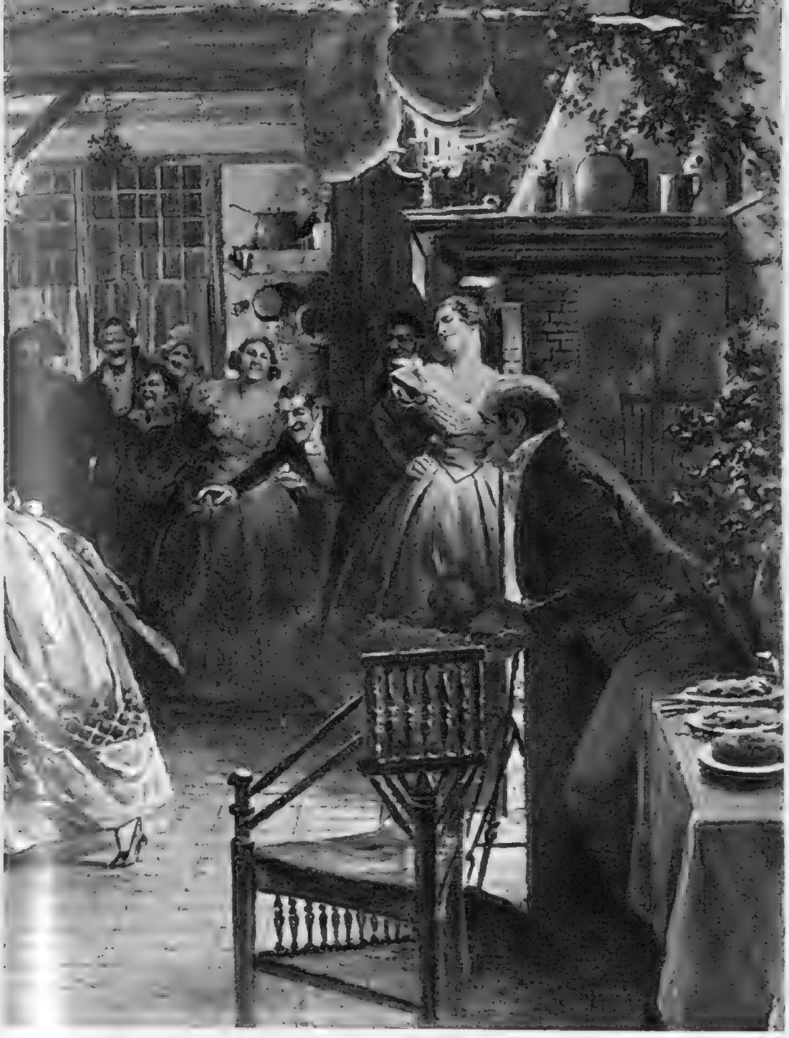


Christmas at "Dingley Dell"
By F. Matania, R.I.

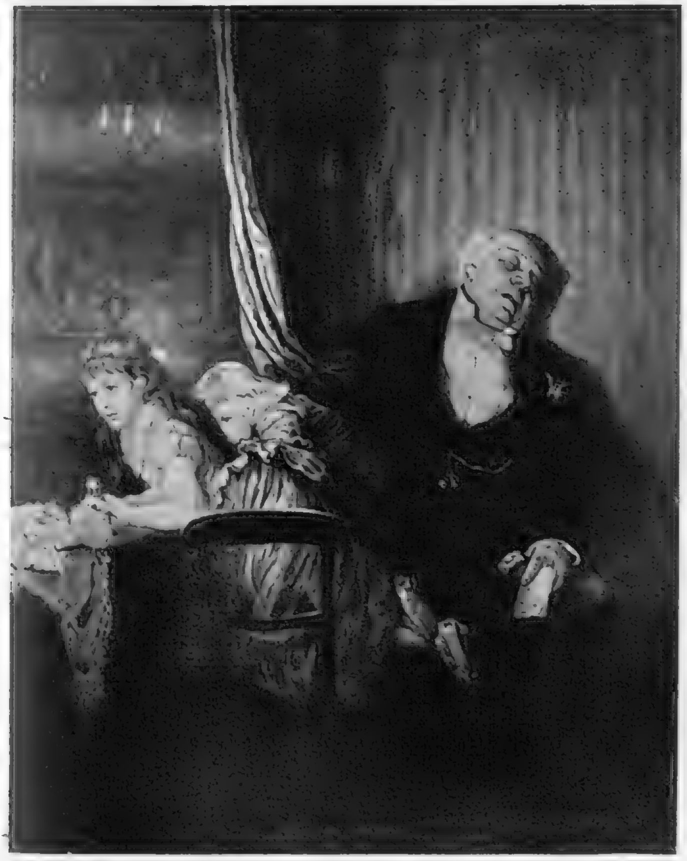


" His First Pantomime," by Fred Barnard (1846-1896). The little boy is seen enjoying his first visit to the pantomime at Sadler's Wells.

(These companion pictures are the property of Sir Seymour Hicks,
of the originals are hanging in the

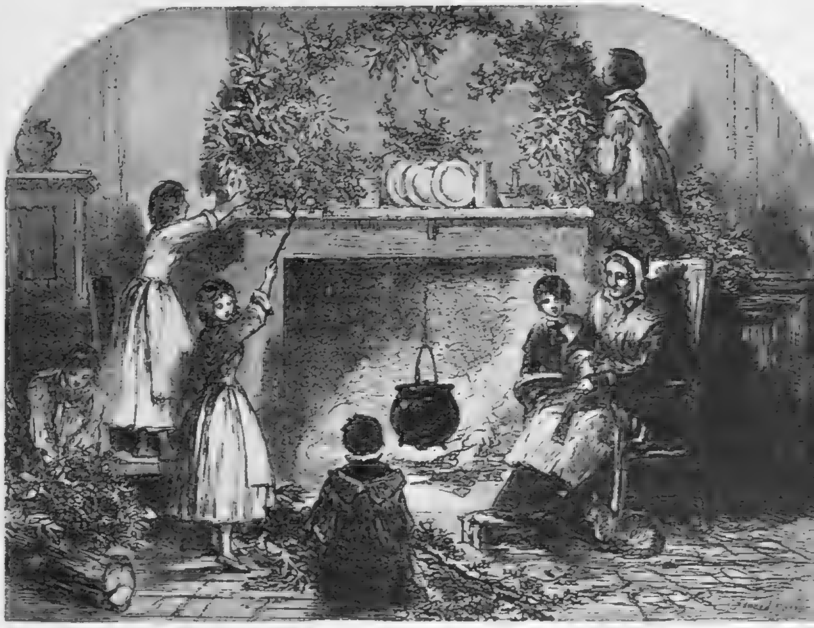


The artist has pictured the famous Christmas Party at "Dingley Dell," as created by Charles Dickens in "The Pickwick Papers." The genial Mr. Pickwick is seen in the centre of the picture under the mistletoe, which situation is being taken full advantage of by all the young ladies present.

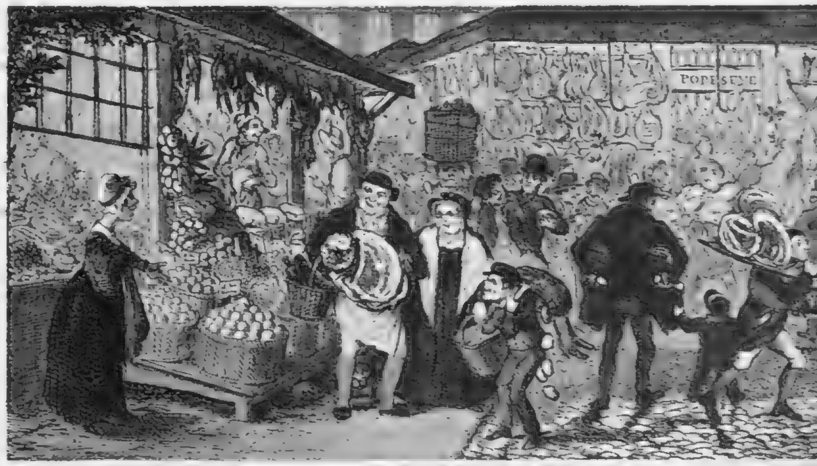


"His Last Pantomime," by Fred Barnard (1846-1896). The little boy in the companion picture is now a grandfather and has taken his grandchildren to the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre.

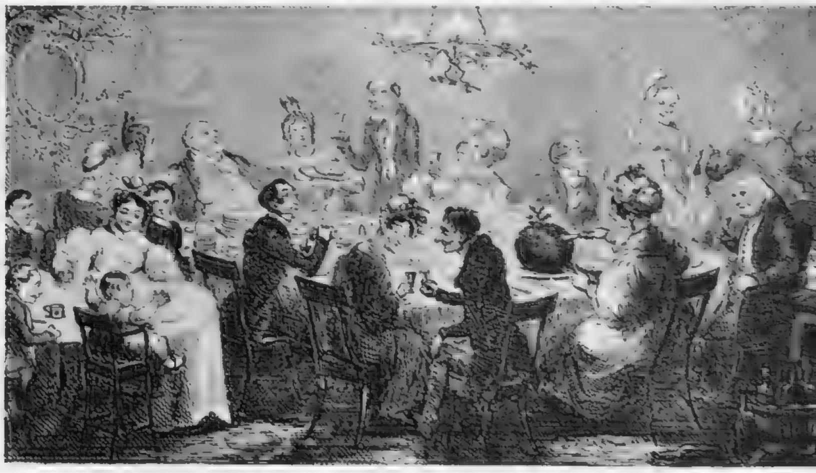
who has given us permission to make these reproductions. Copies vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre.)



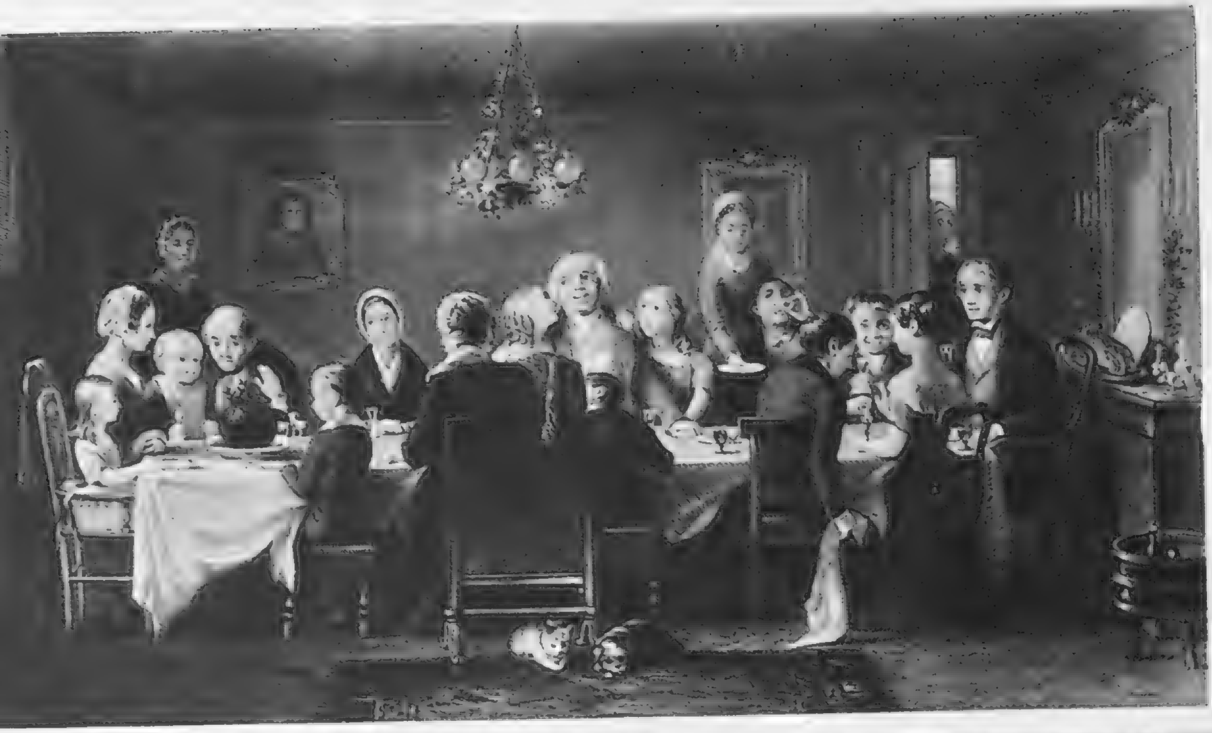
"Putting up the Holly and Mistletoe, Christmas Eve, 1855." Reproduced from a Print of the Painting by Birket Foster.



"The Market, Christmas Eve." It seems that a roaring trade is being done and the shops have a grand display of hams, pheasants, and large joints of beef. Darby and Joan in the centre of the picture seem to be very pleased with their purchases. (From a Print published in 1837.)



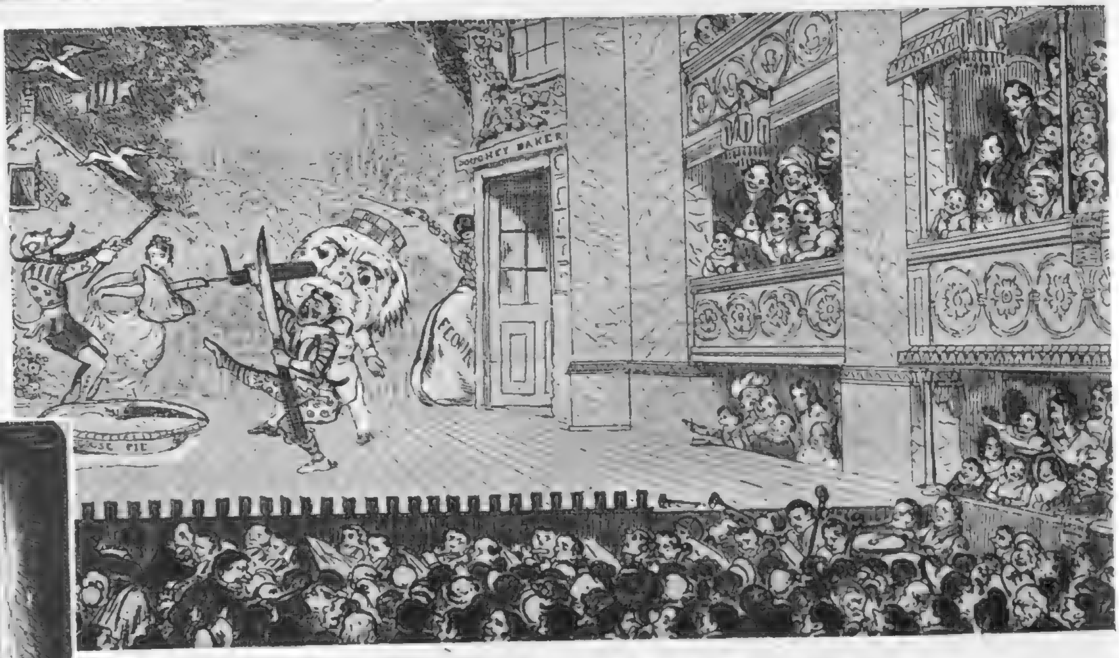
"An 1837 Christmas Dinner." Apparently the dinner has been excellent and the wine good, as everybody seems in a jolly mood. Note the size of the pudding which is about to be served. (From a Print by R. Seymour.)



"The Christmas Pudding," by T. Webster, R.A. (1800-1886). "The pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedecked with holly stuck into the top"

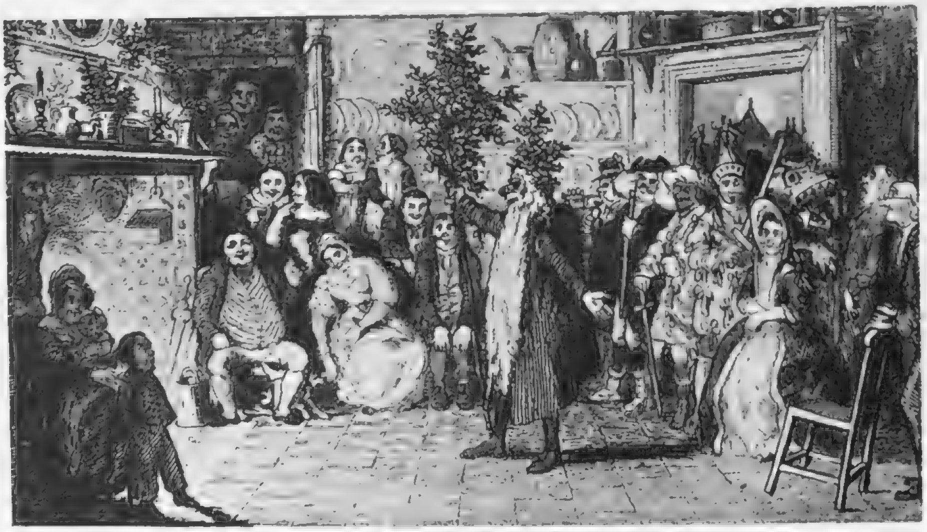
That Old-Fashioned Christmas

(Continued)



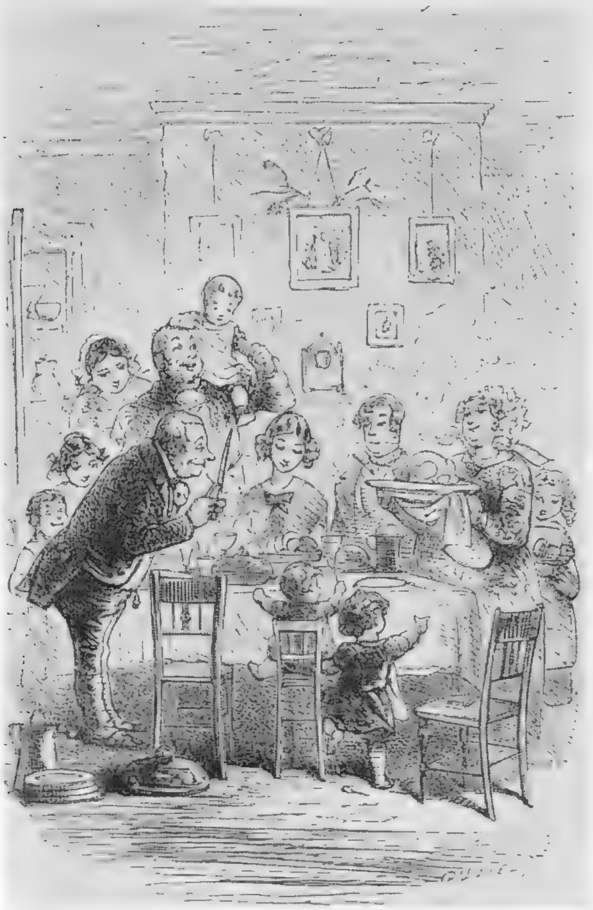
A Christmas Pantomime: Reproduced from a Print by R. Seymour, published in 1837. The pantomime of a century ago differed in that Clown and Harlequin and Pantaloon and Columbine had not then fallen from grace

"A Christmas Dream." Reproduced from a print by George Cruikshank, the famous illustrator and caricaturist (1792 - 1878)



Mummers, headed by Santa Claus, give an entertainment in the kitchen, which is decorated with holly for the Christmas feast (Reproduced from a print published in 1837)

That Old-Fashioned Christmas (continued)



CHRISTMAS DAY with Timothy Poundaweek.

does the snow-and-holly. It is to be hoped, for instance, that no one will feel impelled to wear on Christmas night, between the hours of ten and midnight, "something next the skin, double-sewn with thread," to ward off vermin during the coming year. Nor would it be advisable to trust in the legend that the number of happy months in that year will depend on the number of mince-pies consumed at the Christmas dinner, since twelve such pies would jeopardise the chances of all save those of the strongest digestions seeing even a happy January.

Other superstitions were less embarrassing. Here are some :

If the fire burns brightly on Christmas Day, the new year will be prosperous. If it burns badly, ill-fortune will ensue.

Never give a neighbour a live coal for a Christmas present. An economical, but awkward form of gift.

Fruit trees beaten on Christmas morning will bear well.

Thresh the garden with a flail and wearing only a shirt before dawn at Christmas-tide, and you will have a heavy grass crop. Also, probably, a heavy doctor's bill.

If you eat no beans on Christmas night, you will behave like an ass. The behaviour of many people, however, is not likely to be altered by the consumption of beans.

Anyone born during the Christmas season will see spirits. And, on reaching the age of indiscretion, will almost certainly consume them.

Crumbs from the Christmas dinner table can be used as love-charms.

Water turns to wine at midnight. It is not wise to rely on this for the season's orgies if one's cellar is empty.

If you can steal something on Christmas Day without being caught, you can steal safely for a year. A comforting thought for the season of Peace and Goodwill.

The Yule log is a protection against hobgoblins, who hate it.

But even the most ardent devotees of the old-fashioned Christmas will, as like as not, care for this wisdom as little as did those who exhorted Balaam's Ass. For that animal, for some odd reason, appears in Christmas legends. In ancient French revels the priests chanted :

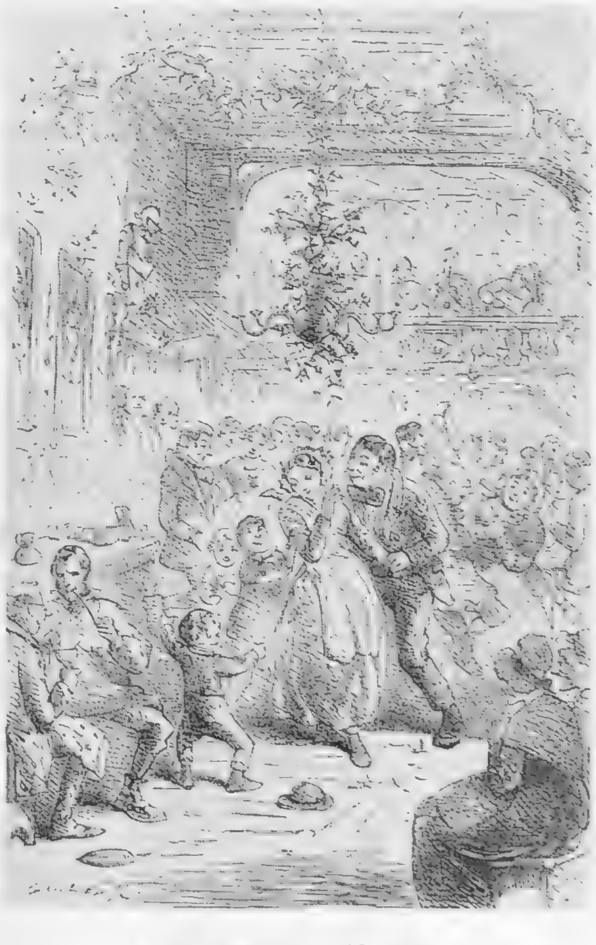
"Amen, Amen, thou honoured Ass,
Sated to the full with grass.
Amen, Amen, shalt thou reply,
And disregard antiquity."

And disregard anachronism also.

CHARLES DICKENS did not invent the picturesque Christmas as we know it. What he did was to crystallise one aspect. His genius made that crystallisation perfect, but he had an easier task than would a modern writer were he to essay it. In the days of *The Christmas Carol* and *The Pickwick Papers* the material was plentiful, and, moreover, it was completely unspoiled. The Age of Reason had given place to the Age of Romance, to the earlier lady novelists, to sentimental Royal Academicians, and to Mendelssohn's music. But the Age of the Sham-Old was still far distant. Dingley Dell was doubtless an ancient and pleasant abode ; but the house agents of the day, if such existed, would not have described it as "this desirable old-world residence." The inns at which Mr. Pickwick sojourned and quaffed had oak beams in plenty, but they were not "beam-conscious." Had Mr. Pickwick stopped at the wayside for a cup of tea (a thing he is never recorded to have done) he most assuredly could not have stopped at "Ye Olde Tudor Tea-Roome." The detestable final "e" of pseudo-antiquity had not made its hideous appearance, nor had it approached the ludicrous extent of—there is an authentic instance—"Ye Old Wirelesse Shoppe."

The age, too, was less strenuous. Possibly, though not probably, a Dickens of the twenty-first century will write of an old-fashioned Christmas of 1937, of how roast turkey was consumed, at the diner's ease, to the illumination of that long out-of-date device, the electric light, instead of an Energy-Pellet being bolted in a split-second by the glare of a split-atom. Will H. G. Wells-ish beings yearn for the joys of their long-dead ancestors, who visited each other at Christmas time in funny old things called motor cars, and actually took hours to go from one red-roofed market town to another in England itself, instead of having a Protein-cocktail in a steel beehive called New York before drinking another ten minutes later in Chicago and afterwards dining with cousins in Melbourne ?

Not altogether fantastic, perhaps. The picture of the distant—or is it so distant ?—future is a grim one. Whatever was grim in 1837—the poverty of the very poor, child employment, the penal system, and other abuses against which he himself inveighed—Dickens did not have the grimness of scientific progress with which to contend. That indeed is an obstacle for anyone who seeks to strike a note of tender conviviality in writing of the kindliest season of the year. The aeroplane, even without its bombs, comes zooming in sinister fashion through the atmosphere of Peace and Goodwill. Dragging in the Yule log, whatever the view of hobgoblins, gives more scope as a ceremony than the installation of central heating. The coach-and-four, hoofs ringing on the frosty road, and a barrel of oysters tucked away in the boot as a present for old Mr. Wardle, looks better on a Christmas card than a motor bus, be it ever so swift and stream-lined. Good cheer was not more plentiful when William IV was king and a rather pretty young girl called Victoria was not even enduring the glare of the throne, let alone posthumous publicity of stage and film impersonation throughout the English-speaking world. It was merely set in a more romantic frame. Dickens's descriptions were (*Continued on page* 144)



CHRISTMAS DAY with Sir Frograss Frograss, Bart.

SOME prisoners of good physical development at "Devil's Island." (Right) The heroine of this story, Mireille Maroger, lawyer, writer, motorist, and pilot, who has been mainly instrumental in inducing the French Government to stop sending any more prisoners to "Devil's Island." She has not, however, lived to see the full success of her efforts, as she was killed recently in an aeroplane accident in Morocco

"Devil's Island" to Die

The French propose to discontinue sending prisoners to "That Hell upon Earth"—Cayenne

BY the middle of last century the experiment of transportation to Van Dieman's Land had proved such an unexpected, if belated, success that the speculative Emperor Napoleon III thought France should be in on a good thing, too. He bade his admirals, in the course of their cruises, spy out a likely colonial settling ground, whither could be directed French convicts with a view to these emulating their British opposite numbers.

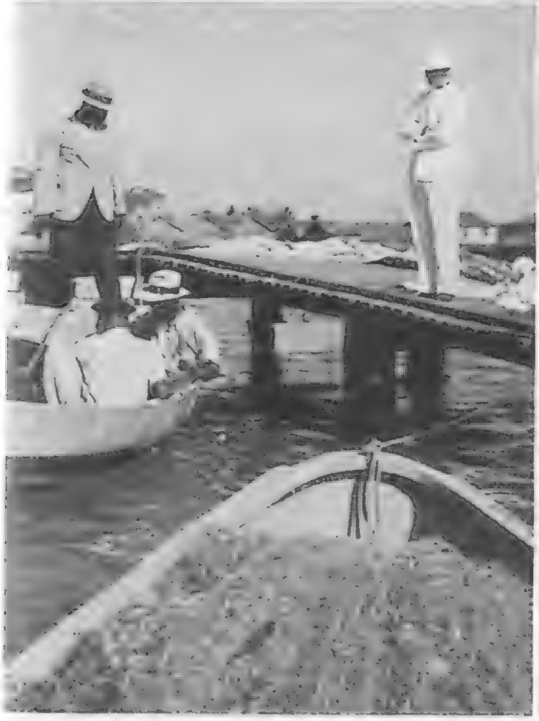
Louis-Napoleon dreamed of an eventual new possession to be reared by the free toil of the transported ones who, instead of rotting in prison cells at home, should be pioneering for the greater prosperity and renown of France.

One day Admiral Despoints reported to the Tuileries that he had found the very spot: Guiana or Cayenne, not far from Venezuela. He sketched a vivid picture of the possibilities of the territory, now virgin and inhabited by a few thousand Indians and Creoles, once its tropically fertile soil were taken in hand. Gold, phosphates, coffee, cocoa, were only the more obvious products; others must indubitably be revealed. Even in their absence, the colony should in a few years be largely self-supporting by reason of its "taking in its own washing," establishing and providing for itself, building, roadmaking, reclaiming, even—who knew?—in due course exporting. All that was needed was the launching and

CONVICTS who succeeded in escaping from St. Laurent du Maroni and reached Trinidad after a hazardous twenty days at sea, baling out their boat in which they made their escape. (Below) The convict graveyard on the mainland

"LA MARTINIERE" *taking convicts on board at St. Martin de Re for transportation to the dreaded penal colony*

A CONVICT *makes friends with a friend of man*



A VIEW *of the steel-barred cells and the cruel shackle irons on board the "La Martinière," the ship which was used to transport the convicts to "Devil's Island"*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

(at first) tending hand of the Motherland. By interbreeding with Indian women and Creoles, the gaolbirds might found a race capable eventually of running into millions. . . .

Dreamer Napoleon fell for the scheme, and towards the late 'fifties the first human shiploads left France to blaze the trail. So bitten was the Emperor that he addressed a flamboyant godspeed to the parting ones, beginning "Workers of Transportation!"

During the ensuing 35 years it is fair to assume that the outside world heard nothing of the new penal colony, and the French themselves, precious little. Yet there had been remarkable happenings. Fired by the change-over from filthy cells to pioneer colonisation, Admiral Darrière freed all the convicts. These could take concubines and go where they liked—up country, to the islands, along the coast. The result was disastrous. The men ran amok, killing, plundering, destroying. There were six thousand of them—oddly, the number that endures to-day—and it was a long business, the attenuated naval and military guard subduing them. But the Admiral was not dismayed. After a few years he launched a fresh scheme: the convicts were to be made peasants. While establishing themselves, they were to have 150 francs a month, 30 months' food and clothing, and 300 francs with which to start building a home.

Unfortunately one thing had been overlooked. Many of the Britons sent to transportation were not criminals at all, as we know the term to-day. Horse-stealing, trade-union activity, a dozen other offences classed a century later as minor transgressions, meant Van Dieman's Land in the early nineteenth century; whereas, in the case of the French convicts, these were well and truly bad people, criminals who had tripped up on the generous post-Revolution Code Napoleon.

Bluntly, the French experiment had failed miserably by the 'eighties. Climate and fever had much to do with it, also woeful and shortsighted neglect on the part of the homeland. It is doubtful if anything could ever have been made of jungle and swamp ridden Cayenne (the decades ahead may give answer), but nothing was ever seriously tried: the convicts were pitched overseas like dung and forgotten. The Imperial begetter of the scheme had died early on, in disgraced exile; that may have contributed. At all events, the Paris Chamber passed legislation in the 'eighties, making Cayenne into a very hell upon earth. From liberality the Republic passed to the other extreme. The first the world at large was to hear of things was when Captain Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Isle in 1894.

Devil's Isle! Where was it?

The public was to be fully instructed. Overnight, as it were, the French penal colonies hit the front page—a place they have intermittently held ever since.

(*Continued on page 122*)

BOOKS:

"*Among those present . . .*"

T. O. BEACHCROFT, author of "The Man Who Started Clean."

ARNOLD PALMER, who for the past eight years has contributed the Books article to the pages of "Britannia and Eve," takes his departure with this issue. He has taken up an important work in connection with European Art which will now occupy all his writing activities

SOON after the death of Lawrence of Arabia I was at a dinner of journalists, where the conversation inevitably turned to him. Of all those present, I alone, it seemed, had never met him. I listened, eagerly at first, but before long with drooping spirits. Perhaps I was too impatient of the weaknesses of human nature, but it certainly struck me that I was the only one there who was interested in Lawrence, and that each of the others was interested not in that dauntless man, but in proving that he had known him more intimately than the rest. How lonely, I thought, must be the life of a king! Courtiers are plentiful, kings are scarce. He can talk to courtiers, but only another king can talk to him.

In Sir Ronald Storrs' autobiography, *Orientations* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.), there is a story which recalled to me my emotions at that dinner party. "I was standing with him one morning," he relates, "in the Continental Hotel, Cairo, when an elderly Englishwoman, quite incapable of understanding his talk, but anxious to be seen conversing with the Uncrowned King of Arabia, moved towards him. It was hot, and she was fanning herself with a newspaper as she introduced herself: 'Just think, Colonel Lawrence, ninety-two! Ninety-two!' With a tortured smile he replied: 'Many happy returns of the day.'" The key-word here, surely, is "tortured," and it is Sir Ronald's. He has written a book of the deepest interest, and written it exceedingly well. I have begun by quoting from his chapter on Lawrence because it set my memories stirring, and because that chapter will in any case attract attention, for the two men were intimate friends. But this autobiography is far more than another sidelight on Lawrence.

Moses, Birds, the U.S.S.R.

"In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver": *by Louis Golding*
(Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.)

MR. GOLDING could not find the birthplace of Moses, but he discovered some traditional bulrushes, and from there he followed, as best he was able, the track of the Exodus and the route of Sinai. The idea (someone else's) was a good one, and Mr. Golding's book is certain to appeal to a wide public. Twenty-five illustrations, most of them from photographs taken by the author, accompany the text.

"Red Eagle": *by Dennis Wheatley*
(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

THE life-story of Voroshilov, who has risen from pit-boy to supreme commander of the military, naval and air forces of Soviet Russia, and the very possible successor to Stalin. Mr. Wheatley's immense self-confidence may beget occasional doubts in his readers' minds, and the wildly sensational story he has to tell might perhaps have gained by a more restrained narration. But he knows a great deal about Russia, and his book is more informative, as well as far less dull, than some of the treatises of earnest visitors to the U.S.S.R.

"Prince of the Blood": *by Evarts Seelye Scudder* (Collins, 15s.)

THE Prince is the famous Egalité, fifth Duke of Orleans, friend of George IV of England and father of King Louis-Philippe; and the author claims, surprisingly but no doubt truly, that his life has never before been written in English. Mr. Scudder has filled the gap well. He has knowledge, style, and a sense of proportion, and his book is a pleasure to read.

"Sporting Adventure": *by J. Wentworth Day* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)

ALL his life Mr. Day has loved the country and studied wild animals, particularly birds, and in these pages he talks out of a full heart and a well-stored memory. How good the talk is! And how much he knows! And what an overwhelming argument is a book like this in favour of the upbringing of children in the country!

"The Time of My Life": *by Nicholas Bentley* (Joseph, 6s.)

AS author and artist, Mr. Bentley has a nice sense of humour. Whilst most novelists are writing books of 700 pages or more, he gives us a work of fiction that is short—much too short. *Quel repos!*

J. WENTWORTH DAY

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

New Novels

"Emma": *by Louis Paul*

(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is Mr. Paul's second novel, but already he is regarded as one of the most promising of the younger American writers. It is therefore significant that his new book provides further evidence that the violent phase through which the American novel has been passing is now drawing to a close and giving way to another and quieter period.

"The Mortal Storm": *by Phyllis Bottome*

(Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

A STORY of modern Germany just before and during the Nazi revolution. It is strange that Miss Bottome should be capable of such penetrating observation and, at the same time, such wordiness. Some hundreds of notes of exclamation might profitably be weeded from her pages.

"Pavements at Anderby": *by Winifred Holtby* (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

THE 28 stories in this volume have, we learn, been "carefully selected from the enormous pile of miscellaneous manuscripts left by Winifred Holtby." The editors would have done her memory a better service if they had displayed more "care" in their "selection." Some of the stories are worthy, and some quite unworthy, of a charming writer who found it difficult to give always of her best.

"The Dangerous Years": *by Gilbert Frankau* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

MR. FRANKAU'S admirers should note that their old favourite is now to be alluded to as Frankau—like Tolstoi, Balzac, Dickens, and the rest of his more dangerous competitors. His new novel, nearly 700 pages long, is really three novels in one, covering the last 25 years or so of the history of an upper-class English family.

LOUIS PAUL

"The House in the Hills": *by Laurence W. Meynell* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)

A NOT unworthy member of the great *Zenda* family. One or two untidy threads, still hanging out at the end of the story, owe nothing to Anthony Hope.

"Murder or Mercy": *by Jonathan Stagge*

(Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)

MR. STAGGE is very ingenious—yet most readers will solve his mystery long before the end. He writes well—but he sometimes cheats a little. Detection is a game with rules.

Sir Ronald Storrs, whom, as a little boy, I used to see every Sunday on the other side of the aisle in his father's church, has passed much of his life in Egypt, and most of it in the East. He was the first Military, and later the Civil, Governor of Jerusalem, and afterwards became Governor of Cyprus. His knowledge of conditions in Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia and the eastern Mediterranean is unsurpassed, and he has worked with men like Kitchener, Eldon Gorst, Wingate and Allenby, as well as with Lawrence, Faisal, Abdallah and Husain Ibn Ali of Mecca. His pages are enlivened with long extracts from his diary; these add vividness, and possibly even stature, to a chronicle of absorbing interest and real importance.

LE PLATEAU
Blonde platine

CECIL BEATON, whose "Scrapbook" is reviewed in this article, photographed with a Roye scrapbook as background

BOOKS, like other things in life, have a way of flocking together in families, and my reading this month has, without any set purpose on my part, taken me all over the world. *Orientations* is chiefly concerned with the north-east corner of Africa and the north-west corner of Asia. *A Child in the Sun* (Eldon, 10s. 6d.) is an account of an English boy's upbringing in Malaya. The author, Mr. Clive Dalton, is no great stylist, but he possesses the valuable gift of lucidity, and since he is for the most part content to speak of what he knows, he holds the reader's attention without difficulty. By contrast, *Sinabada* (Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is written with all the confidence that comes from success. It is Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's autobiography, the story of a life spent in many quarters of the globe and in many different ships going to and fro. A very full life indeed, and an

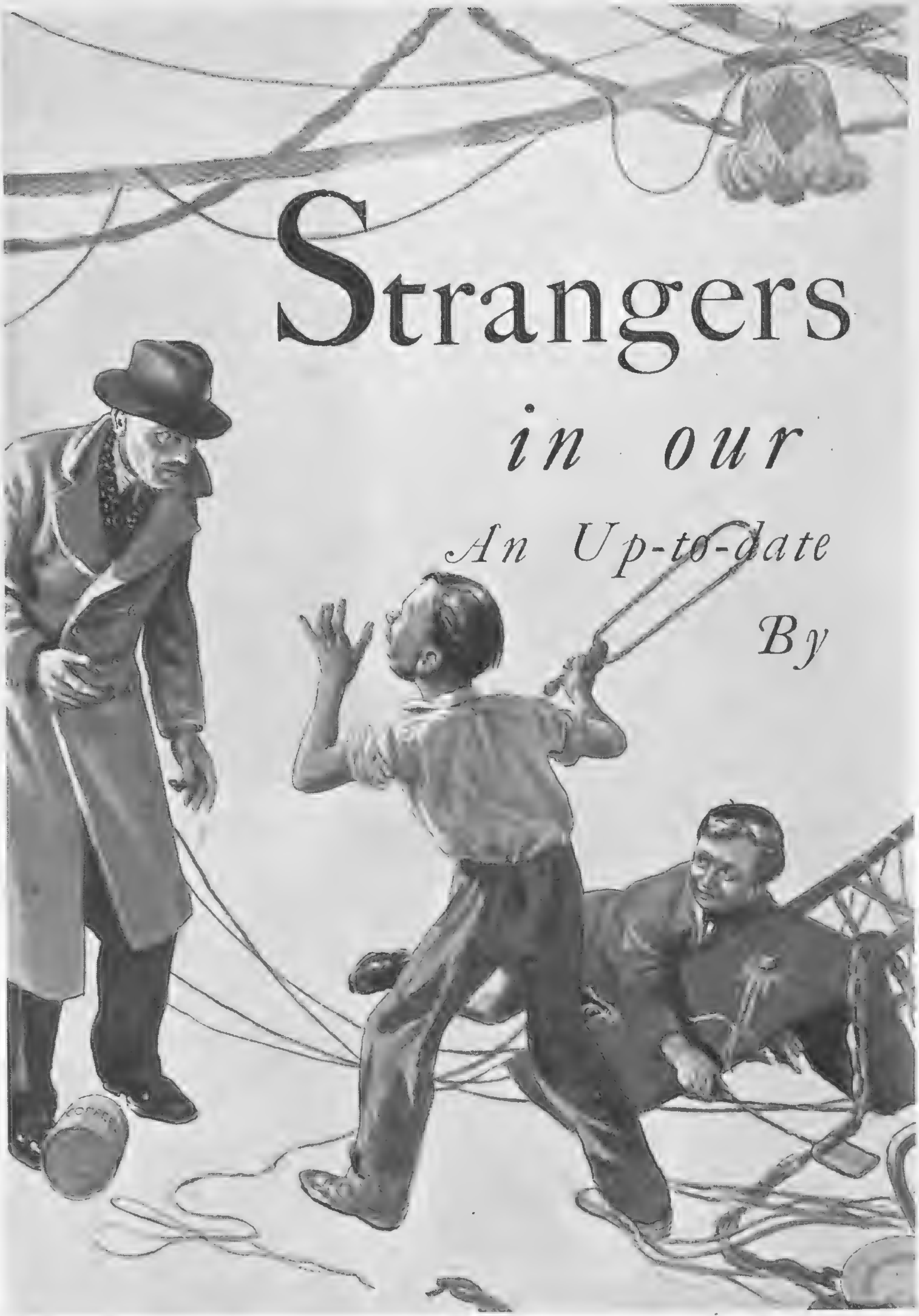
(*Continued on page* 147)

SIR RONALD STORRS. In "Orientations" he has written a book of the deepest interest, and written it extremely well

Strangers in our

An Up-to-date

By



AS Mr. Fortt appeared in the doorway,
at him, with yells of "Enemigo!

HAVING mastered the fact that a Brighter Tone on the Stock Market had led to a Late General Rally, bent the force of his intellect briefly to the question at the head of the leader page " Will Stalin Bid for Germany's Friendship ? " and grunted approval of someone's article on Wrong-headedness in Defence, Mr. James Fortt lowered his newspaper to remark to his wife Linda :

" It's definitely time that we did something about Christmas."

Mrs. Fortt, who was deeply engrossed in Five Years for Dope Victim's Lover, Gipsy Zillah's Warnings for To-day, and was reserving her favourite gossip page for her husband's departure, as Mr. Fortt had a trying habit of interrupting one's deeper ponderings, made a non-committal murmur.

" I mean," said Mr. Fortt, " it's no use leaving things to the last minute ; we might as well fix our plans now and let people know."

" What plans ? " Mrs. Fortt lifted her lovely head to regard her husband momentarily across the illustrated page. " Why, dear heart, this heat about plans ? I know of no alternative to our usual scheme : we shall spend Christmas either with your people or with mine ; we shall receive a great many unwelcome and difficult presents ; you—excuse me—will overeat, and I shall certainly yawn ; the day after Boxing Day we will suddenly recollect urgent and unavoidable duties that call us back to town. Thus it has been for six years ; has anything occurred to change these old-time customs ? "

Deciding to ignore the note of sarcasm in his wife's voice, Mr. Fortt rejoined, with somewhat overdone heartiness :

" Then that's that. I'll drop a line to the mater to expect us on Christmas Eve."

" Correction, please," said Mrs. Fortt, resuming her study of modern literature. " To expect *you*. "

" Ah ! " said Mr. Fortt, satisfaction ebbing from his features. " So now we have it. I was practically sure you'd got something behind your ear. Let's face it. Is it Osmund Putt ? "

" Yes," said Mrs. Fortt, apparently developing a sudden short-sightedness that submerged her charming profile completely in the news sheet, " and no."

" You've been flirting with him," accused Mr. Fortt.

" No," said Mrs. Fortt, " and yes. That's to say, if you can call it flirting."

" By Jupiter ! " cried Mr. Fortt. " You're right ! What a woman like yourself can find in the way of flirtation material in that tortoise-eyed, gangling purveyor of sob-stuff to housemaids——"

" Prejudice," indicated Mrs. Fortt, " is a barrier to intelligent discussion."

" A fellow who plasters his inane and simpering features six times a week on a page that the gorge of any decent human being rises at——! "

" Whatever may be his shortcomings," said Mrs. Fortt, " Osmund does *not* end his sentences with prepositions."

" Flaunting his friendships with the upper classes as trimmings to his honest, man-in-the-street sentiments ! Eton and Hoxton—brothers under the skin ! " fumed Mr. Fortt.

" Osmund," said Mrs. Fortt coldly, " happens to have been educated at Haileybury. Even the public schools may, on occasion, produce their idealists."

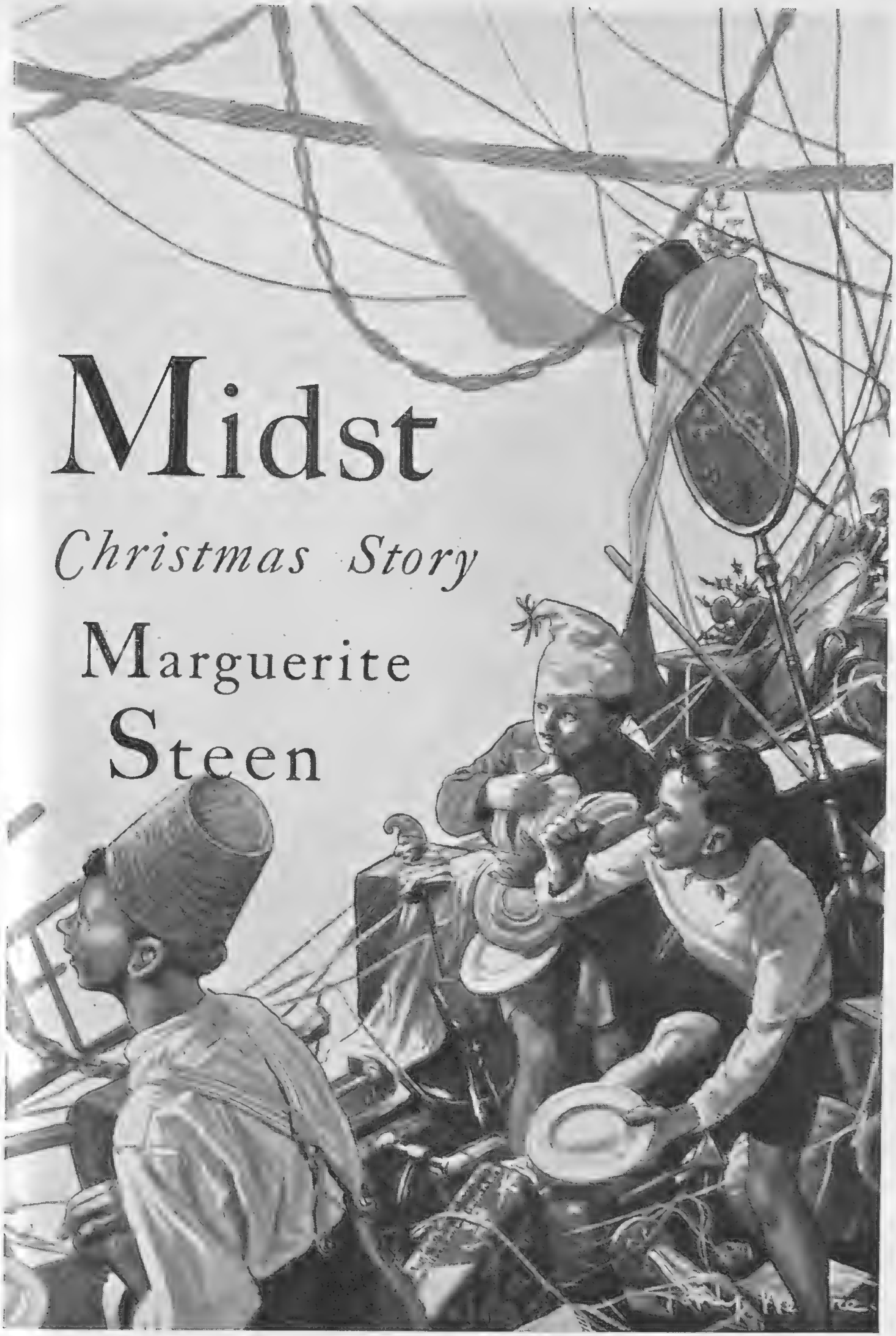
" I bet," said Mr. Fortt, after he had, with difficulty, swallowed something, " I could be a pretty high-class idealist on fifty pounds a week—or whatever the bounder gets for his nauseating twaddle. Mayfair house-parties, and being photographed with waitresses in XYZ shops ! As idealism, that's a new one on me."

Mrs. Fortt flung down the paper.

Midst

Christmas Story

Marguerite Steen



the two fronts united to make a rush Enemigo! Abajo los enemigos de Viscaya!"

"Don't be so utterly vile! Osmund Putt is utterly genuine, utterly selfless in his efforts to bring about a better understanding between his own class and—and less fortunate people. He made Corry Carapace take up his scheme for week-ends for overworked manicurists; he positively drove the Duchess of Glair into sponsoring those rest-camps of his for underpaid usherettes——"

"For the love of heaven, what's an usherette?"

"——and he simply devotes himself to every sort of good work during his week-ends——"

"Making a blasted bore of himself——"

"——to people," neatly interposed Mrs. Fortt, "who are too jealous of his charm and personality to relinquish their own selfish habits and respond to his appeal."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Fortt, after a short pause, during which he bent and recovered the paper which Mrs. Fortt had allowed to slide to the floor, "do I understand that you suggest that I am jealous of that—that——" A twist of the hand had brought uppermost the well-known features of Mr. Osmund Putt, newly presented each day at the head of his famous "View from my Gazebo" page, upon which—it is said—at least seventy per cent. of the circulation of the paper depends. "Do you dare to insinuate that I would lower myself by being jealous of a creature who, not content with wearing a bow tie with a soft collar, cultivates an inferior negroid style in hairdressing that would blackball him for anything but a Chelsea arts club——?"

Driven temporarily beyond himself with honest rage, Mr. Fortt lowered his head like an angry bull, about to let drive at the sickening photograph, which showed Mr. Putt, on this occasion, draped between two small, dark-complexioned girls, whose arms were round his waist, and whose eyes were raised, with expressions of adoration, carefully blended with coquetry, to the sweet, sad smile on Mr. Putt's downward-drooping countenance.

"It's a scandal!" spluttered Mr. Fortt, striking the paper a vicious blow in the region of Mr. Putt's face. "These wretched little beggars—they're below the age of consent—they're——"

"They happen," said Mrs. Fortt frigidly, "to be two little Basque girls that Osmund has adopted, because their parents were killed in the war."

Mr. Fortt gargled. His eye rolled furiously down the printed page, paused, focused, and enlarged itself terrifyingly.

"Upon—upon my——!"

"What is it?" innocently—too innocently—inquired Mrs. Fortt. As her husband seemed utterly incapable of replying, she took the paper from his hand and her heart dropped a beat.

"Staying with Lord Uptree last week-end, at his lovely place in the shires, I met the beautiful Mrs. James Fortt, whom all her friends know as Linda, and we had a long, cosy chat over the fire, while the others were enjoying what they told us afterwards was 'the best run of the season.' Linda and I got sympathetic over our mutual hatred for killing things, and I told her about my plans to provide a happy Christmas for the little Basques. Famous for her generosity, she eclipsed herself with a marvellous offer: no less than to invite a party of these poor little waifs and strays of warfare to spend Christmas with her in her beautiful house in Pont Street. Now, I wonder who will follow her example?"

After a pregnant silence—

"Are you mad?" asked Mr. Fortt, "or am I?"

"It wasn't," murmured Mrs. Fortt, evincing an obvious uneasiness, "quite like that. Oh, I suppose I'll have to tell you"—she shrugged her lovely shoulders—"I meant to, anyway: but I didn't expect Osmund would let the cat out of the bag like that—and I must say I do not think it was very nice of him."

She paused, biting her lip; then, rising and clenching her hands with the gesture of a tragedienne, she faced her husband.

"James, I have something to confess to you."

A cold drop trickled down Mr. Fortt's spine; instinctively stiffening himself to meet the worst, and clearing his throat, he had a wholly illogical vision of the playing fields of Old England, as he replied, on a vibrant tone of emotion:

"I suppose I've been expecting this, in a way. But I never thought it would be a moth-eaten, flea-bitten parlour poodle like Osmund Putt. A nice figure I'll cut, between the pair of you, in court."

After a short, sharp stare of astonishment, his wife told him pettishly not to be such a fool.

"*That's* not what I want to confess. I want to tell you that I will not, for a wilderness of monkeys, lend myself again to the orgy of self-indulgence, to the bogus sentimentality and utter selfishness of a family Christmas."

"Upon my immortal soul!" said James Fortt, when he had recovered his breath. "Selfishness! I ask you! I suppose it's selfish to spend forty-eight hours of major discomfort in a house with no central heating; to walk a quarter of a mile to the nearest bathroom; to drink — excuse me — your father's execrable port——"

"To listen—excuse *me*—to *your* father's interminable fishing yarns," interposed Mrs. Fortt. "Let us admit that we have sacrificed our deepest feelings to the preservation of old-world courtesies due to each other's parents. But for pity's sake let us also admit that we have eaten like hogs, been loaded with rich gifts, been fawned upon by menials and fêted by the countryside; it was you who suggested in the first place—correct me if I'm wrong—that another year we must really make the breakaway——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Fortt testily, for it is never pleasant to have one's unguarded utterances brought up against one. "One says these things, but——"

"Exactly! But!" interrupted Mrs. Fortt. "Realising that it was a mere *façon de parler*, rising out of the fact that you had forgotten to take your bicarbonate tablets, I decided to protect myself in my own way from a repetition of last year's staleness and boredom."

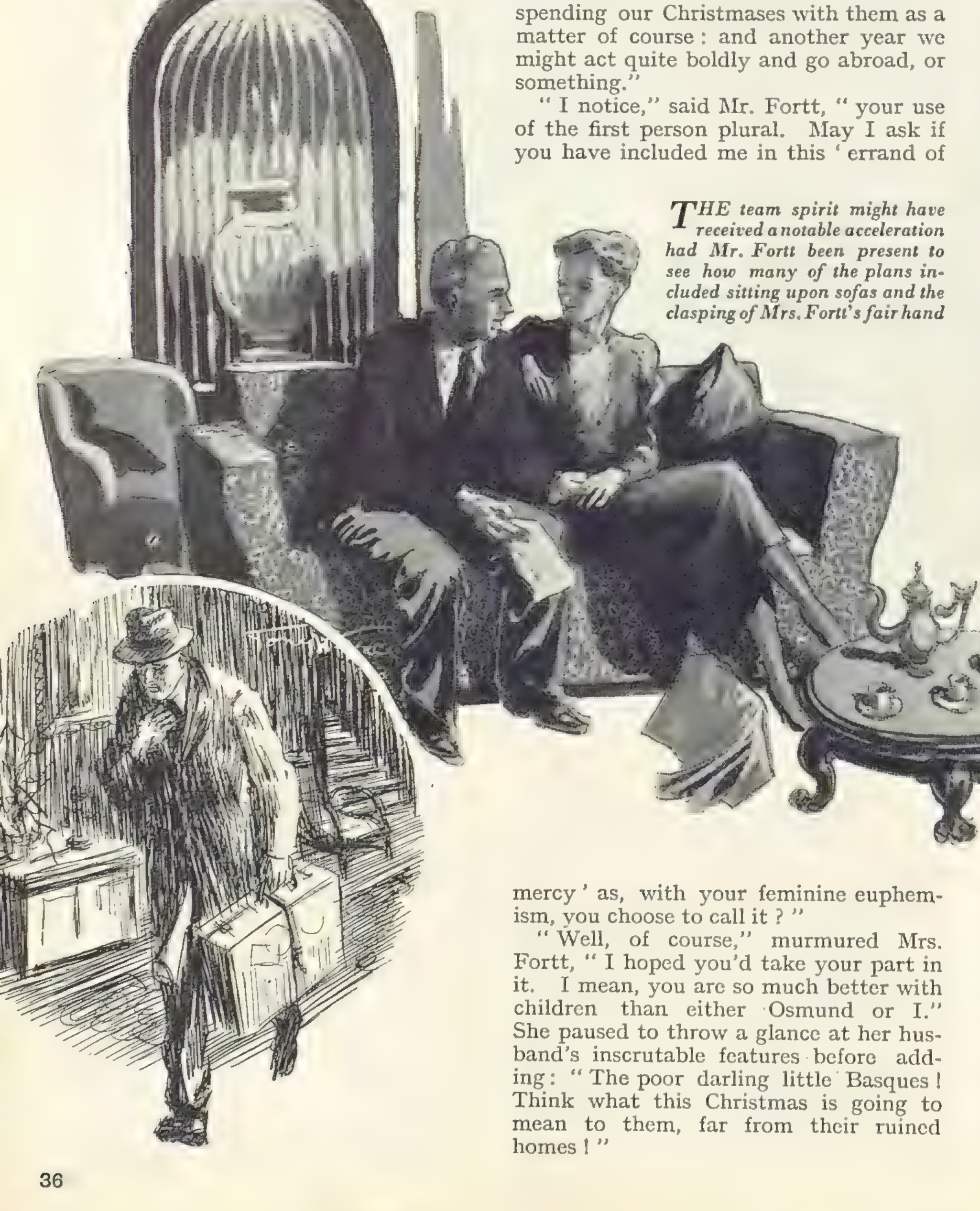
"Indeed!"

"So when Osmund said he couldn't find anybody to give him a hand with the little Basques over Christmas, I suddenly realised it was the perfect solution of my problem!" said Mrs. Fortt. "Of course, I knew it wouldn't have done simply to refuse the family invitation; that would have been equivalent to dropping at least two useful legacies—my cousin Regina's and your uncle Lysander's—down the drain."

"I'm surprised you had so much common sense," snorted her husband.

"But if we were to absent ourselves on an errand of mercy," resumed Mrs. Fortt, "it would be quite a different matter. It would loosen, if I may put it so, the Gordian knot; it would get the families used to the idea of our not spending our Christmases with them as a matter of course: and another year we might act quite boldly and go abroad, or something."

"I notice," said Mr. Fortt, "your use of the first person plural. May I ask if you have included me in this 'errand of mercy' as, with your feminine euphemism, you choose to call it?"



THE team spirit might have received a notable acceleration had Mr. Fortt been present to see how many of the plans included sitting upon sofas and the clasping of Mrs. Fortt's fair hand

"Well, of course," murmured Mrs. Fortt, "I hoped you'd take your part in it. I mean, you are so much better with children than either Osmund or I." She paused to throw a glance at her husband's inscrutable features before adding: "The poor darling little Basques! Think what this Christmas is going to mean to them, far from their ruined homes!"

Mr. Fortt swallowed a number of times.

"Let's get this straight," he said at last. "Am I to understand that you're proposing to fill this house up with Basques?"

"Half a dozen—no more," said Mrs. Fortt, a trifle hastily. "I said no more than that because, for one thing, I'm not sure the servants would stand it; and for another, I believe they're a little difficult. Well, naturally! Who wouldn't be difficult in their circumstances — poor sweets!"

"You don't, by any chance, remember the Belgian refugees, do you?" said Mr. Fortt. His wife threw him an offended look.

"How should I? I'm not senile," she returned, crushingly.

"And how, if it were not rude to ask, do you propose to communicate with your guests? You may be a Spanish scholar, but, if so, you've preserved a most unusual modesty about your accomplishment during the last six or seven years," said Mr. Fortt. He was beginning to fancy himself at this sarcasm business.

"Of course I can't speak Spanish. But Osmund can—fluently. He once spent a fortnight in Barcelona, and he says it's child's play if you know Latin. Besides which, he's had Carmelita and Maria Teresa to practise on," pointed out Mrs. Fortt, indicating the photograph.

"Are Carmelita and Maria Teresa included in the house-party?"

"No, they aren't; because Mrs. Putt, Osmund's mother, who really adopted them, only it looks better in print if Osmund did it," admitted Mrs. Fortt, "is taking them to Eastbourne or somewhere. Only Osmund's on the Basque committee, you see, and he said it was so dull for them to have a sort of institute Christmas, and he wanted to introduce the personal touch, so he thought it would be a good thing for the children to be parked out among private families for Christmas—and he promised to help me personally——"

"About the least he could do, after putting such an idiotic notion into your head. Well, I wish you joy of your Christmas," said Mr. Fortt, thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"Do you mean," she asked him incredulously, "that you aren't going to help us?"

"Definitely I am not. And I must say it's a bit thick that a man should be driven out of his own home at Christmas by a pack of refugee kids."

"That isn't true!" came her indignant cry. "You only said a moment ago that you were going to write to your mother, to say you were coming down to her for Christmas."

"Then you said you weren't," pointed out Mr. Fortt, "and I don't mind admitting that I'd have altered my plans if we had been going to spend Christmas together in a decent, civilised fashion, even if it meant a spot of awkwardness with the mater. But land myself in town over Christmas with a houseful of Basque kids I will not, so that's the end of it."

"James," said Mrs. Fortt passionately, "do you realise that these children are simply *inundated* with grief?"

"They'd be inundated with something else if I got behind them," promised Mr. Fortt. "Of all the pieces of blazing impudence I ever met in my life, this beats everything. If Putt's got to wish these kids on anybody, why must it be us? Come to that, why the devil can't he take them to his place?"

"You know he has only a small flat," she reproached him. "And his man to look after him! You couldn't expect Shotter to cope with six children by himself."

"I should think he has too much sense to try. And I should call you a major optimist if you imagine that our Crump and our Paget will stick it for more than an hour or two. Look here, my poppet, let me ring up Putt and tell him to paddle his own infernal canoe!"

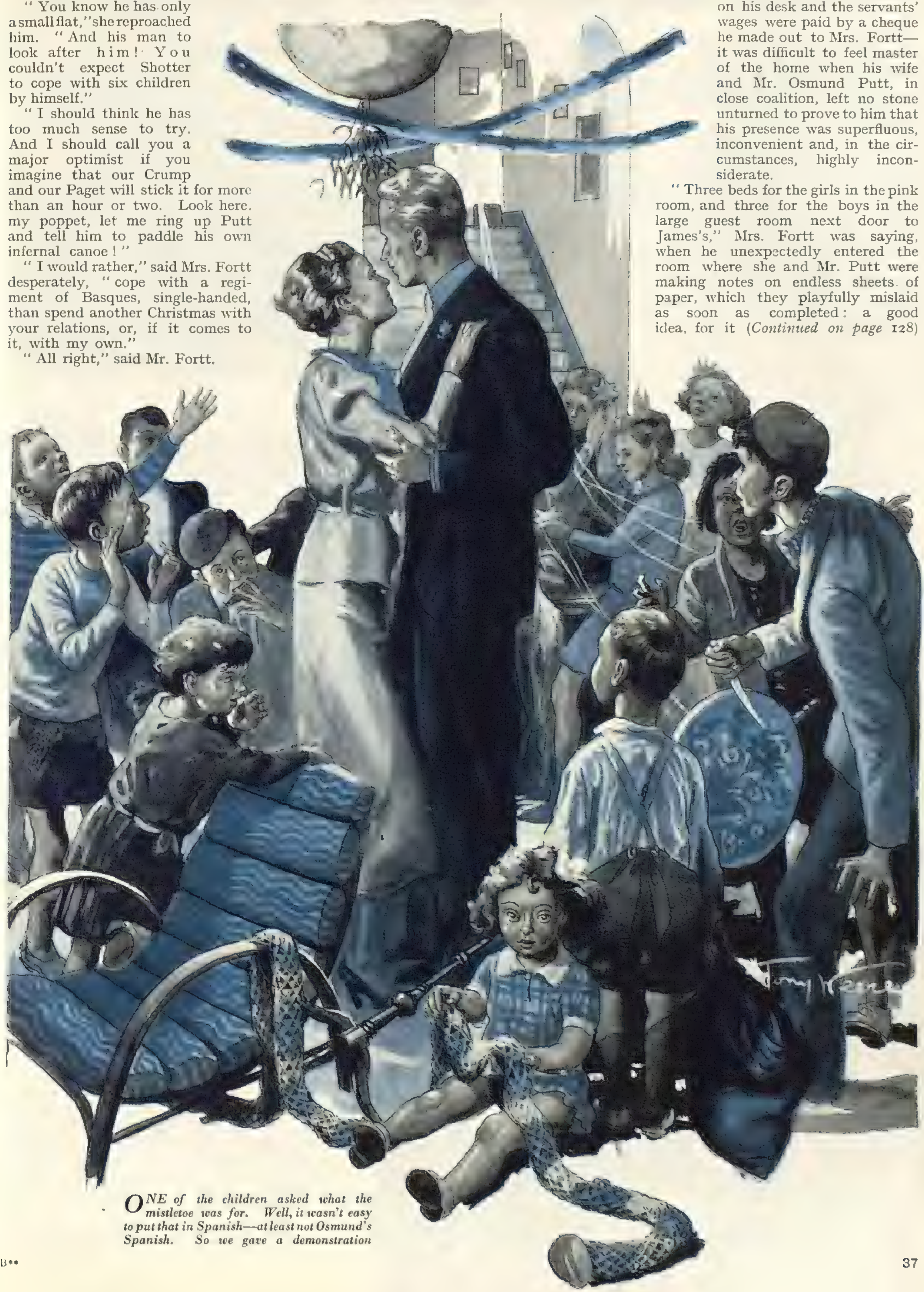
"I would rather," said Mrs. Fortt desperately, "cope with a regiment of Basques, single-handed, than spend another Christmas with your relations, or, if it comes to it, with my own."

"All right," said Mr. Fortt.

DURING the weeks that intervened between this discussion and Christmas, he went through a very unpleasant phase when he found himself obliged to doubt his ownership of his own establishment. Despite the fact that he paid the rent: that the Gas Light and Coke, Metropolitan Water Board, and Electricity companies sent in their bills to him, the tradesfolk's books appeared on his desk and the servants' wages were paid by a cheque he made out to Mrs. Fortt—it was difficult to feel master of the home when his wife and Mr. Osmund Putt, in close coalition, left no stone unturned to prove to him that his presence was superfluous, inconvenient and, in the circumstances, highly inconsiderate.

"Three beds for the girls in the pink room, and three for the boys in the large guest room next door to James's," Mrs. Fortt was saying, when he unexpectedly entered the room where she and Mr. Putt were making notes on endless sheets of paper, which they playfully mislaid as soon as completed: a good idea, for it

(*Continued on page* 128)



ONE of the children asked what the mistletoe was for. Well, it wasn't easy to put that in Spanish—at least not Osmund's Spanish. So we gave a demonstration

CHRISTMAS

The twenty-fifth of December has been the festival of the Nativity since nobody remembers when, yet nothing definite is known about its origin or even if we celebrate on the right date. Informed opinion thinks not.

Scientists agree that 753 was not, as previously supposed, the year in which the Saviour was born. Wise men have argued about it through the centuries. Wise men still do. In the meantime December twenty-five is our Feast Day and ever shall be.

When is Christmas?

Christmastide is traditionally cloaked with superstition. One of the oldest legends is that the cock acquires unwonted energy and sagacity at the festive season and crows continually to ward off evil spirits.

Bees are said to sing and cattle to kneel in honour of the Manger, while sheep go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Don't try to find out if it is true, for to pry upon these mysteries is profanity.

Another superstition—meteorological this time—says that if Christmas Day falls on a Friday, the winter will be mild and the following summer dry. But if the twenty-fifth of December falls on a Monday, a hard winter will be followed by a bad summer. This time it is Saturday. So what ?

Believe It Or Not

Chess and backgammon, cards and gaming with dice, were favourite ways of beguiling the time in the England of our forefathers, but things were not so merry if you were of humble origin.

In the reign of Henry VII a prohibitory statute was issued forbidding artificers, labourers, servants and apprentices to play any such games *except at Christmas*, and then only in their masters' houses by permission of the latter. Whoopee was officially committed between All Hallows' Eve and Candlemas Day.

Merrie England

The slips of coloured cardboard enriched with seasonable wishes we have become so addicted to are a comparatively modern innovation. The first Christmas card, it seems, was published in 1886 by a Mr. Joseph Cundall, a London artist, who admits that neither the drawing nor the inspiration was his own.

The card was printed in lithography and coloured by hand, and London fell for it. "Many copies were sold, but possibly not more than a thousand," reports the inventor.

Big Business

History is full of touching anecdotes of Christmas good will and felicity. Here's the other side of the picture.

In 1127 Henry I invited the King of Scots for Christmas. The two primates, Archbishop Thurstan of York and de Corbeuil of Canterbury, came along for the junketing too.

On Christmas morning Thurstan, trying to show off, insisted upon placing the crown upon the king's head before starting for church. De Corbeuil thought it was his privilege and words ensued.

The followers of each dignitary joined in the fray, and the result was a free-for-all fight in which the Archbishop of York and his retinue were thrown out into the snow.

Church parade finished in a general exodus to Rome to let the Pope settle it. Happy Christmas!

Church Parade

SCRAP BOOK

This recipe was invented for the first George of England, and is still cherished by the Royal Family. It is just as good to-day, so try it and give yourself a Royal Feast.

1½ lb. of finely shredded suet, 1 lb. of Demerara sugar, 1 lb. of small raisins, 1 lb. of plums stoned and cut in half, 4 oz. of candied citron peel, 4 oz. of candied orange peel, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, half a nutmeg, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1 lb. of breadcrumbs, 1 lb. of sifted flour, 1 lb. of eggs weighed in their shells, half a pint of new milk, a wineglassful of brandy.

After mixing stand for twelve hours. Boil eight hours.

It's In The Eating

Flesh of cranes, Dellegrout, Manpigyrum, Karumpie, were prominent items of the Christmas menu in the long ago; but even if you knew what they were, you wouldn't like them.

Nearer our taste, yet dignified with age, is Christmas Apple Pie (*circa* 1770). You make it in a huge dish of pewter or Sheffield plate—or, if you're snobbish, gold. Fill the dish with baking apples, sugar and lemon " to the very brim," and cover it with rich pastry. When baked and before serving lift the crust and pour in a quart of well-spiced ale " hissing hot."

Apple Pie Order

Memoirs of the hospitable Sir John Reresby tell of staggering festivities at Thryburgh.

One entry reads: " all my tenants dined with me (six estates) . . . so that all the beds in the house were taken and most in the *Town*."

But this record was broken by Sir William Hollis, who kept Christmas in great splendour, beginning at All Hallowtide and continuing until Candlemas. During this period any man was permitted to stay three days *without being asked who he was or from whence he came.*

Gone are the days . . .

The Italics Are Ours

A young man called Rich presented the first pantomime in its modern English form at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on December 18th, 1717.

He merely introduced the old Italian characters of pantomime under new conditions and called his first show " Harlequin Sorcerer."

The innovation was an instant success and he continued his entertainments until a year before he died in 1761.

Many thanks, Mr. Rich

In 1652 good cheer turned sour. The Puritans, jovial gentlemen that they were, saw evidence of paganism in plum pudding and mistletoe, and brought an order of Parliament directing

" *That no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof.*"

A bunch of mistletoe on the gas bracket might have sent you to prison in those days, yet there is plenty of evidence that adventurous and amorous spirits were not wanting.

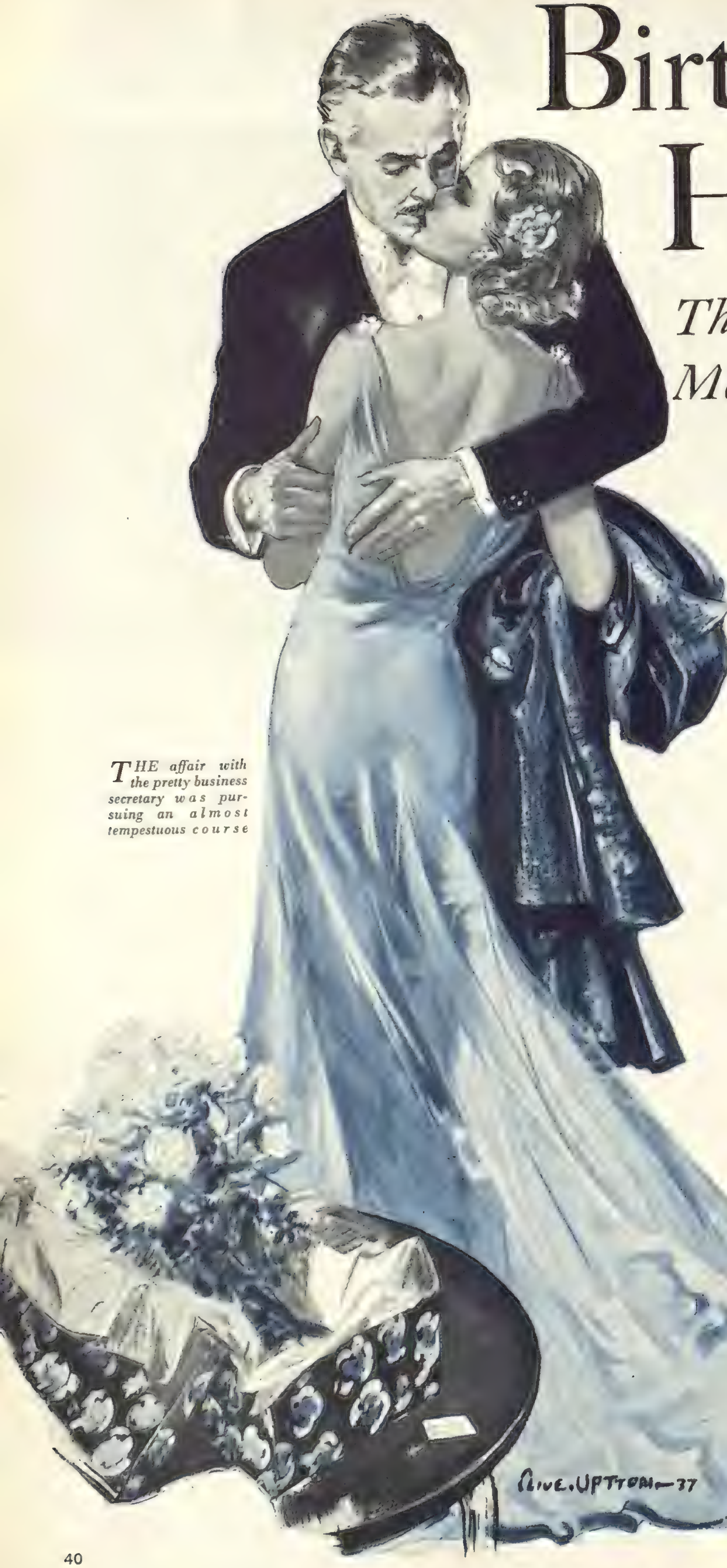
The Good Old Days

The Wassail Bowl was originally composed of hot highly spiced wines, but often enough ale was substituted, with nutmeg, sugar, toast, ginger and roasted crabs bobbing upon the surface. " Wassail " is an ancient drinking pledge, Anglo-Saxon for " Here's How ! "

Good Health And All That

Birthday Honours

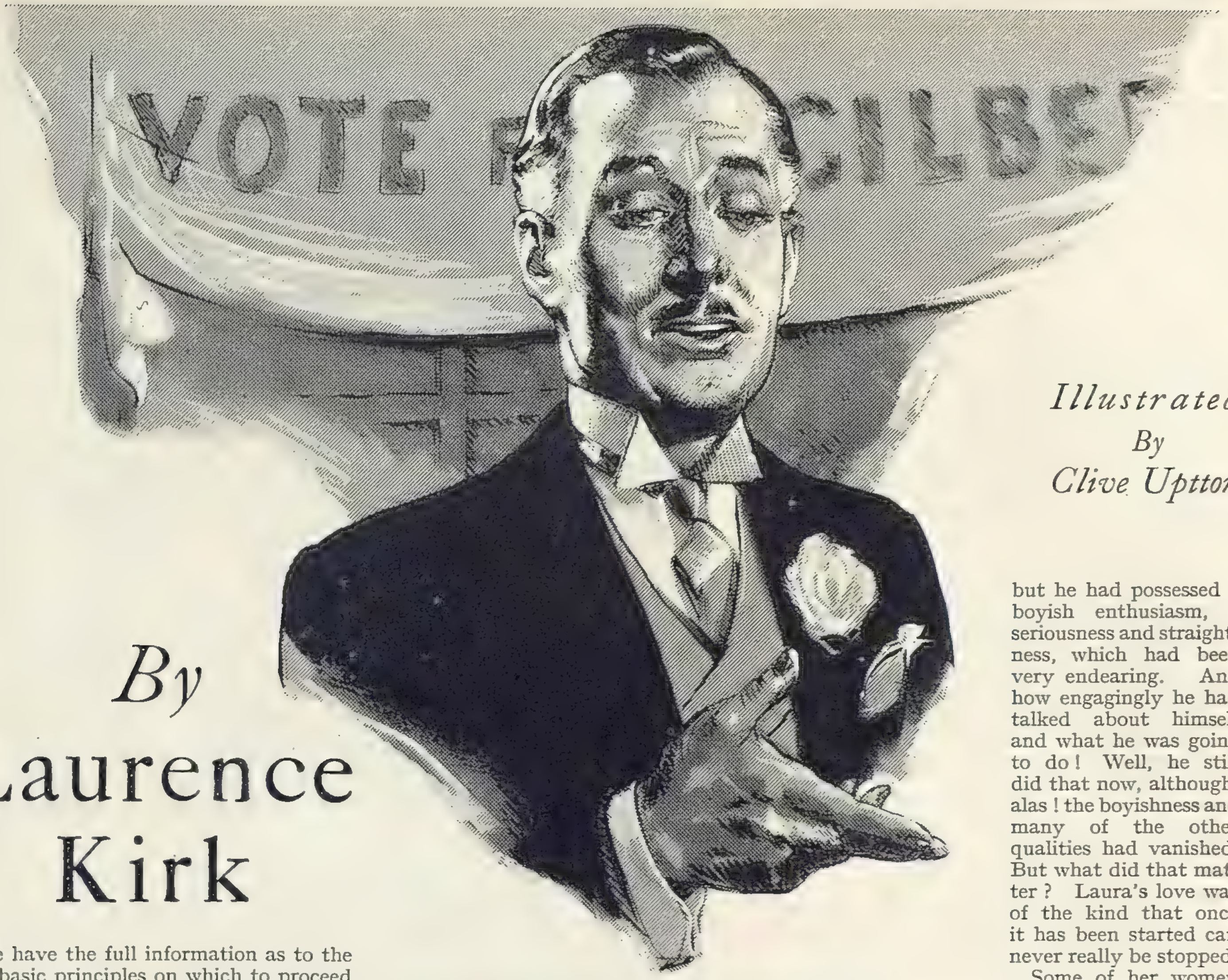
The Showing Up of a Member of Parliament



THE affair with the pretty business secretary was pursuing an almost tempestuous course

THERE comes a time in the lives of Members of Parliament (and others) when they might usefully consider whether their skill and practice in pulling the wool over other people's eyes is not at last rendering them unable to see correctly out of their own. Maxwell Gilbertson had reached that point, and perhaps passed it. An imposing figure, more than six feet tall, which seemed to have been specially designed for wearing morning dress, a smile which disclosed the flash of almost too many perfect teeth, a voice which rolled agreeably round the longest and most meaningless sentences: all this combined with considerable business ability, a comfortable income, a charming wife, and a home that revolved entirely round his wishes, had made him a personality to be reckoned with. According to his calculations, which he worked out in the privacy of his study, he was due for a knighthood almost any time and for Cabinet rank within the next five years.

And his estimates were not far wrong. The leaders of his party had already marked him down as a safe man—a man, that is, whose utterances would never get them into hot water. Never once in his public life had Maxwell said anything which he had had to retract or explain away afterwards, and that is the greatest of all parliamentary gifts. The reason for this was quite simple. On the platform or in the House he never said anything that really meant anything at all. It sounded well at the time, and that was enough. In his business as wholesale importer he could be admirably precise and decisive. In his public life he was as slippery as an eel. If at some meeting a persistent heckler wished definite information as to when the Government were going to re-arm or disarm, or do something about the Distressed Areas, the answer was always approximately the same: "You have my positive assurance that every avenue is being explored, and that as soon



IF at some meeting a persistent heckler wished definite information, the answer was always approximately the same

Illustrated
By
Clive Uptton

By
Laurence Kirk

as we have the full information as to the best basic principles on which to proceed we shall then be in a position to tackle the whole practical question without a moment's delay."

This was always said in such an ingenuous, confiding way, as though it were some secret being whispered behind closed doors, that it wasn't till the following morning that the heckler woke up and discovered that he hadn't been told anything at all.

To be fair, no one with the least pretensions of being a Parliamentarian could avoid giving answers of this sort. Government would become impossible if every Tom, Dick and Harry were to know exactly what was being done. All the same, the necessity of this circuitous thinking was having an effect on Maxwell's personal character. In his private life he was still quite human at times. He played golf and made himself miserable over it, took his wife to the theatre and admired her new hats, was generous about little things and good-tempered with the servants. In his club he sometimes even went so far as to admit that he owed everything to his wife. This may have been a graceful way of saying that her wishes had never interfered with his, but at any rate for the moment he believed it. He believed it, too, on the rare occasions when he confessed that his one great sorrow was that they had had no children; or, as he actually put it, " a son to carry on his name."

The trouble with Maxwell was that he had reached a state when he could believe anything as long as it coincided with his wishes. All he had to do to appease his conscience was to find what he called a " formula " to make it appear all right.

He had quite a little trouble in deciding on the right formula when he found he was having an affair with his pretty business secretary.

CURIOUSLY enough, his wife Laura still loved him. People did not often talk about Laura or even think of her, but they quite frequently came to her for help when they were in trouble. With her soft brown, gazelle-like eyes and her quiet disposition, she lacked all the qualities that make for front-page news, but she did possess a curious healing power of her own. And she never made demands on other people. Presumably she, too, regretted that she hadn't been able to give Maxwell any children, but nobody ever heard about it. Nobody heard either whether she sometimes felt discontented at being a mere background to Maxwell's worldly success, or bored with the dull important people she was obliged to entertain for him. She went placidly and good-temperedly along her own way, and did not even show any concern when her figure became more rounded than was fashionable.

Had she been of a more analytical mind, she might have discovered that she loved Maxwell for what he had been and not for what he was. It would have been hard for any woman not to have loved Maxwell at the time she married him. His striking good looks, which were still so well preserved, had been quite devastating then. Humour certainly had never been his strong point, but he had possessed a boyish enthusiasm, a seriousness and straightness, which had been very endearing. And how engagingly he had talked about himself and what he was going to do! Well, he still did that now, although, alas! the boyishness and many of the other qualities had vanished. But what did that matter? Laura's love was of the kind that once it has been started can never really be stopped.

Some of her women friends, of course, had sometimes tried to drop a spanner in the works. Clemencia Barlow, who had Spanish blood and suspected her own husband of being unfaithful, had come to her one day for advice. The reply she got from Laura was that she was probably worrying about nothing at all. This didn't suit Clemencia. The Spanish method was to shoot quickly and then have plenty of remorse if you found out later that you had made a mistake. She now tried to break through Laura's English calm.

" But put yourself in my place! " she cried. " What would you do if you knew your Maxwell was being unfaithful? "

Laura considered the question quietly.

" I don't suppose I would know," she said at length. " I'm very unobservant."

" But if you suspected, you'd find out—hire detectives, no? "

" No," said Laura.

" You'd just sit there and do nothing! "

" Very probably."

" And if I told you that your Maxwell had been seen lunching in the City almost every day——"

Laura broke in so quietly that it hardly seemed an interruption.

" I honestly don't know what I'd do," she said. " But if you've really got a loaded revolver in your bag, you'd much better leave it here with me."

" No, no, I'm going to kill him! "

" My dear, I don't think you ought to. You see, the English are funny that way. They wouldn't realise that you were in the right. They'd think it was murder."

" I don't care what they think. Enrico can't do this to me! "

The argument went on a long time; but when Clemencia finally went, she left the loaded revolver in Laura's hands. Laura, who was rather frightened of revolvers, gingerly tipped the cartridges out; then, after locking it away in a drawer, she proceeded to rearrange the flowers in the drawing-room. It never occurred to her to wonder whether, or with whom, Maxwell had been lunching in the City.

MEANWHILE, the affair with the pretty business secretary was pursuing an almost tempestuous course; and while Maxwell couldn't think of giving her up, he still hadn't found any satisfactory formula for defending his behaviour. In the beginning he had been tempted to use the age-old one which Adam had employed, namely, that the woman tempted him, and he did eat. (The girl's name was Eve, and it was quite true that she had practically insisted on being seduced.) However, he decided that this explanation, though possibly good enough for Adam, was hardly worthy of himself, and he had to hunt further afield. After that, without actually finding the desired formula, he consoled himself with the thought that a passion like this would burn itself out and leave no ash behind. Certainly it was a blot on his escutcheon; but if nobody saw the escutcheon until it had been to the cleaners and the blot washed away, then no real harm would have been done. After six months it seemed as though this view of the situation was perfectly correct. But then, just as he was beginning to be more aware of her faint accent than her beauty, and of her lack of breeding than her genuine tenderness, Eve suddenly told him one day that she was going to have a baby, and seemed quite pleased about it.

This gave Maxwell the most serious jolt that he had ever had in his life. Never for one instant did he remember what a great grief it had been to him that he had never had any children. Nor was there really any reason why he should, for this child, however healthy and lovable, obviously could not perform the all-important task of carrying on his name. All he realised was that the time for phrases and formulas was past. A child was not a thing that could be explained away in any form of words. It was an obstreperous creature, full of its own desires and demands, and completely oblivious of the very delicate situation it was causing for a prospective Cabinet Minister. Maxwell found it very difficult not to be harsh with Eve when he heard the news; but he did his very best.

Later on, when he had had time to think it all over, he found himself becoming more and more convinced that his best course was to make a clean breast of the whole affair to Laura. He couldn't bear the thought of this guilty secret hanging over him for the rest of his life. And Laura, after all, had never let him down. Surely now she would understand that a sudden passion like this meant nothing. Surely she couldn't fail him now when he was in trouble and needed her more than ever! Thus he argued it out to himself in thousands of convincing ways; but the plain fact was that he was behaving as the Government always behaved when it found itself in an inextricable jam. It pretended then that the question was a national and not a party one, and invited the Opposition to co-operate.

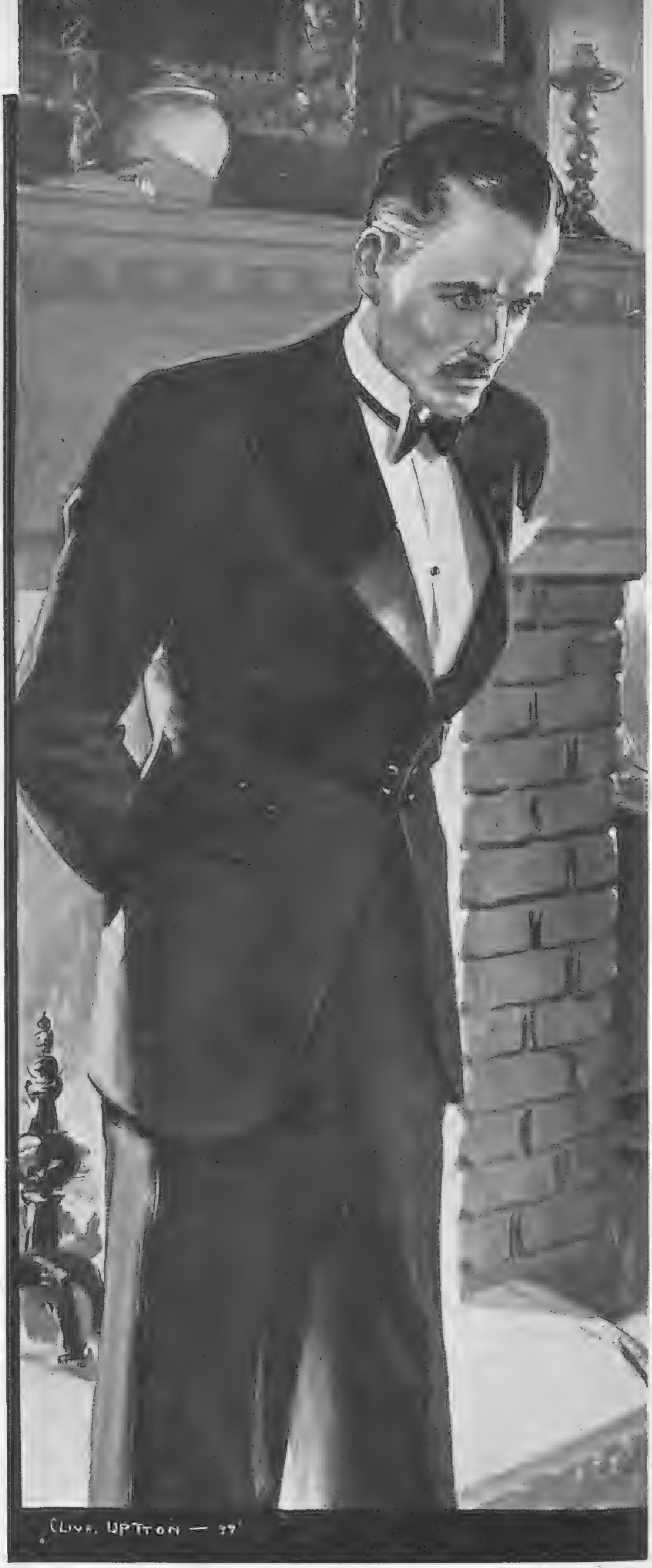
Anyway, he told Laura the whole story one autumn evening after dinner in the drawing-room. She was sitting by the lamp with her head bent over her needlework, and he was in the chair opposite, leaning forward with his hands clasped between his knees.

"Laura," he began portentously. "I sometimes wonder whether I've made you as happy as you deserve to be."

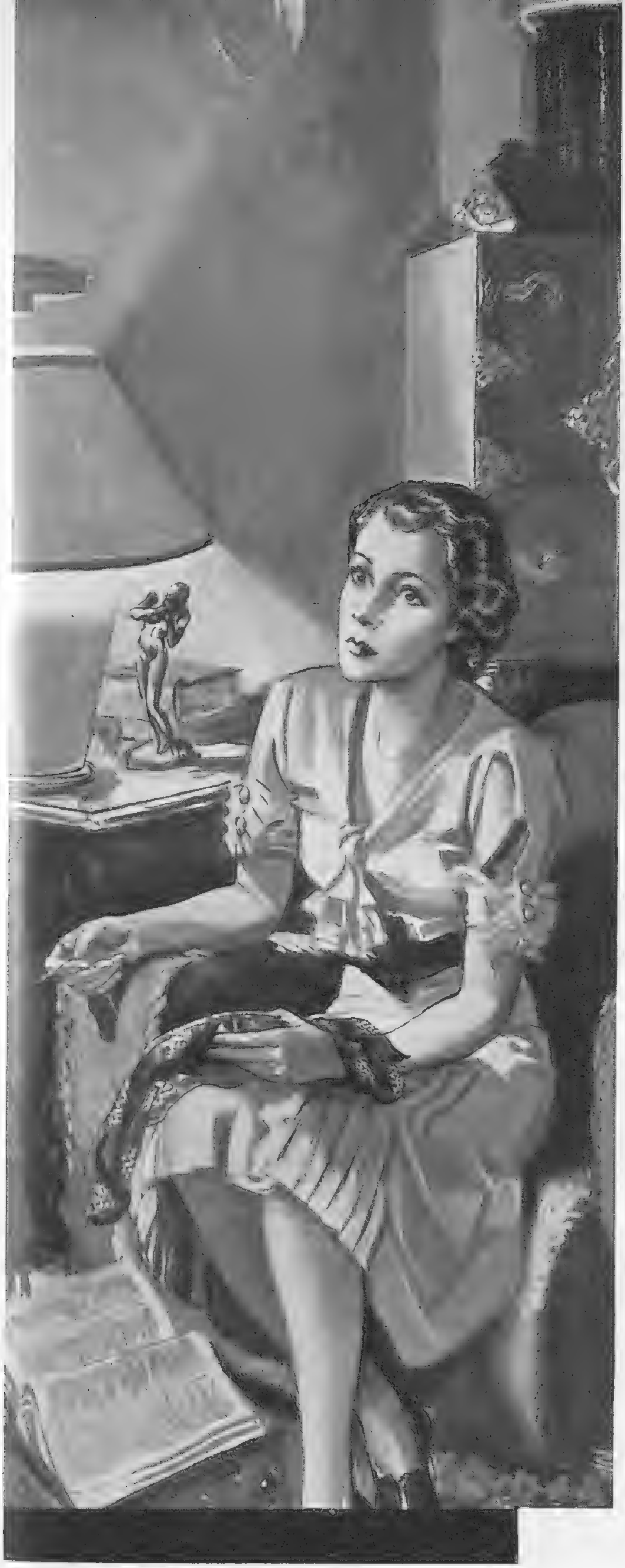
Laura looked up, faintly surprised: for such sentiments as these had been rare of late. However, she gave him a warm look.

"Why, of course, you have, Maxwell," she said. "You've made me very happy indeed."

"I always realise," he went on, "that I owe everything to you. Without your help and under-



HE then suddenly jumped up, and stood



rocking to and fro in front of the fire

standing I should never have achieved the position I now hold."

Laura glanced at him again without moving her head. She had an uneasy feeling that this flattering preamble meant that he was going to ask her to do something for him.

"That's nonsense," she said lightly. "You couldn't help being a success." Then she went on very quietly. "You're not in any trouble, are you, Maxwell ?"

He then suddenly jumped up, and stood rocking to and fro in front of the fire.

"Yes, I am, Laura," he blurted out. "I am in trouble. I'm in hell. I've been in hell for months and months."

"Maxwell, my dear !"

"No, wait until I tell you. I've got to tell you. I can't rest until you know. Laura, I've wronged you, wronged you deeply. I've been unfaithful."

"Oh, Maxwell !"

There was a pause. Maxwell was still rocking to and fro in front of the fire, trying to get started on the speech which he had prepared for the occasion. Laura, after one quick glance at him, had bent her head over her work again.

"It isn't one of my friends, is it ?" she asked at length.

"It was a girl at the office," Maxwell told her.

"I'm glad," Laura said calmly. "I don't think I should have liked it to have been one of my friends."

Maxwell frowned and gave her a puzzled glance.

"It was a girl at the office," he repeated heavily. "She's—she's going to have a baby."

He watched Laura carefully as he said this to see how she took it. She sat quite still for a moment, staring at her work; then he heard her murmur:

"Oh, I hope it's going to be a boy !"

The irrelevance of this remark upset Maxwell's calculations. It seemed to him entirely beside the point whether it was a boy or a girl. All he could see was that it was certainly going to be a nuisance. He gave Laura a sharp, indignant look, and then proceeded with the set speech which was all ready in his mind.

"I can never forgive myself for letting this happen," he began. "I can neither excuse it nor seek to explain it. But I should like you to know, Laura, that in my thoughts——"

He was just getting well into his stride, but now Laura quietly held up her hand and stopped him.

"No, please, Maxwell, don't go on," she said gently. "It isn't necessary. I can understand. Our love has meant a lot to me, and I've been grateful for it and to you. But I've always realised that some time something stronger might come and push it aside. A man has a perfect right to have children; and so has any woman who can. So, you see, I shall make no difficulties and have no ill-feelings. You'll be free to marry her as soon as the divorce goes through. I sincerely hope you'll both be very happy."

Maxwell was staring at her in dismay.

"Divorce !" he echoed. "Both be happy !"

"Yes," Laura repeated. "I hope you'll both be very happy indeed, and I mean it."

"But you don't understand; you don't know what you're saying !"

"Certainly I know what I'm saying, Maxwell. I've always felt that morally you were perfectly free to marry some other woman who could bear you children. Well, you've found such a woman. And I'm glad, actually glad, for your sake."

All that Maxwell could make out from this was that he had wounded her, and that she in return was trying to wound him in some complicated feminine way.

"I know I have done you a wrong," he went on in an injured tone. "I've admitted that you have every reason to be bitter. I only hoped that you could understand and forgive."

"But I do understand and forgive," Laura answered a trifle hotly. "What more can I possibly do to show it ?"

He realised now that she was perfectly genuine, and gazed at her in amazement.

"But, my dear Laura, there can't be any question of marriage in this case !"

It was now her turn to stare.

"Why not, Maxwell ? Don't you want to have children ?"

"Er—yes, of course I should have liked to have had children."

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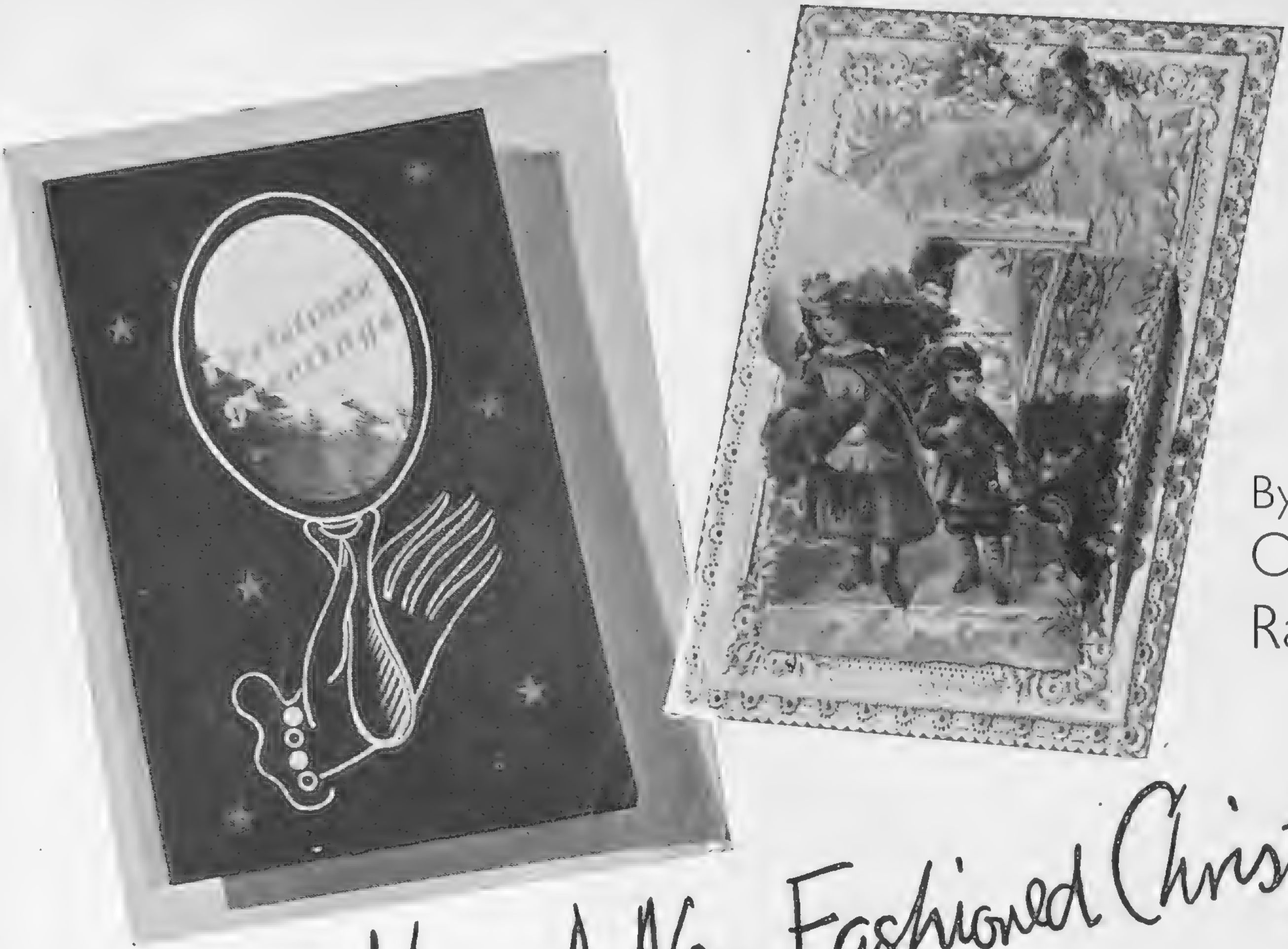


By Olive Randall

So Let's Have A New Fashioned Christmas

Too many young people complain that they "loathe Christmas"—all because tradition is allowed to outweigh enjoyment.

Why not think of it from an entirely new viewpoint? We have outgrown the ornate sentimentality of the greeting cards of the past, and we prefer them now to be clear-cut and sincere and unassuming. Surely this should be our attitude to ideas that have been handed down from generation to generation, since customs must change with the times if they are to survive?

Christmas is the children's festival. Parents enjoy it because the happiness of small sons and daughters is the most infectious thing in the world, triumphing easily over such grim realities as physical and financial exhaustion. But the large families of the spacious days of the past have dwindled, and in many homes there are no children.

What, then, when Christmas comes?

It is easy enough for those who can throw themselves whole-heartedly into a round of almost ceaseless organised gaiety. They can be sure of having a grand time at a seaside hotel, or they can go for a short cruise.

But what is there for people who cannot be gay to order? For those who, staying at home, have no servants to make entertaining easy? For the thousands of others who live alone?

Suppose that you do not want to go away. Whether you live in a flat or in a house somewhere near most of your friends, you will find life more simple if your hospitality is entirely informal.

Why not concentrate on Boxing Day, when most people are sadly in need of a pick-me-up after family reunions and too heavy eating? Let your friends know that you are having an all-day party and that they can drop in any time they like between mid-day and seven o'clock.

Make no attempt to serve any set meal, but arrange a running buffet, concentrating on snacks, sandwiches and drinks. Beer should be pretty popular round about lunch time, and black coffee will be a sure-fire winner.

It is the easiest sort of party to give, for it allows you to ask as many friends as you have standing room for and, as the time is so elastic, the easiest sort of party to go to.

Do not let it drag on until it dies on you. Instead, arrange to go out yourselves in the evening.

If you can possibly avoid it, do not spend Christmas alone, even though you may proudly boast that you never mind being by yourself. Apart from the fact that sentiment will probably trip you up, you will find yourself more or less suspect unless your friends send you enough flowers and telephone messages to establish your ordinary humanity.

But if you must be thoroughly independent, choose a comfortable old country inn or a quiet country hotel. There you will find no set programme, but neither will you be lonely. You can easily get all the riding you want, and if you are in hunting country you will probably find that they will have a Boxing Day meet and a children's meet. They are picturesque and jolly, even if you only go to watch.

For anybody who can make up a party of six or eight, a country Christmas is ideal. If you choose a small enough inn you will find that it is almost as perfect as having your own country house, for there will be no room for more guests, and you will be able to enjoy yourselves without having to worry about other people's feelings.

Better not to indulge in expensive mutual presents, for they have a way of growing like a snowball until they threaten to engulf you, but fun perhaps to take some small personal gift for each person and to keep them all for yourself if you find that you are the only one who has thought about such things. The whole point about them is that they shall be amusing and individual, and that they shall cost next to nothing.

Another secret of success is to take a good supply of books and magazines, and to make no effort to be ceaselessly social.

It is always more difficult for town dwellers to make the most of any holiday. They are at once too tied down by everyday associations and too eager to break right away from them. Just to have time on your hands to be able to see your friends—to go through your Christmas cards and to write letters that have been on your conscience for months—surely that should be enough?

It will be if you can make your home a living centre of warmth and happiness. If you will plan picnic meals when you are staff-less, if you will enjoy yourself instead of wearing your nerves raw through overwork, if you will play rather than plan.

The most important thing in these days, when few people can afford to live up to the standards of the past, is not to scorn tradition, but to refuse to let it overpower the present.

CHILDREN'S PARTY POLITICS

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

Ingenuity, rather than money, makes for the successful children's party.

Do not have your party over-large if it has to be held at home.

Keep children of the same age together. Children of different ages are not good mixers. There is always an air of superiority about the older child.

The important thing is to create the right atmosphere straight away. Hang a decorative lantern in the porch, put little spruces into gaily painted tubs, and festoon coloured balloons and streamers round the hall.

Have the fires lighted long enough beforehand to make the rooms comfortably warm, and see that they are protected with guards. Have all the decorations fireproof, and if there is a tree, light it with electric bulbs rather than open candles.

If the party is fancy dress, don't dress little children, or even bigger ones for that matter, in flimsy material which will light easily.

The hour of a party is generally between 3 and 5 p.m. for very small children, while those a little older stretch from any time between 3.30 and 8.30 p.m. The really grown-up child demands an evening party from 7 to 10.30 p.m., with a sit-down or buffet supper.

Lay the table well beforehand—have billows of glistening snow as a centrepiece, made with cotton-wool and frosting, and have a few skiers gliding down the mountainous sides. Or have a sheet of mirror glass with a snow edging and gnomes gavotting on the ice.

If you don't want to be so ambitious, have a setting of holly leaves and red berries with crackers, bonbons and brightly coloured paper napkins about.

Have simple sandwiches and cakes, and don't forget animal or letter biscuits. All kids adore them. The sandwiches can be bread and butter, made more interesting with chocolate or harlequin hundreds-and-thousands. An egg or tomato sandwich is always safe, so are sweet sandwiches made with bananas, dates or raisins.

If you have fancy animal cutters, cut the centres of the white slices and fit into the hollows an animal cut from brown bread, and vice versa.

Besides these, have a few plates of rice or sponge cake and make them more attractive by cutting out fancy shapes and coating with a simple glacé icing, a cherry or a dust of pink sugar on top.

Serve plain milk or milky tea.

For older children the refreshments are on the same lines, but have as a centrepiece something mysterious—a snowball or hollow Christmas cake filled with inexpensive toys, for instance. To save any trouble, have a ribbon from the centrepiece leading to each place, with the name of the child fixed on. At a given signal all pull the ribbons and the mystery is revealed.

You will want to wind up this party with ice cream served in glasses or orange-shells with wafers. If you forget the ice cream your party will be classed as one of the " duds."

Now to come to the more sophisticated child. It is a very different matter here. Avoid at all costs anything childish. The decorations should be restrained, although the suggestion of Christmas must be there and the supper table must have a party air.

Sandwiches, or cold meats with salad, might provide the solid course, and the table can be

(*Continued on page* 138)

A MERRY XMAS
A MERRY XMAS
A MERRY XMAS

FUN AND

"Would you rather be on a desert island with your husband or that Captain Tantivvy ?"

Let us get one thing clear. As a guest you play games to keep your host in a tolerable temper. As a host you wear yourself to a thread organising games for the entertainment of your guests. However, let us hope that by the time you've read this article you may even be playing games because you think them fun. Anyway, at Christmas quite silly things often seem like fun.

Games begin after dinner and end according to circumstances. If they go well, you ought to be exhausted with laughter, drained of imagination and ready for sleep by about 2 a.m. If, on the other hand, they are a flop, most of your guests will have said acid good-nights by 11 o'clock. In order to avoid this, it is absolutely necessary to bar from all but the most carefully chosen parties of experienced players the following games.

The Truth Game

This involves giving an unprejudiced answer to such questions as "Is it true that you married for money ?"

The Game of Analogies

"What food does Caroline remind you of ?" She longs for you to say "Caviare," but through blue lips you can only answer "Cod."

The Personality Report Game

This just *makes* for trouble. Two for Cleanliness, one for Charm, five for Generosity and ten for Rectitude pleases nobody.

The Desert Island Game

"Which would you rather be on a desert island with, your husband or that Captain Tantivvy ?"

But if you steer clear of these dangers, there still remain a number of games which, while falling more or less into the category of "clean wholesome fun," yet provide scope for the practice of a lively imagination.

We will begin with games which involve pencil and paper.

The Letter Game

is one of the gayest. Someone writes a form letter, leaving gaps for adjectives, adverbs and verbs. He then asks each person in the room to supply him with a missing word, which he duly fills in and reads out the result. It is generally something like this :—

"*Degraded* George,

It was *pretentious* of you to ask me to your *insipid* party. I particularly enjoyed *scratching* your *festering* furniture, which made me feel *sick*. I thought your *silly* children looked particularly *criminal* and your garden quite *strident*."

Another good paper game is

French Translation

Everyone has a slip of paper and a pencil and writes down a sentence in English, passes it to his neighbour, who translates it into French, folds down the English model and passes it on to the next person, who translates the French back again into English, and so on round the room. The sentence which may have begun by being "He saw her in the first flush of youth" ends up something like "He saw her among the red-mullets of Virginia."

Writing down as many actors, diseases, great men, vices, etc., that you can think of beginning with B, or any other letter,

The actor falls several times out of an armchair

By Rosamond Harcourt Smith

GAMES

Pencil games provide scope for the practice of a lively imagination

is pretty well known, but a good variant of it is

Pairs and Companies

Here you have three minutes to scribble down as many correct terms for things going about in flocks or pairs as you know. Not more than one pair of something you wear is allowed and only one City company. There is generally a bit of hot dissension over "A Hoard of Afghans."

Acting games bring out the Little Tich or the Duse in the most unlikely people. The most popular acting game is perhaps

In the Manner of the Word

Two players are chosen, who leave the room and think up a number of jolly little situations, while the rest of the company think of an actable adverb, such as "Frivolously."

Then the two tellers return and with some malice pick on the host's mother and the Bishop to act, for instance, the part of a Narkover schoolboy blackmailing the Matron, whom he has seen kissing the school doctor. When this is over (and the Bishop has shown a surprising knowledge of the darker aspect of school life) another pair are chosen to act the next scene, and so on until the tellers have guessed the word, or the histrionic ability of the party is exhausted.

There is another, and more complicated, version of this game which everyone who has been to New York recently raves about. Here the party, which has to be a pretty big one, is divided into two teams, who work in separate rooms. Someone with a fertile imagination is chosen to write down a series of ideas or phrases; then each team sends out a player, who gets the phrase and rushes back to his audience and acts it.

The phrase may, for instance, be "Man Overboard," and the actor falls several times out of an armchair, while the audience wildly guess "In the Soup" or "On my Head."

When they have guessed correctly another person runs out, gets the next phrase, acts it and so on. The team wins which runs through the list of subjects first. Students of Harpo Marx adore this game.

Breaking the News

is a nice lazy game for those who protest they can't act, for most of the players are audience. Two people perform. One has to break some horrible piece of news to the other, who has not only to guess what character he is supposed to play, but also to prevent the other from being able to say his piece by cleverly turning aside from the subject every time it is approached.

Thus the scene may be that of a young diplomat trying to tell his ambassador that the secret code has been sent to the French President in mistake for an invitation to attend a conference on International Sport. Every time the poor young man screws himself up to the point the "Ambassador" (who doesn't, of course, know what the horrible news is) deftly glances off the topic and introduces another.

A game rather like this is

Two Sentences

Two people are chosen from the party to act, while the rest invent a pair of pretty unlikely sentences such as "Several cockroaches made their home in my aunt's wig" or "She was married in shocking pink and her two grown-up sons were train-bearers." These are told secretly to the actors and each has to work his phrase *naturally* into conversation with the other, which is very much harder than it sounds.

An extremely difficult game which is amusing to play if the party is rather above the intellectual average is the

Surrealist Game

In this each player has in turn to talk *pure nonsense* for a period of time registered by a stop-watch. It sounds incredible, but very few people are able to do this for longer than thirty seconds; reason has a sinister way of creeping into even the most disordered minds.

The "Personality Report Game" just makes for trouble

For example, it is nonsense if you say "A cascade of saucepans balanced on the symphony of a typewriting chicken in E flat." But it is not pure nonsense if you say that your "cascade of saucepans tumbled down a symphony in E flat," because cascades tumble and symphonies are written in E flat. So you see how difficult nonsense can be.

Old Tales Re-Told

Tudor Revelry: A Christmas Pageant at Greenwich

Written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

DURING that agreeable and fascinating occupation of searching for library treasures on street barrows, in markets, or in bric-à-brac shops in alleys, I once came across an old, dilapidated fragment of an Italian book, printed in Venice in the seventeenth century. It contained the last few pages of an essay dealing with the influence of religion on politics and politics on religion, ending with the following words: " In the next book the author is going to describe the festivities that for their grandeur have passed down to posterity, and to demonstrate that strange phenomenon that these have been invariably promoted by men whose lives were stained by crime, wholesale murder, and ineffaceable horrors." Incidentally, I have never been able to discover who was the author of the book or what was its title.

Whilst searching for a story with a Christmas flavour, these words came to mind and, after probing a little the private lives of several individuals eager to promote festivities, I chose Henry VIII for my subject. He was so keen on organising revelries that, had he possessed the means of the Roman emperors, he would most likely have outstripped Nero in extravagance. This comparison may sound rather exaggerated, especially when one recalls the fantastic lengths to which Nero went, but one must make due allowance and consider in proportion the atmosphere and surroundings in which the Cæsars lived and that in which Henry VIII lived.

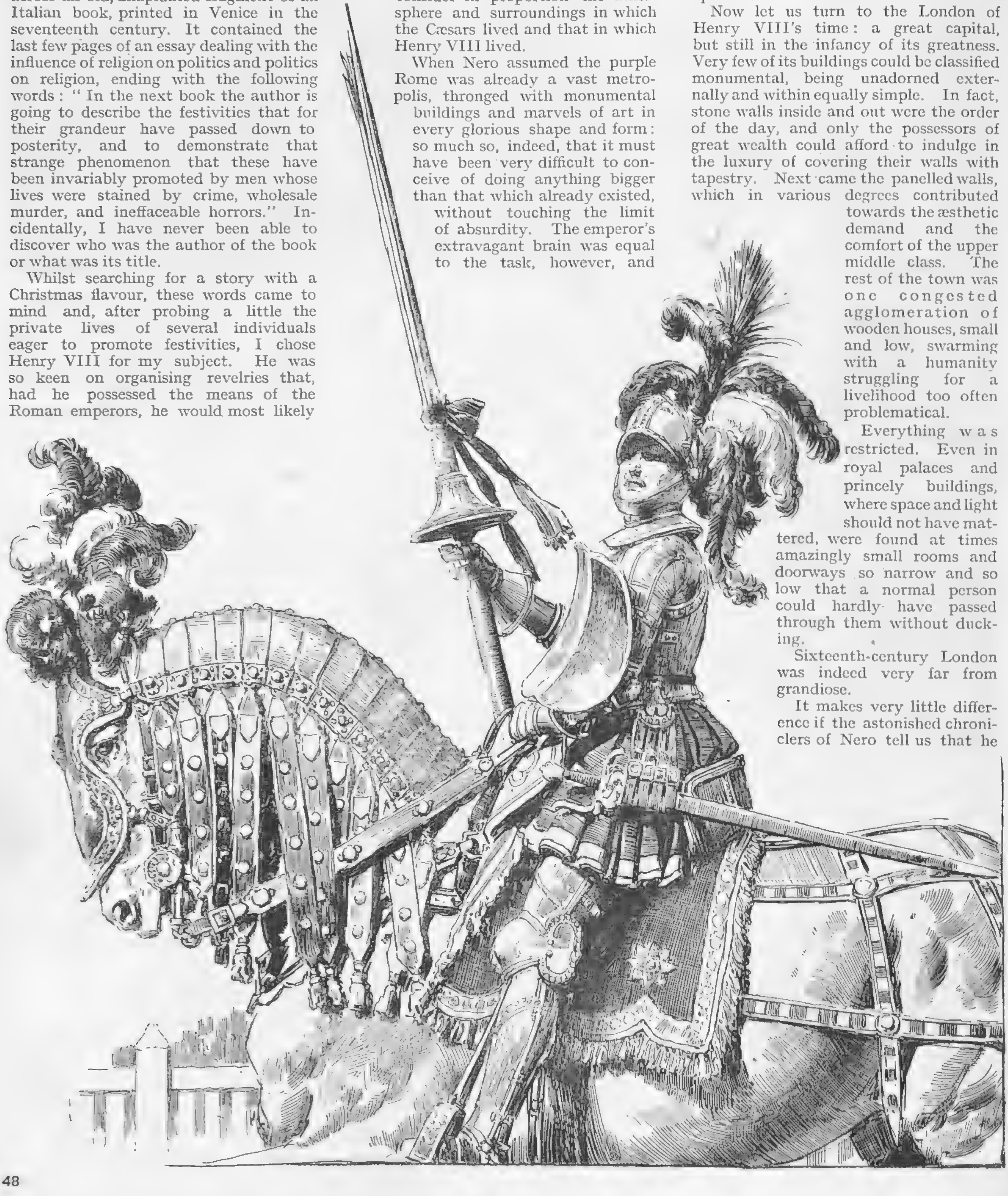
When Nero assumed the purple Rome was already a vast metropolis, thronged with monumental buildings and marvels of art in every glorious shape and form: so much so, indeed, that it must have been very difficult to conceive of doing anything bigger than that which already existed, without touching the limit of absurdity. The emperor's extravagant brain was equal to the task, however, and so emerged the Golden House of which the description of contemporaries would be wholly incredible did we not have the evidence of the remains still extant. In this and all he created, in fact, folly was epitomised.

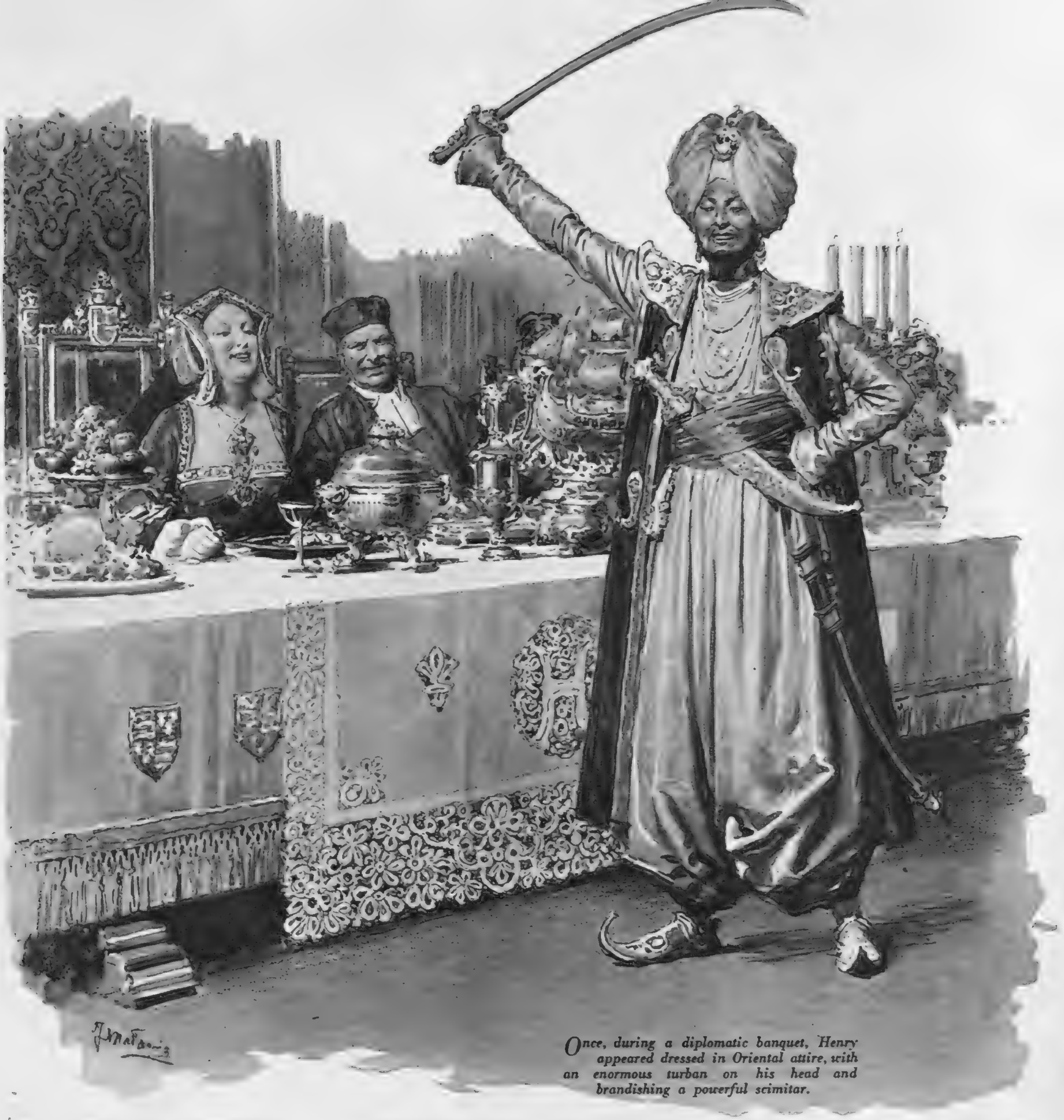
Now let us turn to the London of Henry VIII's time: a great capital, but still in the infancy of its greatness. Very few of its buildings could be classified monumental, being unadorned externally and within equally simple. In fact, stone walls inside and out were the order of the day, and only the possessors of great wealth could afford to indulge in the luxury of covering their walls with tapestry. Next came the panelled walls, which in various degrees contributed towards the æsthetic demand and the comfort of the upper middle class. The rest of the town was one congested agglomeration of wooden houses, small and low, swarming with a humanity struggling for a livelihood too often problematical.

Everything was restricted. Even in royal palaces and princely buildings, where space and light should not have mattered, were found at times amazingly small rooms and doorways so narrow and so low that a normal person could hardly have passed through them without ducking.

Sixteenth-century London was indeed very far from grandiose.

It makes very little difference if the astonished chroniclers of Nero tell us that he





Once, during a diplomatic banquet, Henry appeared dressed in Oriental attire, with an enormous turban on his head and brandishing a powerful scimitar.

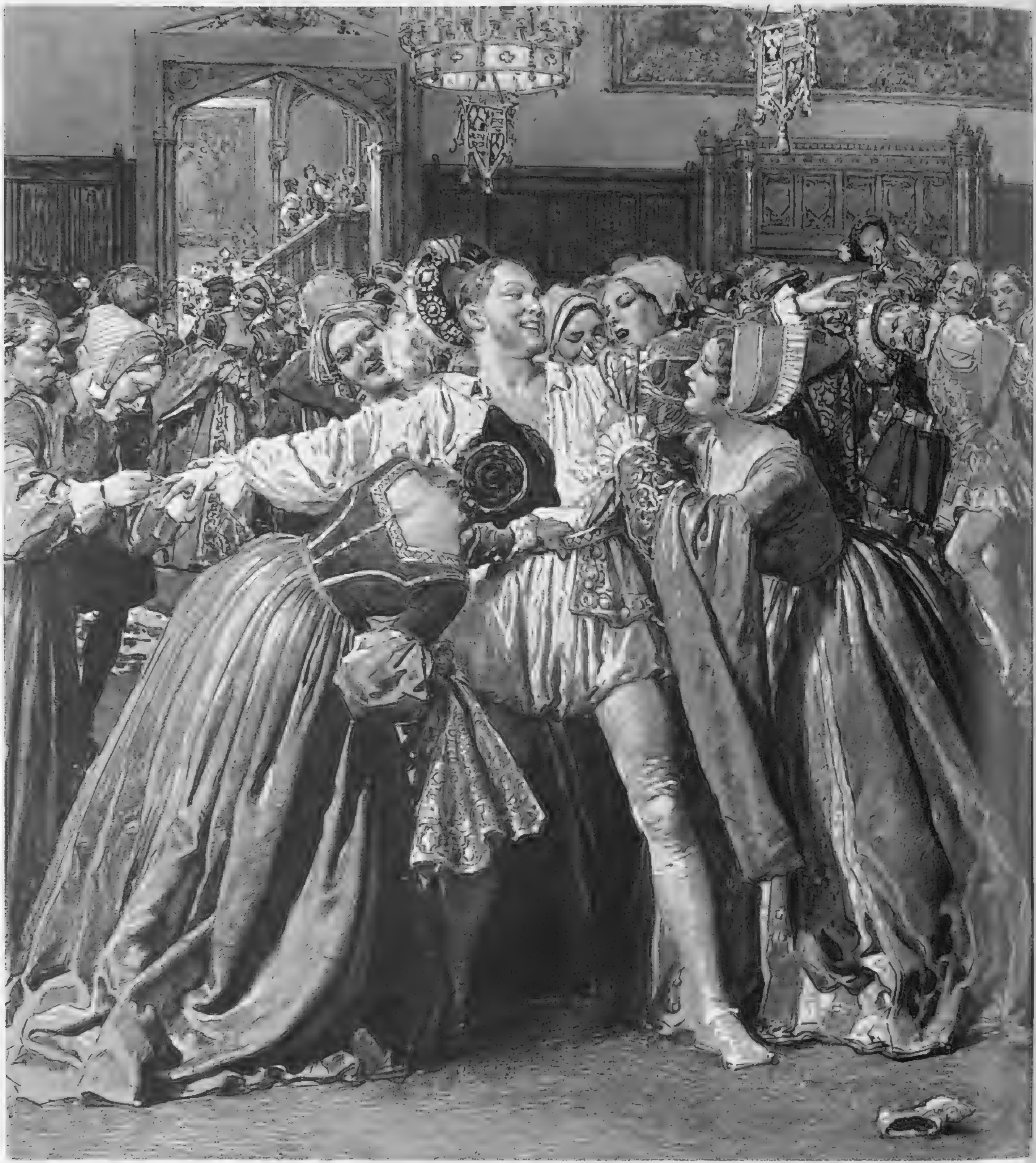
used to lose millions of sesterces at one throw of the dice, when, with the same astonishment, the chroniclers of Henry VIII. tell us that once he lost twenty-six pounds in an evening. It is not the figures that count; rather the degree of excess in relation to the times.

It was not only in their extravagance, however, that Henry VIII. and Nero had things in common. A little research, indeed, reveals analogy after analogy. For instance, both were married very young to very good women who were both shamefully sacrificed. Both disposed of their wives through false accusations and murder. Both condemned people they had previously befriended and lavished honours upon. Both wantonly sacrificed human lives; during Henry's reign there were 72,000 executions. Both persecuted Christians. Both laid hands on wealth that did not belong to them. Both created such an atmosphere of terror around them that a single misplaced word might have brought about a death sentence, and, lastly, to terminate the comparison, these two rulers had in common also the colour of their hair, their skin and their beards as also a tendency towards obesity.

The insatiable disposition Henry had for worldy pleasures was the keynote of his whole life, even when those celebrations were intermingled with the most shocking tragedies. He never missed an opportunity for organising entertainments worthy to be recorded amongst the pages of his extraordinary history, and his exaggerated observance of religious practice made him bring the Christmas festivities to a magnitude never attained in England before or after.

It was, however, only towards the end of his life that his eagerness for theatrical pageantry or masked revelry gave way to gambling on a big scale.

Let us start with a Henry slightly different from the familiar figure that we readily picture in our minds as soon as his name is mentioned. The Henry of this period is not that big and fat king rendered more voluminous by the large furred coat with the bulging sleeves, and standing, insolently, with his feet apart, but a Henry still in the twenties, a big boy, his hair not yet closely cropped, well nourished, but not corpulent; agile and eager to show it; the Henry who had not yet displayed anything but the pleasant side of his nature, though revealing, perhaps, an innate tendency towards debauchery. But he was a good sportsman, an attribute that in England allows of much being forgiven. There was no form of sport, indeed, in which Henry did not excel, or which he did not encourage.



Henry enjoyed the affray most heartily. He lost his coat, Only then and out of mere decency did he object to

Some he even made compulsory by Act of Parliament. For instance, only the clergy and judges were exempt from practising archery, and any archer was exonerated from every punishment or pecuniary responsibility if it should chance that a passer-by was wounded or slain by a misdirected shot.

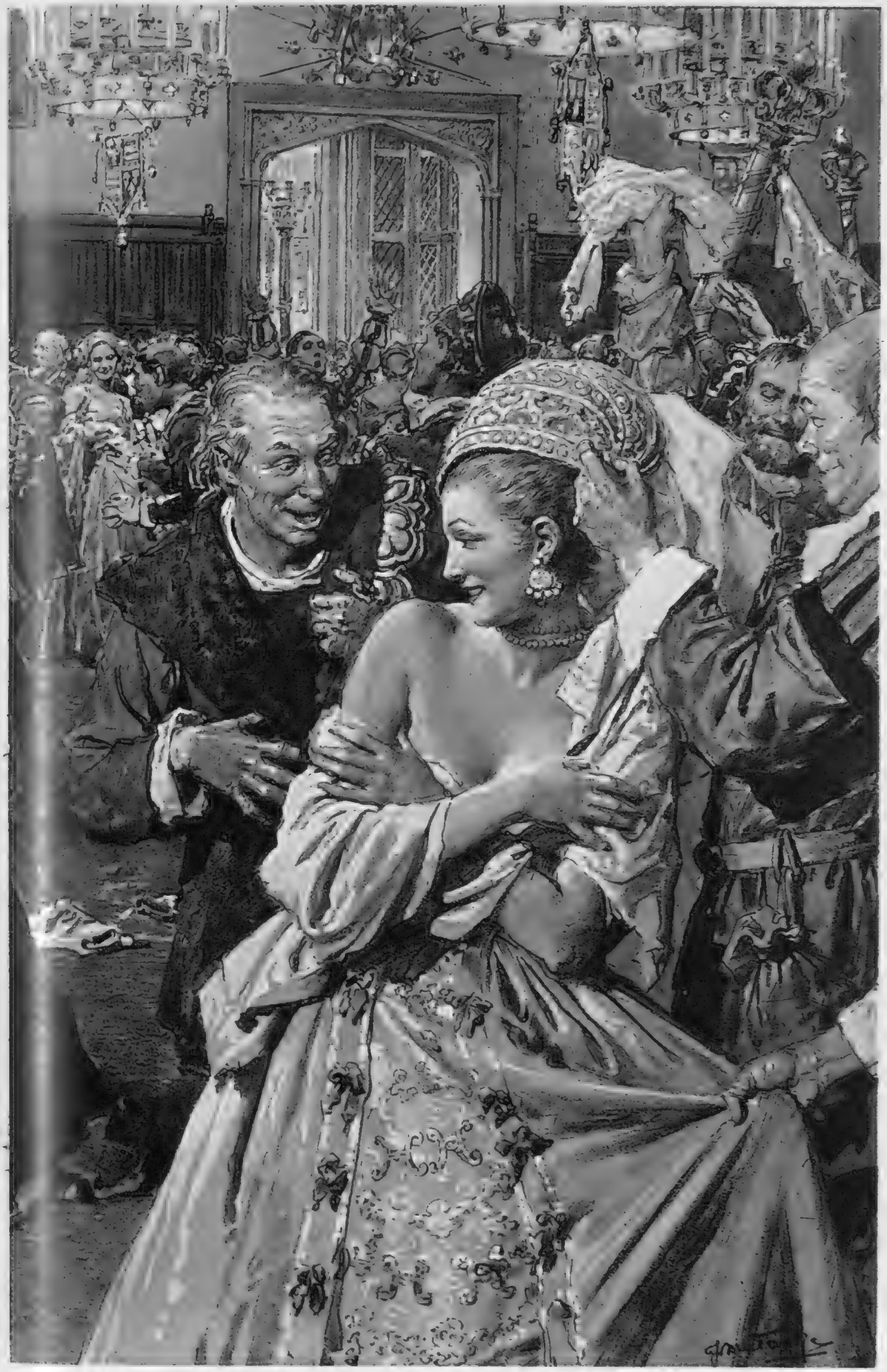
A tireless rider, the King had fresh horses posted throughout the countryside, so that as he exhausted one horse, he could mount another without interval or rest. Proud and vain of his sporting exploits, he needed a public, and whatever he was doing was doubly pleasing if he had spectators around him.

Another sport that held a tremendous fascination for the young Tudor was cock-fighting, and when his exalted position made it difficult for him to mingle with the mixed audiences of the cock-pits, he had a sumptuous pit built in his new palace of Whitehall.

It was also in Henry's reign that racehorses were mentioned for the first time in English history.

Married at the age of eighteen to Katherine of Aragon, only seven weeks after he ascended the throne, the pleasure-loving monarch found it very difficult to reconcile his kingship and his wedded state with his desire to sow wild oats.

Katherine, fortunately, was a calm, reflective, sensitive young woman. She was a little less than six years older than her husband, but partly owing to the natural precocity of her Latin origin, and partly to her own personal temperament, she was a woman fully matured, adopting



doublet and his breeches.
any further spoliation.

a maternal superiority and tenderness towards the pranks her boy-husband used to spring on the Court. Very often in the most unexpected moments he would appear disguised in various ways, playing practical jokes on the Queen, and on his friends. Other times, at jousts and tournaments, with the excuse of being tired, he would disappear, and a little later, under an assumed name, and with his vizor down, would take part in the tilting, enjoying being treated as a stranger, and braving the skill and strength of whoever happened to face him. He would invariably receive resounding cheers for his prowess, and these, of course, would be redoubled when down went the vizor to reveal the smiling, familiar, royal countenance. Time after time the queen pretended to believe in the masquerades of her husband, and allowed herself to be coaxed into any trap he had plotted, just as one would humour a child.

Once, during a diplomatic banquet, Henry appeared dressed in Oriental attire, with an enormous turban on his head and brandishing a powerful scimitar.

Another time, he and several of his courtiers sprang a surprise on the Queen by bursting into her chamber dressed as Robin Hood and his men.

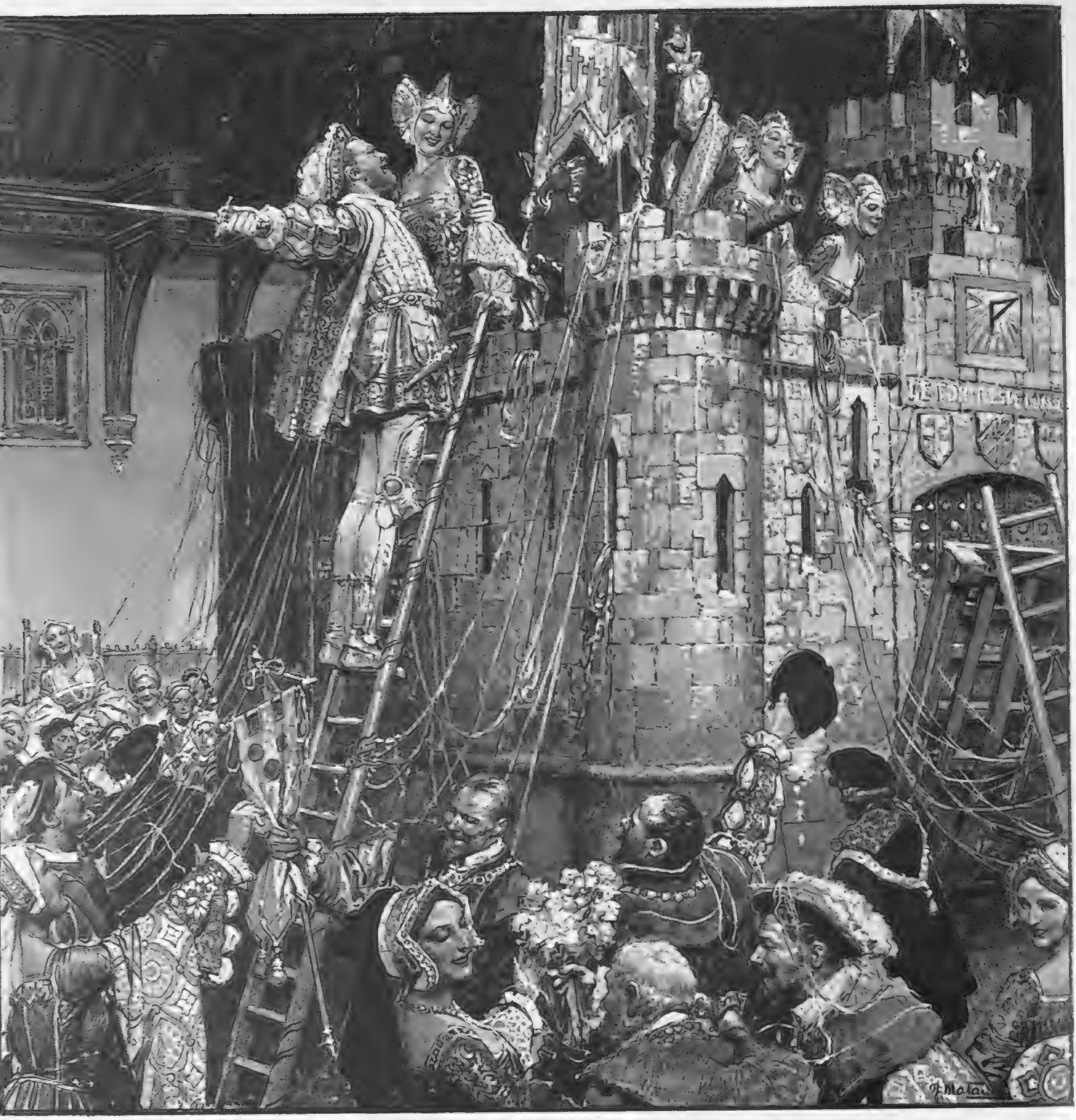
When the Queen made him the happy father of an heir to the throne, his joy surpassed all limits. Great festivities took place.

One evening Queen Katherine was invited to witness a new kind of entertainment. She graciously accepted, and took her place in the great white hall at Westminster. A considerable number of citizens had been allowed to witness the performance, and were seated at the bottom of the hall, a usual custom in early times. A magnificent canopy was brought forward, almost like a portable building, with pillars and posts, richly decorated with silk flowers, twines and creepers of velvet and satin, the entire thing covered by a golden roof. Under the canopy were six fair ladies gorgeously attired, their white and green gowns studded with the letters "H" and "K" in pure gold, wearing in addition numerous jewels and fine ornaments. The King and five lords, also dressed in gowns covered with letters in bullion gold, invited the ladies to a dance. Whilst the couples were executing to perfection the beautiful and orderly performance, a strange thing happened at the far end of the hall. The canopy had been removed and placed almost within the reach of the commoners. Some of them began to stretch rapacious hands towards it, and pulled some costly ornaments away. Their example was immediately followed by others, and before any official could intervene, the precious fabric was torn to shreds.

The King, who took everything as a huge joke, strode towards the people, obtained silence, and bade the ladies—only the ladies—to come forward and pluck the golden letters from his gown and those of his friends.

This privilege granted only to the fair sex was usurped by everyone, and the crowd of men and women rushed forward like a pack of wolves. The pandemonium that ensued was indescribable. The King, the lords and the six ladies who were the first to encounter the impact, were overpowered by the multitude who, not content with plucking the letters, disrobed them completely of their outer gowns.

Henry not only did not lose his good humour, but enjoyed the affray most heartily. He lost his coat, doublet and his breeches. Only then and out of mere decency did he object to any further spoliation. Few members of the Court were spared in this fight for finery, and the most unfortunate was Sir Thomas Knevet, who was stripped of every garment and left completely naked, in spite of making the most desperate attempts to escape the ignominy. Every woman was dispossessed of her



In the hall, a huge fortress on wheels had been constructed, which was named "Le Fortresse Dangerus." This was defended by six beautiful girls who were attacked by the knights led by Henry himself

jewellery, her laces, and a substantial part of her gown. This strange free scramble for souvenirs, carried out by loyal citizens, and encouraged by the King, must have been the most astonishing of sights. The Queen, fortunately for her, was spirited away before profane hands could be laid on her.

After it was all over, and the crowds had dispersed, the survivors presented a pretty picture, and there was much interchange of badinage. The courtiers then assembled, in their tattered garments, in the King's chamber, where a gorgeous dinner provided a grand finale to an eventful evening.

King Henry was greatly attached to the Palace of Greenwich, where he was born, and after his advent to the throne, he spent large sums of money on its embellishment and alteration.

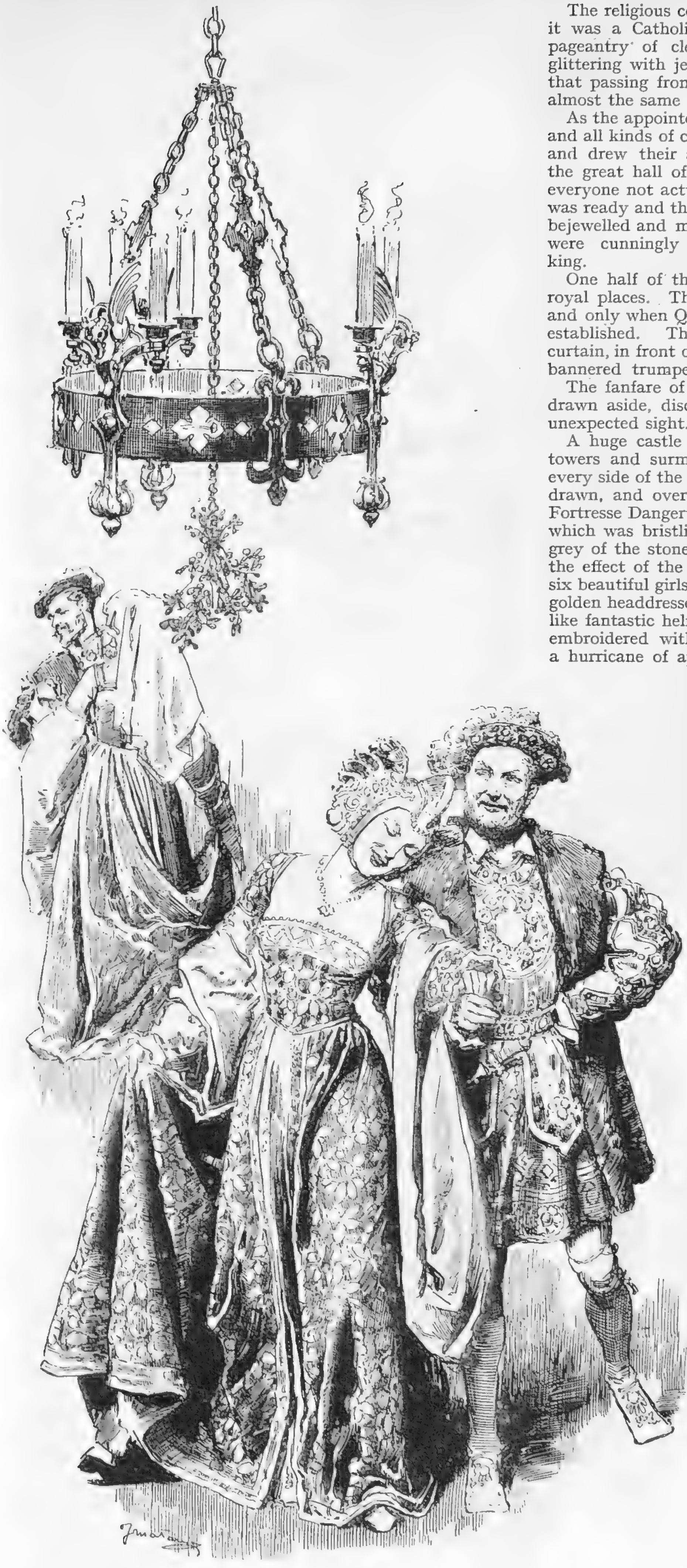
One year, as Parliament closed its tedious sittings for the Christmas holiday, the King, in schoolboy mood, set out for Greenwich. In spite of being despoiled of its summery wealth, the extensive park constituted for him space, pleasure and freedom.

Guests arrived accompanied by their rich retinues. The royal stables were rapidly filled with horses trained for every kind of sport, including jousts and tournaments. The big logs accumulated for the season were gaily flaming away in every fireplace of the building, whilst from the lofty chimneys glows of perfumed smoke pervaded the air with that agreeable scent of burned wood that, especially in winter time, adds so much to the feeling of well-being.

Somewhere in the palace many workmen skilled in various crafts were busy constructing something mysterious that the King had ordered.

It was the year 1515. Every past Christmas some new form of amusement had been devised, and in which Henry had brilliantly played the part of host, organiser and chief actor.

Wolsey was already a great friend of the King, and whilst he closed an eye to the unavoidable trivialities caused by Henry's exuberance, he attended to the religious side of the holy anniversary both at the Palace and at the adjoining Convent of the Grey Friars that Henry VII. had built thirty-three years before.



The religious ceremonies were also of a spectacular nature, for it was a Catholic Christmas, and this implied all the showy pageantry of clerical costumes, flowers, images and statues glittering with jewels, candles, incense, music, etc., so much so that passing from a profane feast to a religious ceremony was almost the same as though passing to another feast.

As the appointed day for the great surprise drew near, hunting and all kinds of competitions provided diversion for the courtiers and drew their attention away from the last preparations in the great hall of the palace, where entrance was forbidden to everyone not actually engaged in the work. At last everything was ready and the doors were thrown open to the eager guests, bejewelled and most luxuriously attired. Bunches of mistletoe were cunningly hidden in places specially chosen by the king.

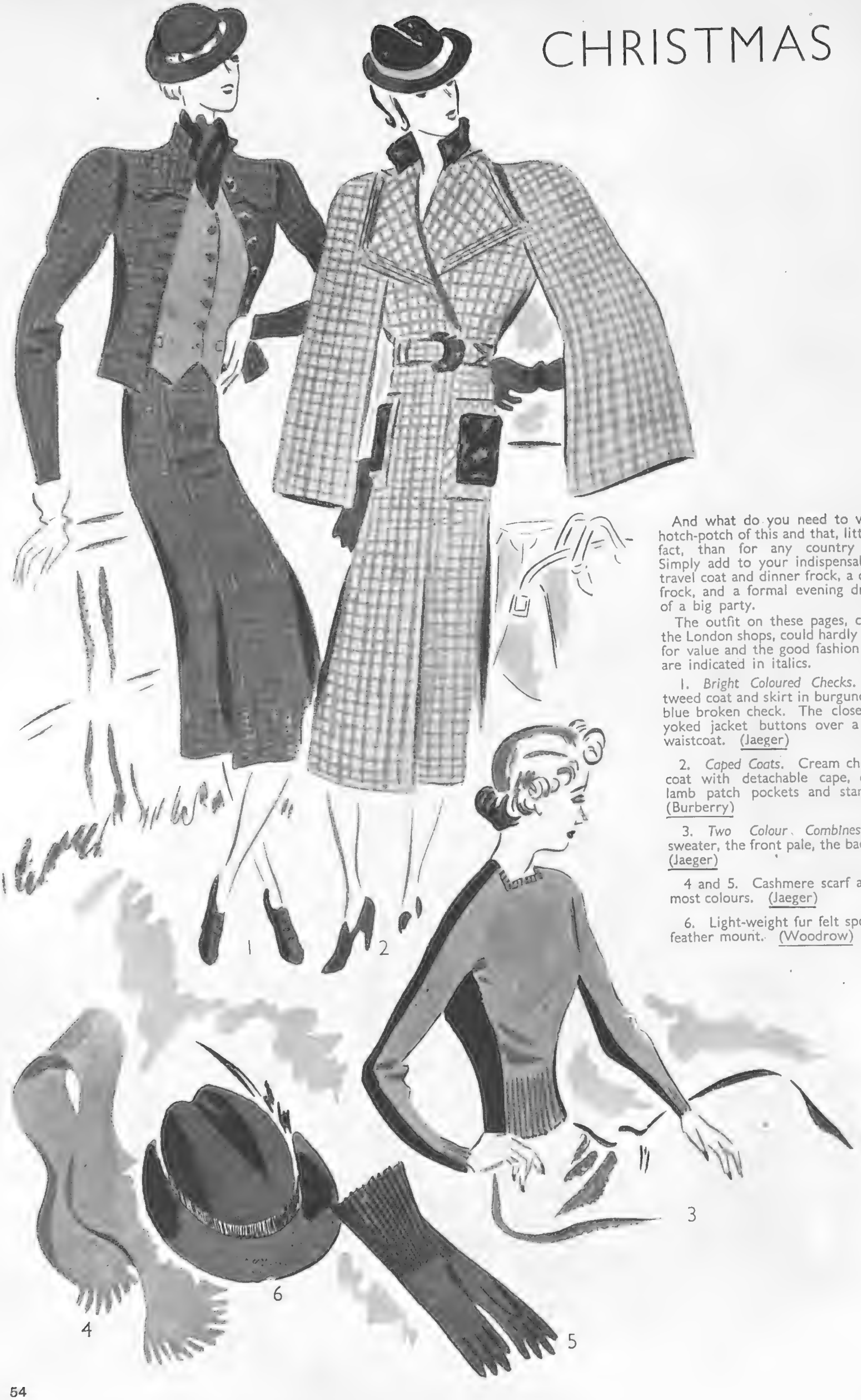
One half of the hall was occupied by seats surrounding the royal places. The merriment was as great as the expectation, and only when Queen Catharine entered was comparative order established. The other half of the hall was covered by a huge curtain, in front of which stood a line of heralds ready with their bannered trumpets.

The fanfare of trumpets was the signal for the curtain to be drawn aside, disclosing to the eyes of the spectators the most unexpected sight.

A huge castle had been constructed; it was surrounded by towers and surmounted by turrets. There were loopholes on every side of the walls. The bridge before the principal door was drawn, and over the portals written in golden letters was "Le Fortresse Dangerus." Six banners were flying on top of the castle, which was bristling with weapons and warlike apparatus. The grey of the stone had been mixed with some silvery paint, and the effect of the ensemble was surprisingly brilliant. Suddenly six beautiful girls appeared on the top of the lofty castle. Their golden headdresses, of an extremely graceful shape, were shining like fantastic helmets. They were dressed in russet satin richly embroidered with golden leaves. Their appearance produced a hurricane of applause that lasted all the time that the castle, constructed on wheels, was turned about so that the queen could see it from every side. As it resumed its previous position a blast of trumpets announced the arrival of the knights. There were six, and the king was one of them. They, too, were specially attired for the occasion with garments of which one half was a make-belief armour of cloth of gold and the other half of red satin glittering with golden spangles. The knights at once demanded the capitulation of the castle. Six female voices answered with a dignified refusal. The assault of the castle was decided upon. The trumpets sounded the order to attack, and the onslaught began. The castle was attacked from every side, some of the knights trying to reach the bridge, others running with golden ladders endeavoured to approach the wall, but the valiant ladies repulsed them. They flourished bows, with which they shot an enormous quantity of arrows of which the points were only flowers. Light and harmless they fell everywhere amongst the guests, who merrily struggled to catch as many as they could. Streamers were produced, basketfuls handed round by pages. Being made of fine cotton, however flimsy, they did not tear as easily as paper; so they uncoiled and fell all over the room, knotting people together, displacing headdresses and producing the most amusing entanglements. But the variety of ammunition was not yet exhausted. The big guns posted on the ramparts started ejecting sugared almonds, honeyed nuts and other kinds of sweets, causing a fresh scramble of people eager to be struck by similar missiles. The spectacle was magnificent. Many were complaining of being gravely wounded and in great need of a last drink before dying; other heroes were in vain requesting a last kiss on their "icy cold" foreheads. Over and over again the assault on the fortress was renewed. The ladders were again placed against the wall, and this time Henry

(*Continued on page* 139)

CHRISTMAS IN



And what do you need to wear ? No hotch-potch of this and that, little more, in fact, than for any country week-end. Simply add to your indispensable tweeds, travel coat and dinner frock, a dressy wool frock, and a formal evening dress in case of a big party.

The outfit on these pages, chosen from the London shops, could hardly be bettered for value and the good fashion points that are indicated in italics.

1. *Bright Coloured Checks.* Pure wool tweed coat and skirt in burgundy and royal blue broken check. The close-fitting high yoked jacket buttons over a blue suède waistcoat. (Jaeger)

2. *Caped Coats.* Cream checked travel coat with detachable cape, dark brown lamb patch pockets and stand-up collar. (Burberry)

3. *Two Colour. Combines.* Cashmere sweater, the front pale, the back dark blue. (Jaeger)

4 and 5. Cashmere scarf and gloves in most colours. (Jaeger)

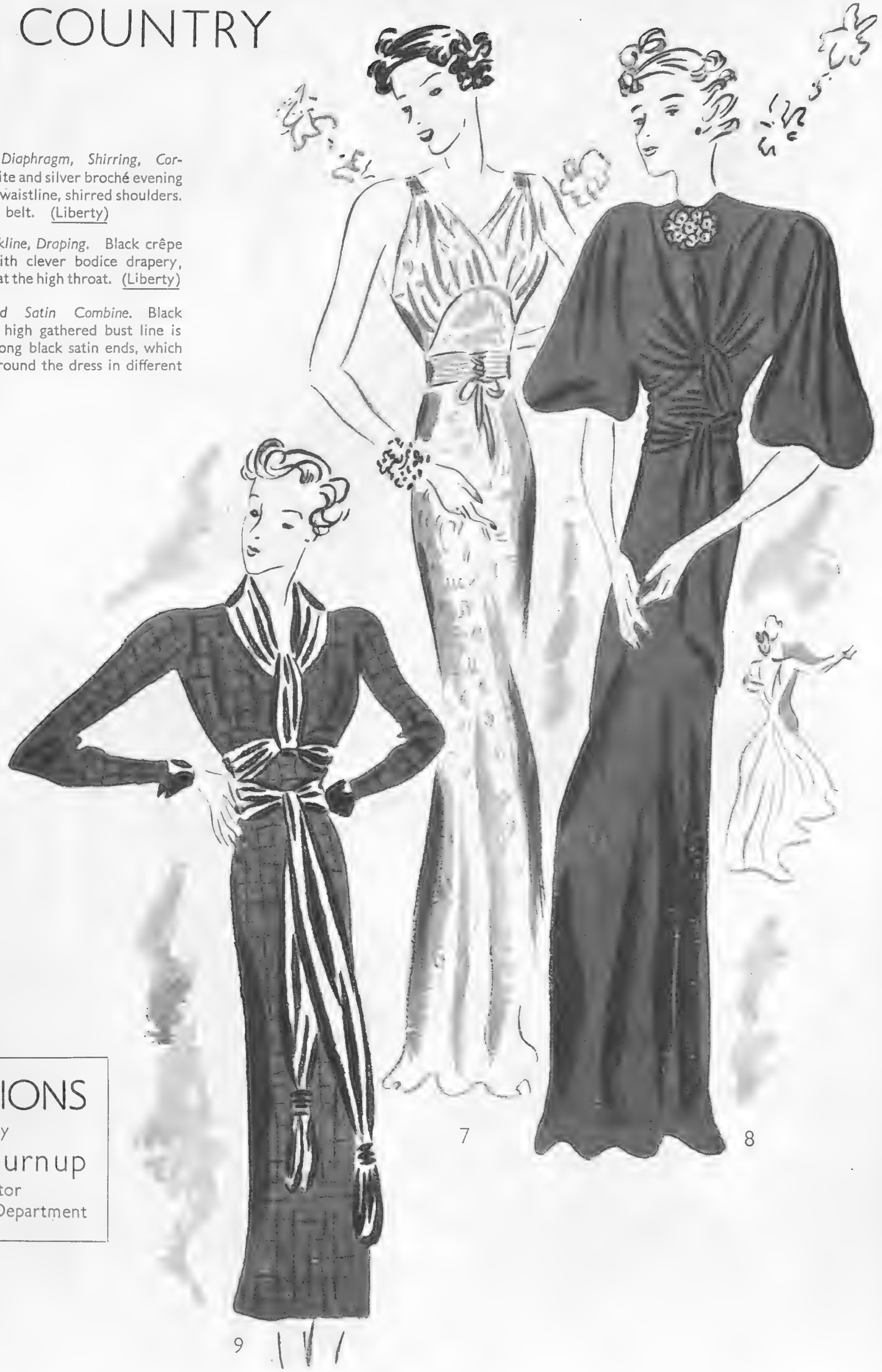
6. Light-weight fur felt sports hat with feather mount. (Woodrow)

THE COUNTRY

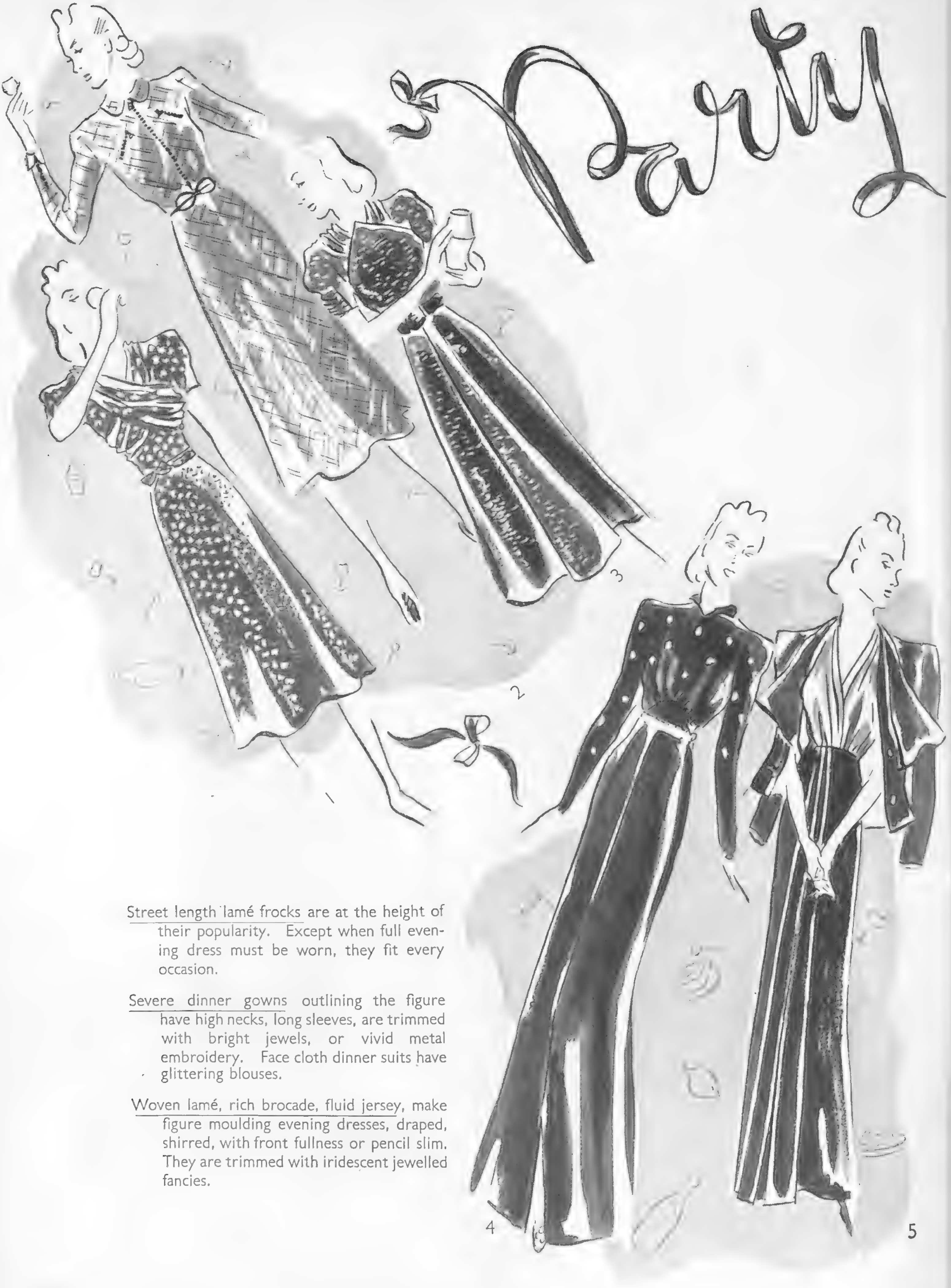
7. *Moulded Diaphragm, Shirring, Corselet Belt.* White and silver broché evening dress with high waistline, shirred shoulders, a stitched, laced belt. (Liberty)

8. *High Neckline, Draping.* Black crêpe dinner dress with clever bodice drapery, a flower brooch at the high throat. (Liberty)

9. *Wool and Satin Combine.* Black woollen with a high gathered bust line is trimmed with long black satin ends, which can be twisted round the dress in different ways. (Matita)



FASHIONS
By
Jean Burnup
Editor
Woman's Department

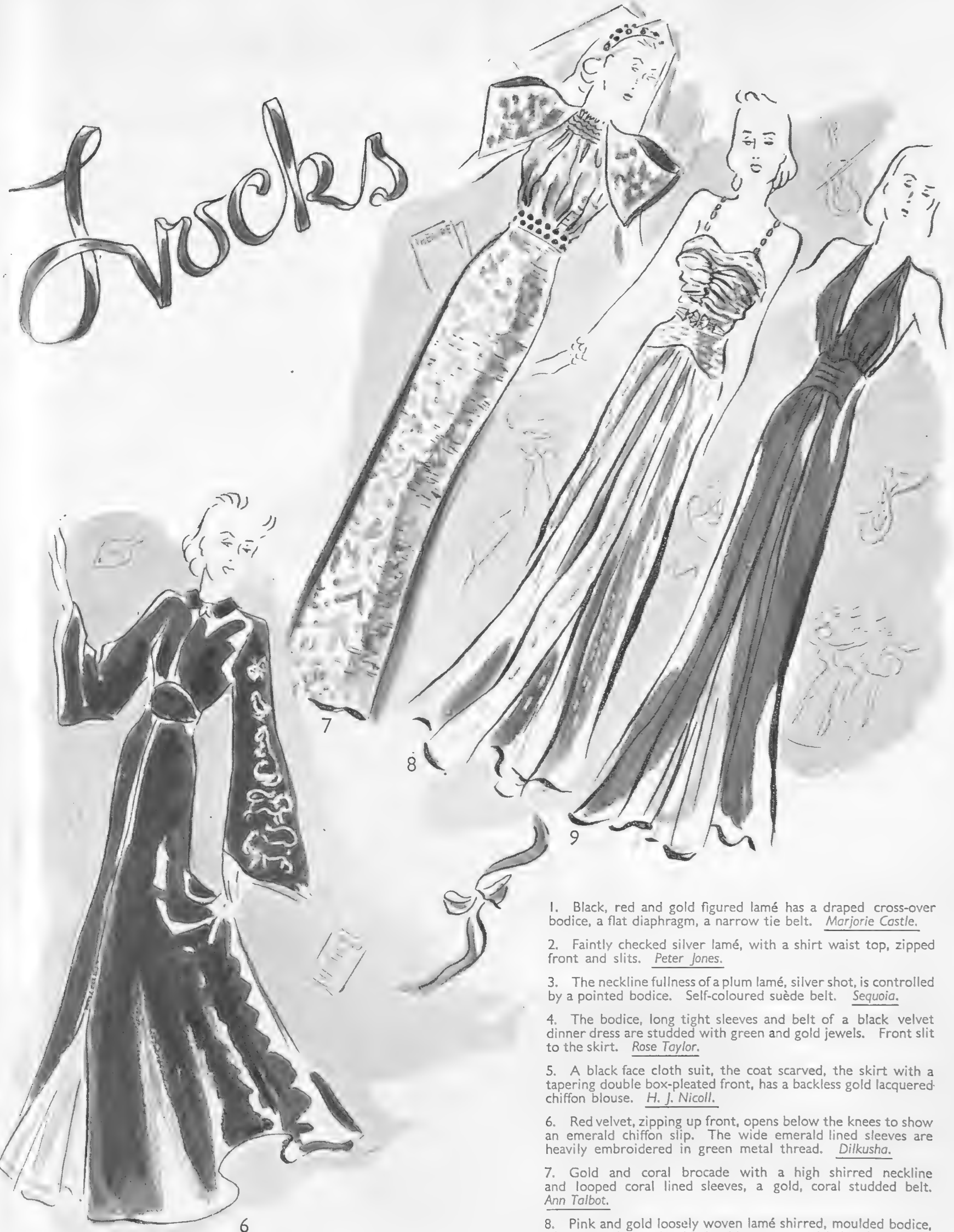


Street length lamé frocks are at the height of their popularity. Except when full evening dress must be worn, they fit every occasion.

Severe dinner gowns outlining the figure have high necks, long sleeves, are trimmed with bright jewels, or vivid metal embroidery. Face cloth dinner suits have glittering blouses.

Woven lamé, rich brocade, fluid jersey, make figure moulding evening dresses, draped, shirred, with front fullness or pencil slim. They are trimmed with iridescent jewelled fancies.

Frocks



1. Black, red and gold figured lamé has a draped cross-over bodice, a flat diaphragm, a narrow tie belt. *Marjorie Castle.*

2. Faintly checked silver lamé, with a shirt waist top, zipped front and slits. *Peter Jones.*

3. The neckline fullness of a plum lamé, silver shot, is controlled by a pointed bodice. Self-coloured suède belt. *Sequoia.*

4. The bodice, long tight sleeves and belt of a black velvet dinner dress are studded with green and gold jewels. Front slit to the skirt. *Rose Taylor.*

5. A black face cloth suit, the coat scarved, the skirt with a tapering double box-pleated front, has a backless gold lacquered chiffon blouse. *H. J. Nicoll.*

6. Red velvet, zipping up front, opens below the knees to show an emerald chiffon slip. The wide emerald lined sleeves are heavily embroidered in green metal thread. *Dilkusha.*

7. Gold and coral brocade with a high shirred neckline and looped coral lined sleeves, a gold, coral studded belt. *Ann Talbot.*

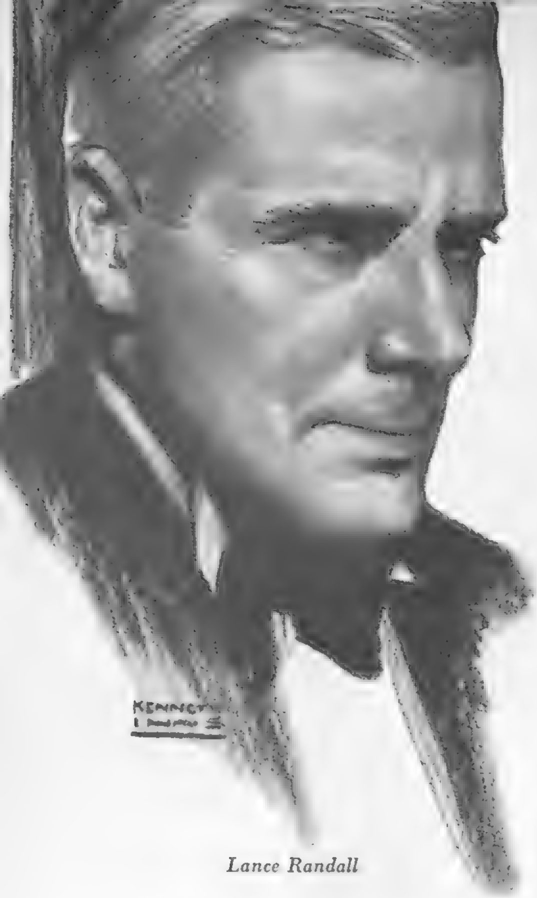
8. Pink and gold loosely woven lamé shirred, moulded bodice, iridescent pink and gold shoulder straps and belt. *Worth.*

9. Violet silk jersey is draped into front fullness beneath a flat, three tucked corseleted waistline. *Strassner.*

Double in

American Crooks Work Fast

Illustrated by Kenneth Inns



Lance Randall

AT eight o'clock Lance Randall retired to his library, lighted a cigarette, and stood before the vast arch of his penthouse window. Gazing upon the luminous flow of traffic in a New York which lay thirty-seven stories beneath him, he meditated pleasantly upon the fact that in twenty-four hours he would be safely aboard the *Conte del Castelbello* with Cape d'Antibes as his destination. There he anticipated a delightful change from the profitable but somewhat dangerous enterprise just completed. His reverie was broken by the sound of Pemberton's voice.

"Mr. Adams of the *Express* is on the wire, Mr. Randall."

He turned slowly to face his butler.

Pemberton, ex-convict, was probably the fiercest, gentlest, ugliest man in New York. In addition to his seven years' service as chauffeur, valet, butler and bodyguard, he acted as nurse upon those occasions when Lance Randall's zeal for his profession culminated in gun play and physical injury. Yet he still called his employer Mr. Randall.

Lance took the instrument and spoke softly into the transmitter.

"Good evening, Mr. Adams."

"Glad to find you in on a busy night," came Adams's voice, heavy with that offensive confidence which Lance Randall had learned to detest as an especial sin of the Press. "I just received the tip-off that you're squatting on the Stanton diamonds."

A puzzled expression crept over Randall's features.

"The Stanton diamonds?" he repeated gently. "You have the advantage of me, Mr. Adams. What about them?"

"Oh, nothing you don't already know. Forty-five minutes ago they were snatched from Dale Stanton's throat as she was coming down the staircase of the Long Island house. Sixty-eight perfectly cut stones."

"Yes, I know," Lance murmured regretfully. "They must be worth half a million. And I—toying all the while with an avocado salad—! Just forty-five minutes ago."

"Someone beat you to 'em, eh?—fat chance!"

Lance Randall made a little gesture of distaste.

"I regret to say that it appears someone has," he declared ruefully. "If one doesn't attend to business these days, one must expect—"

"Lay off the horse-play, Randall. I've got this one straight. You're damned clever, and I don't see how you stay clear. But this is your job. Nobody else would dare. It might interest you to know the butler may not pull through."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes—" a jeering note entered the newspaperman's voice, "as bad as that! He tried to save 'em and they almost carved his left lung out. That'll be murder, Randall."

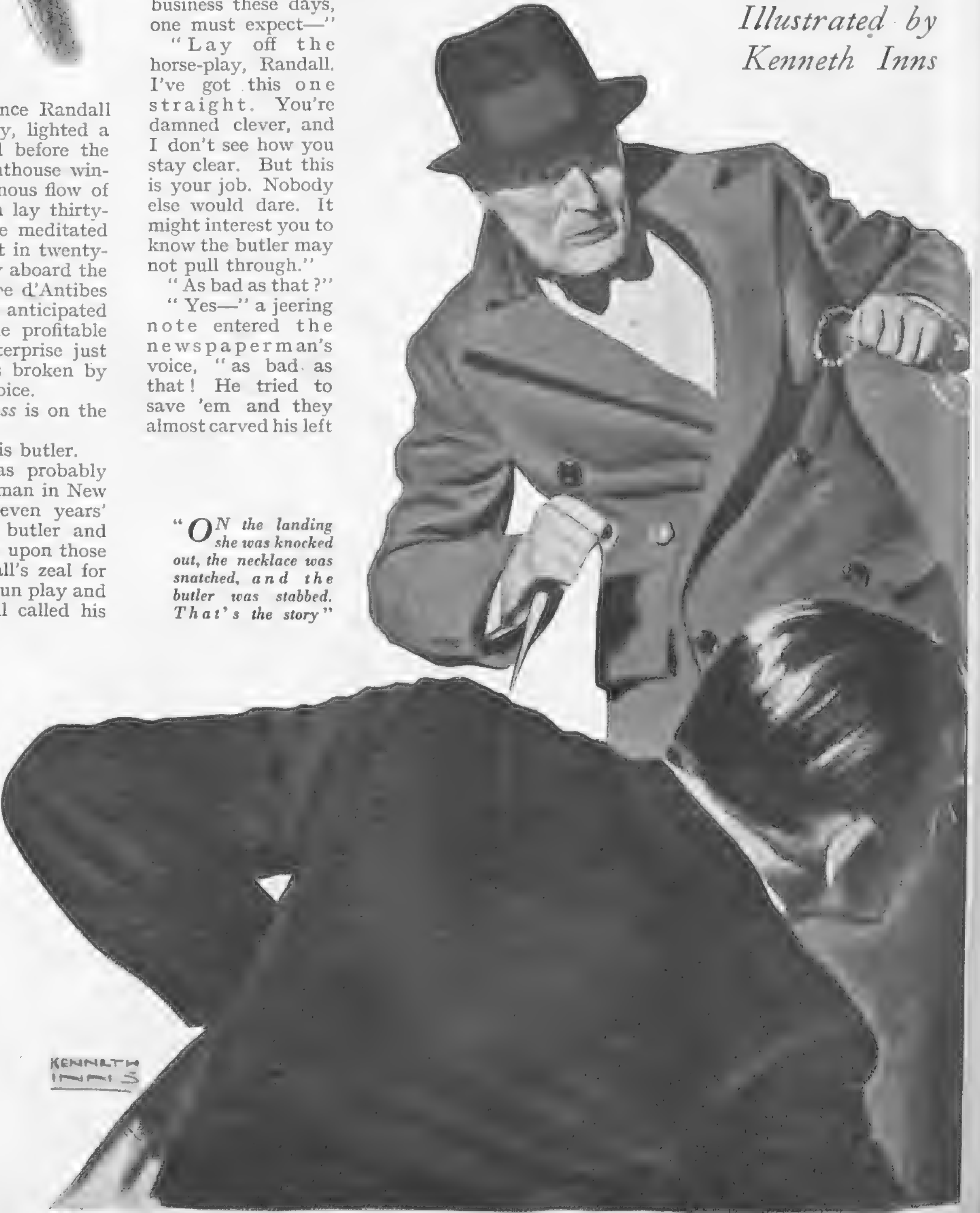
"Why, yes," admitted Lance, thoughtfully, "so it will."

"Nothing left to do then but send a man over for your confession, I suppose?"

A soft chuckle came over the wire.

"To be sure! Meanwhile, I have a few matters that require immediate attention. You understand, of course. Competition must be met."

He clicked the receiver softly and walked to his bookshelves. Opening a volume of Cervantes, he extracted from its hollow centre a necklace composed of sixty-eight perfectly cut stones. For a moment he held them to the light, shaking them reverently. Then, sighing heavily,



"ON the landing she was knocked out, the necklace was snatched, and the butler was stabbed. That's the story"

Diamonds

But So Does Mr. Cupid

By Dalton Trumbo

he thrust them into the pocket of his dinner jacket.

" Pemberton ! "

Pemberton loomed hugely in the archway.

" We shall have a visitor very soon. He will be tall, about fifty-five, wearing civilian clothes. His name will be Johnson, and he will be a captain of detectives. He will be agitated, so take his things and show him in immediately."

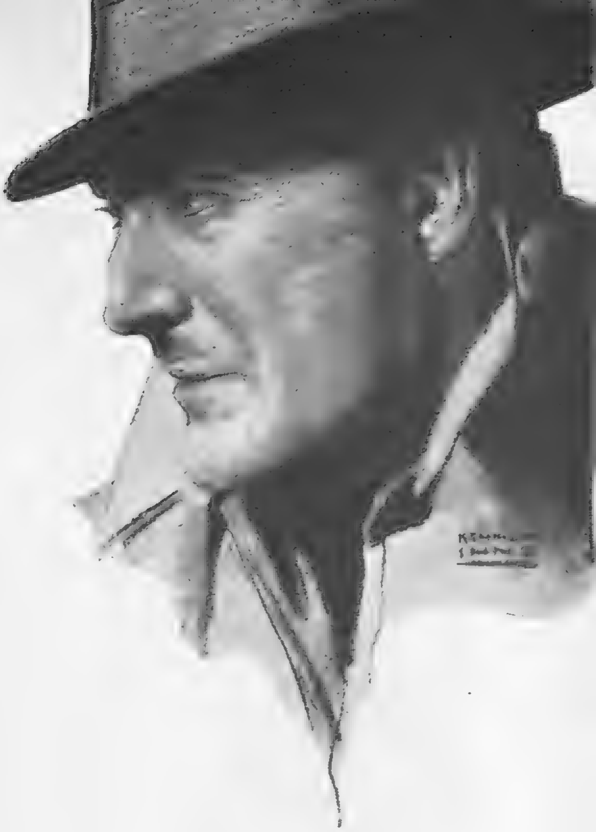
" Very good, sir."

" And, Pemberton—Simpson has been hurt. A nasty cut over the heart. After you've shown Captain Johnson in, run down to a drug store two or three blocks away and inquire of all the hospitals until you locate him. Don't talk long enough to let them trace a call on you. Find out his condition and what has been done for him. That's all."

Pemberton shook his head tragically and withdrew. Lance Randall lifted his telephone and dialled. When the connection was made he spoke into the transmitter with sharp precision :—

" Listen to me carefully, Pete. Between eight-forty-five and nine-fifteen I shall draw up in a taxi before the regular place. You will climb in. We shall ride around the block while I give you some information which I want spread among your friends and your friends' friends by no later than midnight. Understand ? . . . then be ready."

Replacing the receiver, he selected a magazine from a small stack beside his chair and lost himself in its pages. Presently the sound of a buzzer informed him Captain Johnson had arrived. He did not raise his eyes from the magazine until he sensed that his visitor had entered the room. Then he arose and turned.



Captain Johnson

THE gentleman he had described to Pemberton stood in the archway. Behind him was the ex-convict, one hand in coat pocket. To an innocent observer it might have appeared that Pemberton was pointing a finger through his pocket at the caller. Actually he was training a thirty-eight directly upon the gentleman's kidneys. Lance Randall found difficulty in concealing his annoyance.

" Captain Johnson ! " He advanced toward the detective with outstretched hand. " It's a pleasure to have you call. I've been waiting."

Captain Johnson shook hands doubtfully.

" We've never been introduced," he declared flatly, " although I've read every report we have on you down at headquarters."

" How insistent they are in regarding me as a suspicious character ! " deprecated Lance. " I've heard of you, too. I make it pretty much of a hobby to keep in touch with personnel changes in Centre Street. Rather in the line of my—ah—business. Fascinating how you fellows hop about. Won't you sit down ? "

" Thanks," said Captain Johnson. " You said you were expecting me."

" Of course. You gentlemen never fail to pay me a call when something interesting happens. For this one, I presume, I am indebted to the Stanton affair."

" Oh. So you *do* know about it, eh ? "

" Of course . . . there are ways. You fellows really should turn all your big stuff over to Adams of the *Express*. Since he tripped up the Blair kidnappers he does nothing but sleuth. He called twenty minutes ago to pin this one on me."

" First information, I suppose ? " The detective's tone was heavy with scepticism.

" Absolutely. Of course, if you're feeling more than usually efficient to-night, the place is yours."

Captain Johnson laughed tartly.

" I'm not quite that big a fool," he declared rancorously. " You've got 'em under cover by now. But this butler—he's going to die."

"Too bad!" Randall's tone was so genuinely sincere that the detective gazed at him sharply. "Why don't you tell me the details of this shocking affair, Captain?"

Johnson's gaze suddenly turned sour.

"I'm a chump for spilling what you already know. At seven-fifteen this evening Dale Stanton put on the necklace and came down stairs. On the landing she was knocked out, the necklace was snatched, and the butler was stabbed. That's the story."

Lance Randall winced.

"And what are your theories, Captain?"

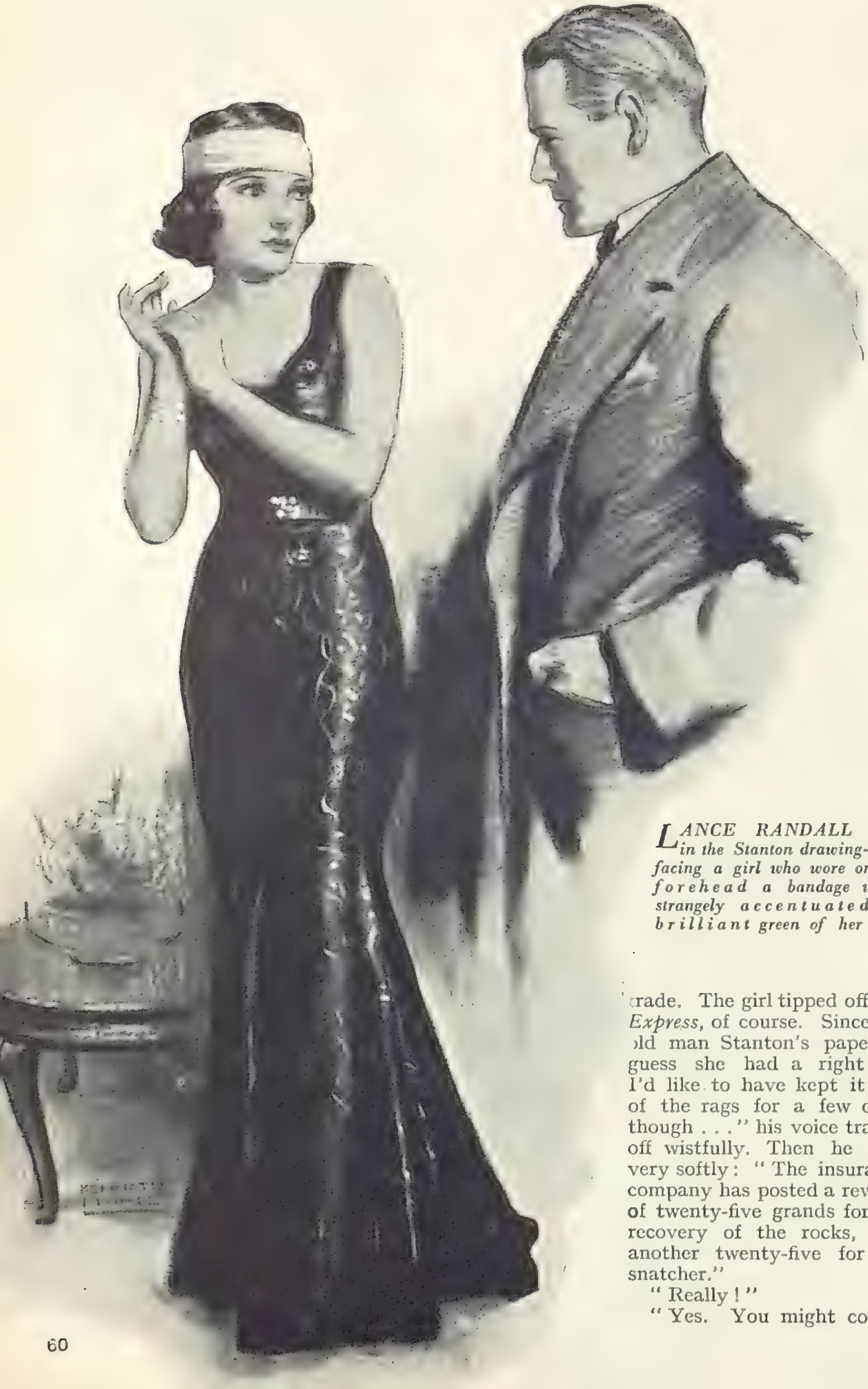
"I haven't any," replied the officer shortly. "You've got the rocks, of course. For all the good they'll do you, they'd just as well be at the bottom of East River. They're very hot, Randall."

"Did it ever occur to you, Captain, that you might be mistaken in your estimate of me?" he queried softly. "I should be the last to deny that I have a certain—er—reputation. But, thinking back, have I ever faced a judge? Has direct evidence ever been offered against me? Have stolen goods ever been found on my premises? Has a fence ever implicated me?"

"Ha!" snorted Captain Johnson. "And I'll ask you some: Has anyone ever discovered where you get the dough to support this layout? Have you ever had a job? Is there a single big-time jewel-bug between here and St. Louis who doesn't know you by your first name? When I have the answer to those and a few dozen other questions, you'll be playing house in a striped suit!"

Lance made a little gesture of distaste.

"Bosh, Captain. Pure bosh. But if you won't believe me, you won't. I presume news of this affair has been pretty well broadcast by now?"



LANCE RANDALL stood in the Stanton drawing-room facing a girl who wore on her forehead a bandage which strangely accentuated the brilliant green of her eyes

"The insurance companies and the trade. The girl tipped off the *Express*, of course. Since it's old man Stanton's paper, I guess she had a right to. I'd like to have kept it out of the rags for a few days though . . ." his voice trailed off wistfully. Then he said very softly: "The insurance company has posted a reward of twenty-five grands for the recovery of the rocks, and another twenty-five for the snatcher."

"Really!"

"Yes. You might collect on the first—and we'd forget the second."

"Captain—if I talked frankly with you for just one moment, would you believe me?"

"Not on your oath," declared the detective promptly.

"Ah! I feared as much. Policemen have one fault in common. They do not understand how, upon rare occasions, one's finer sensibilities can be fully aroused. It should interest you to know that I haven't the Stanton diamonds. At the moment of the robbery I was wasting time in my dining-room. Shockingly unprofessional, I know . . . but true."

Captain Johnson underwent a sudden change. He leaned forward in his chair and stared tensely at his host.

"Randall," he cried bitterly, "I'm in a fix! I'm two years from a pension. They're out to get me. Three or four of 'em. This Stanton deal—well, it'll be the pay-off. They're worth half a million! I've been devilled to death ever since that Preston Hotel affair—"

"Pearls?" interrupted Lance eagerly. "Yes, I know. A hundred and twelve of them. Perfect! Magnificent! Ninety-seven found in Amsterdam last month. A very interesting job."

"I know damned well you got them too. But these rocks—you can't use 'em. Every outlet is tighter 'n a drum. Will be for years. Not a fence in New York would touch 'em. If they could be found—well, somehow—the reward would make it worth your while. Usually I paste guys like you in the snoot—but this—I—well, I'd be clear."

Lance Randall stared thoughtfully at his visitor.

"If you were very astute, Captain," he said gently, "you would see immediately that I have nothing to do with this job. Too crude. Too indelicate. Too much blood. Knives—ugh! I have never been involved in anything so dull as this affair."

The captain remained silent.

"Nevertheless," he continued. "I am strangely interested. In fact, I have decided to recover that necklace for you. Would it be convenient for you to leave and return in . . . about eight hours? Let's say three o'clock to be safe."

Captain Johnson regarded him suspiciously.

"You're not doing this just because *I'm* in a spot," he growled.

"No."

"Then why the turn-about?"

"I can use that insurance money—and because some cheap thug has jeopardised my business!" His mouth was suddenly grim. "Of course, if you don't care to—"

"I'll take a chance," said the detective in a queer voice.

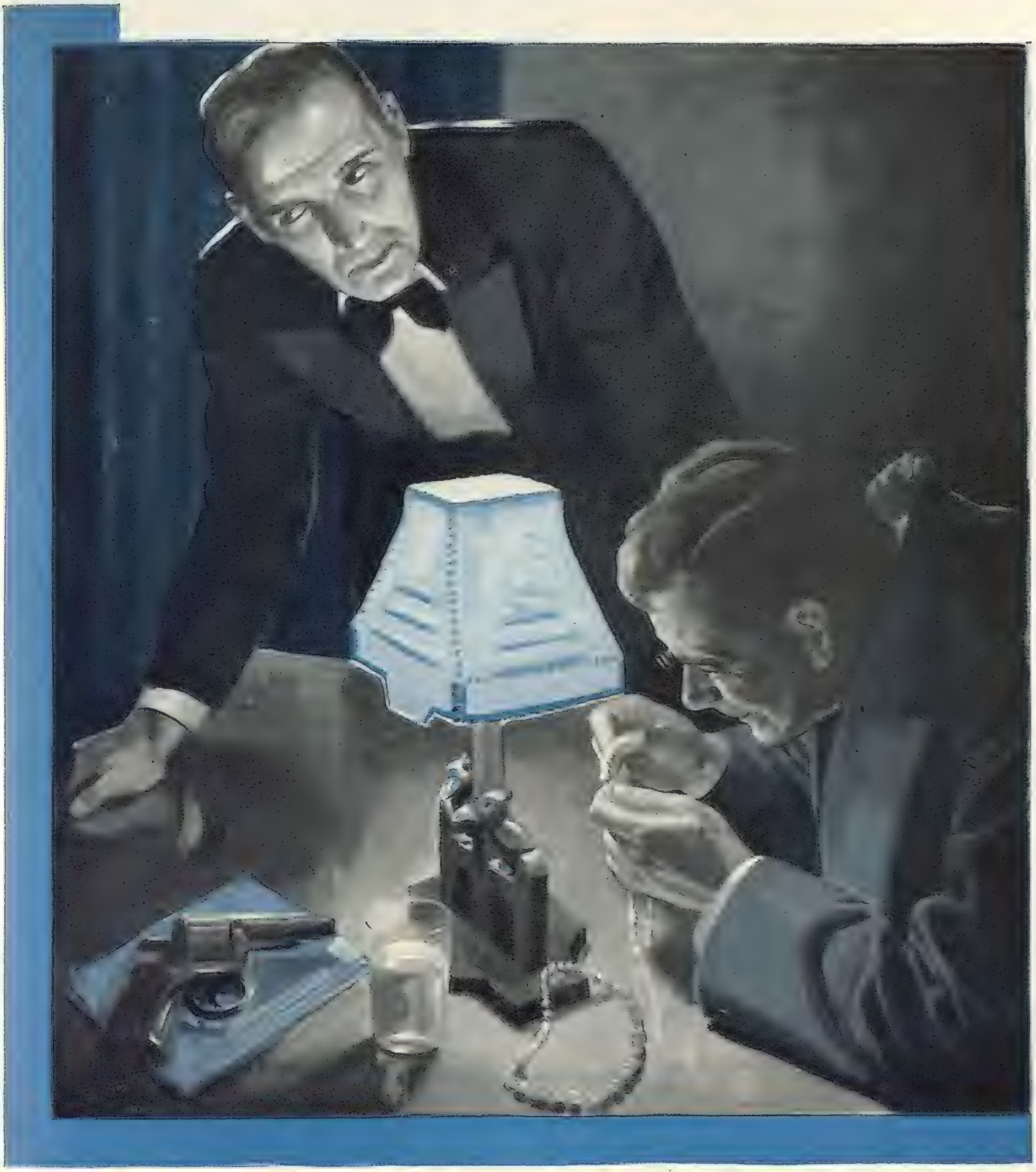
"Why not?" Lance shrugged. "There will be conditions, of course. Three of them. First, I will take a reward for producing the thief, but not for recovering the diamonds. Good business dictates that I should ferret out and exterminate my competitors. Professional ethics, however, forbids me to accept money for the recovery of stolen jewels—a delicate point which I'm sure you'll understand. The second condition is that I be guaranteed immunity. And the third, that news of this sad affair reaches no newspaper but the *Express*. Accepted?"

Captain Johnson stared hard at him.

"You birds are all cocky until the smash-up comes," he muttered.

"Accepted?"

The detective grunted an affirmative.



ONE necklace and then the other passed under Slots Regan's scrutiny. He repeated the inspection twice again, the sweat of concentration fairly popping from the pores of his nose

"Until three o'clock, then, Captain."

Johnson gritted a farewell and left the room.

PEMBERTON, after seeing the visitor to the door, returned to the library.

"Simpson is at Holy Cross," he said briefly. "They think he'll live."

"Good. I'm going out for a bit. Captain Johnson will return about three this morning. If he should pay a surprise visit while I'm gone mix him a drink. And keep that gun down."

"Yes, Mr. Randall."

Pemberton helped his master into a light ulster.

"You're certain you won't need somebody to go with you?" he inquired solicitously.

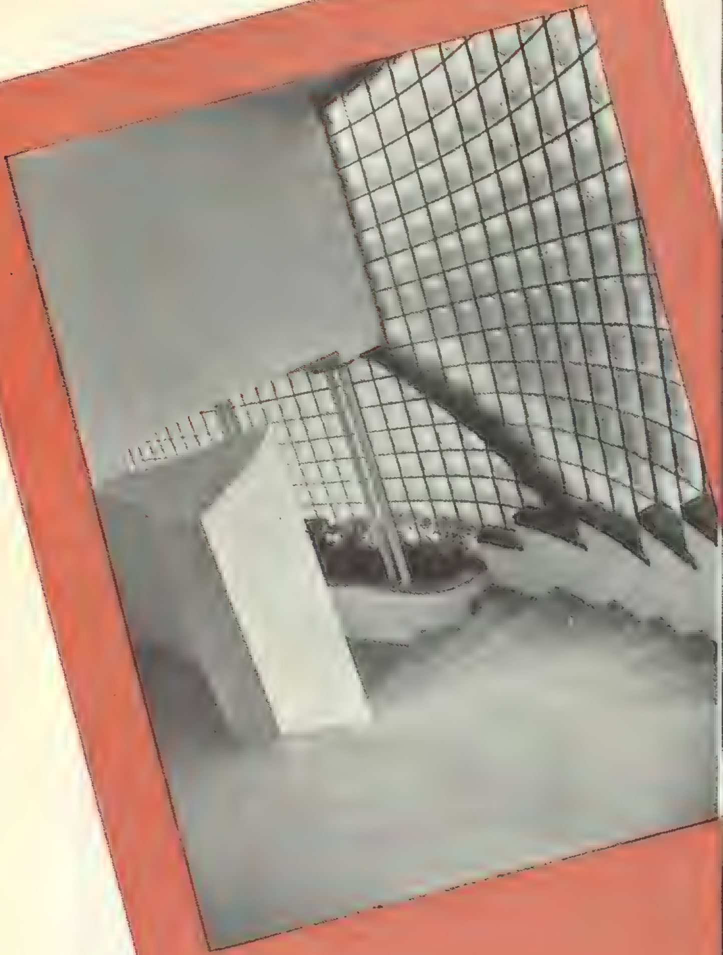
"Holloway is outside."

Thirty-seven stories below, Lance Randall met Holloway in the lobby. After speaking briefly to him, he stalked rapidly to the door, and at the curb stepped into a waiting taxi. Holloway came out of the building, took the wheel of a large touring car, and followed the cab.

Lance Randall settled back against the cushions and fingered the necklace in his pocket. Reflections in the glass before him mirrored a sedan carrying two detectives. They were trailing his taxi. Behind them came Holloway. Lance sighed and leaned forward.

"At the next intersection put on speed. From there drive four more blocks, turn right and stop."

"Okay, buddy." (*Continued on page* 159)



GLASS HOUSES

By Winifred Lewis

(Left) Glass wall flanking a staircase in a country house. The glass bricks are insulated against sound, heat and cold. Courtesy of "Architects' Journal"

The pillars flanking this window are covered with silver mirrored flexible glass. The woodwork surround to the window is grey

This is the New Age of Glass. In some dim future they will lay a fragment of glass floor, a priceless specimen of a glass brick beside relics of the Stone Age, and marvel at the ingenuity of the savage.

We shall be known as the People who Lived in Glass Houses. We may even be identified with what the scientists call a "new epoch." Gratifying, isn't it ?

But for the present, the simple fact is—your new background is glass. From being merely something to look at, it has become something to tread on, to sit on. As durable as stone, as beautiful as—*glass*.

Does the idea seem a little fantastic to you ? Does the promise of glass walls, glass ceilings, glass floors leave you cold ? If so, it is because you picture smooth, cold, transparent glass. Glass as it was. Not glass as it is.

At the Ideal Home Exhibition, coming in April, the central feature will be a glass house, the winning design in a competition to demonstrate the potentialities of glass of every type in building a habitable house.

From this you can judge for yourselves whether the Age of Glass is really with us.

Glass bricks will make walls insulated against sound, heat and cold. They will transmit and diffuse light as and where it is most needed and, for interior use, will practically eliminate the dark passage or the badly lit room.

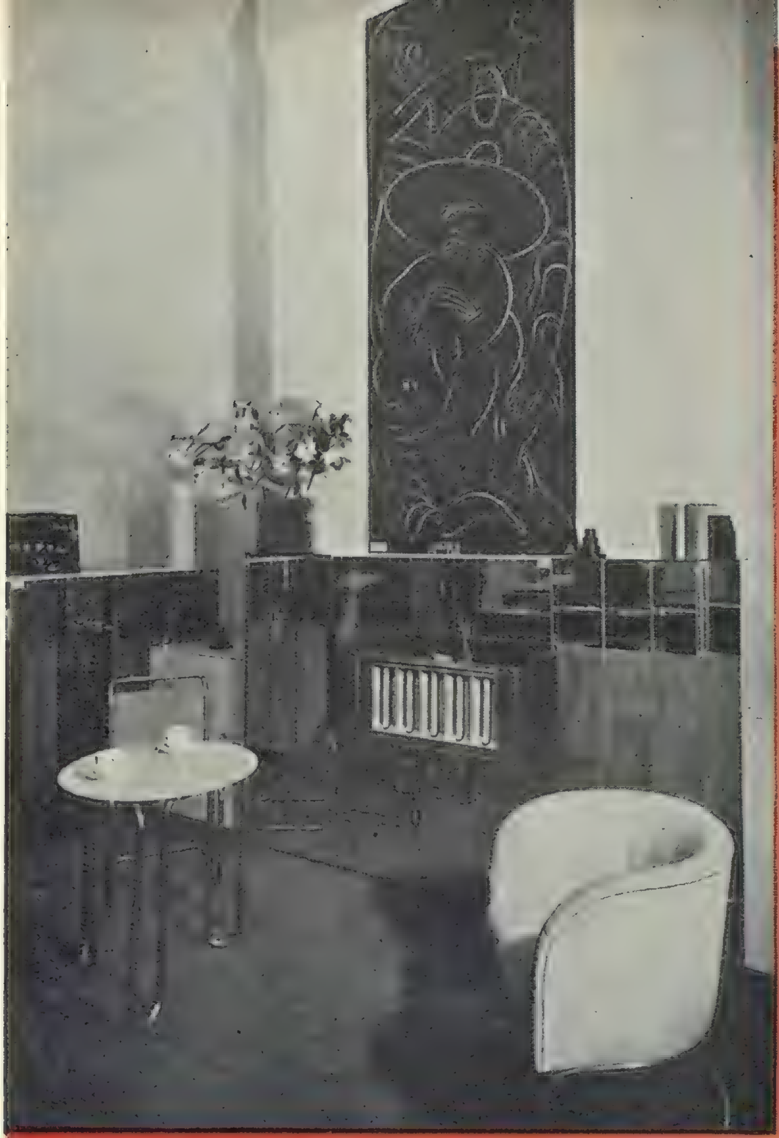
Glass bricks are probably not what you imagine. They are heavy and opaque. The room with a glass wall is completely private, completely warm and substantial to look at.

Notice the photograph here which shows the glass wall flanking a staircase. Notice elsewhere on the page the use of glass bricks as a surround to the bathroom door. This was done partly for decorative effect and partly to admit light from the landing without throwing the bathroom open to view.

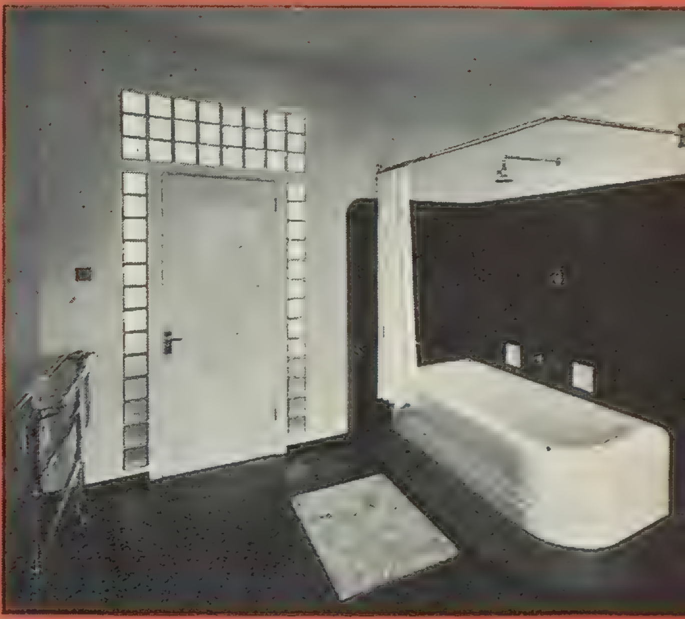
A type of glass much in use now for walls, ceilings and non-slippery floors, or just for the surrounds of baths, sinks and wash basins, is Vitrolite.

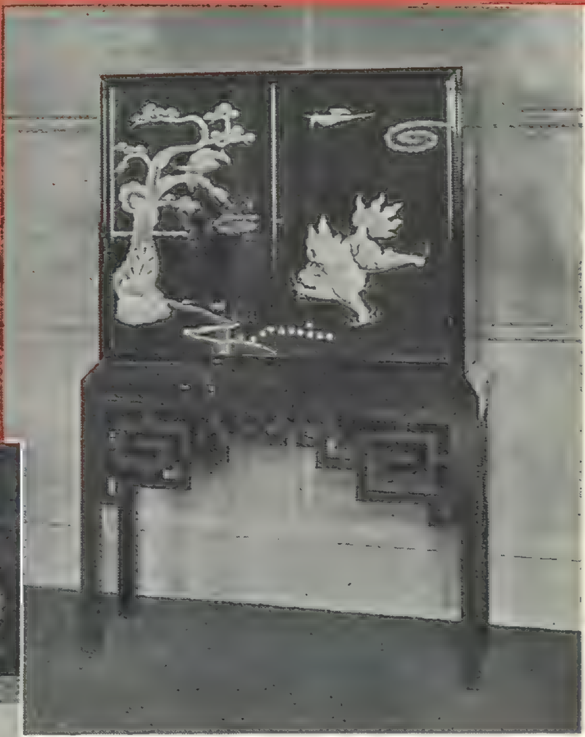
This is opaque and coloured, though plain white is obtainable. But perhaps its most astounding feature is its toughness. You can only crack it or break it by setting yourself out with the determination to do so. Reasonable wear and tear will positively not damage Vitrolite.

For structural uses it is decorative and hardwearing, and for odd uses about the house retains the same qualities. You can fit it to the tops of shelves, to your kitchen table, to surround the gas fire or back the wash-basin.



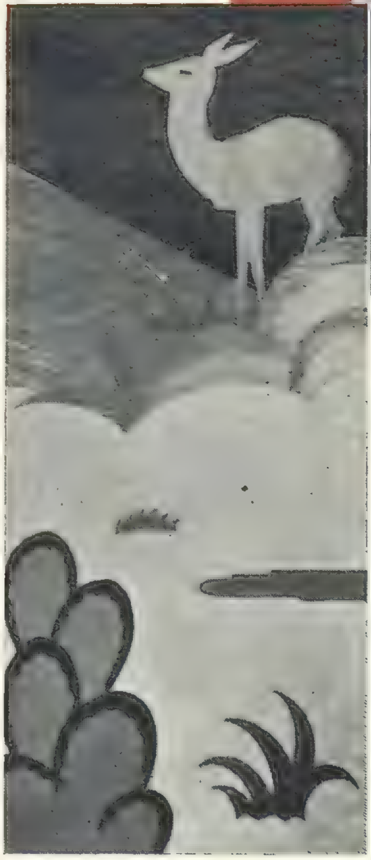
A panel of Vitrolite decorated in white as seen above the modern electric fireplace is surrounded with the same glass





A Chinese cabinet made of glass — one of the finest specimens of modern craftsmanship in glass yet seen

(Top)
Glass bricks used to surround the doorway of this bathroom admit more light from the outer passage, and maintain complete privacy inside



This Art Thermolux panel is one of the latest devices in glass, throwing a diffused and shadowless light, at the same time giving a fine colour effect

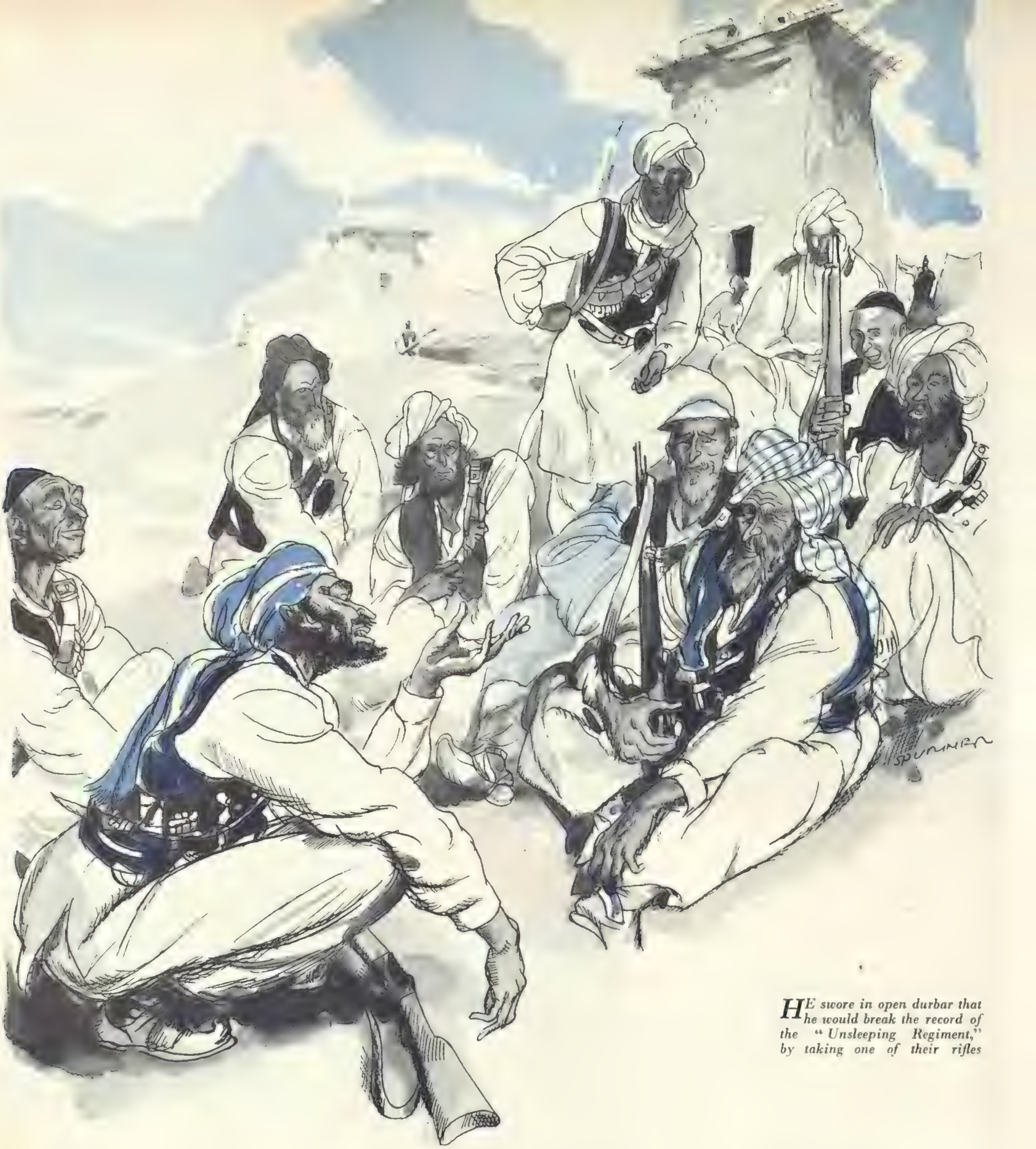
Then there is flexible glass. This is almost exclusively for decorative use.

These are tiny panels of coloured mirror or opaque glass mounted on a pliable material forming sheets rather like the roll part of a roll-top desk that will adapt themselves to any contour.

Flexible glass is lovely to look at and quite practical for fire surrounds, decorative pillars, panelling, and for the rounded columns of furniture such as table legs and lamp standards.

Mirror glass, either coloured or plain, is widely used for decorative panels, and even for walls where the need for a feeling of greater spaciousness is felt, but this must still be regarded as fragile, though toughened glass is available for purposes where a mirror surface is not essential. It is resistant to hard knocks, takes heavy weights, and will stand certain degrees of twisting or bending. Just to show you how tough it really is, the makers assure us that it will stand a temperature of 300 degrees centigrade on one surface with the other at ordinary atmospheric temperature.

There are so many types of glass for structural and decorative purposes that you have to be a glass manufacturer to keep pace with them. Here are a few you may not have heard of. (*Cont. on p.* 139)



He swore in open durbar that he would break the record of the "Unsleeping Regiment," by taking one of their rifles

CONTRARY to the general notion, it is cold rather than heat that makes a sentry drowsy. Anyone who has soldiered in India, the place *par excellence* to encounter extremes of climate, can testify to that fact. Visit your sentries on a July night at Kohat, when the mercury stands at over a hundred, the world is a dusty crucible throwing back the heat absorbed during the day, and the moonlight seems to make you perspire, and you will find every man alert. Almost too alert for your personal peace of mind. Every man will be irritably wide-awake and, especially if he suffers from prickly heat, eager to loose off his rifle on the smallest provocation.

But visit them on a winter's night in the same station, and it doesn't matter if you stutter when you give the password. They will—unless, of course, they happen to belong to the Unsleeping Regiment, with which regiment and its record this story deals—be huddled and sleepy like hibernating bears in their *poshteens* (sheepskin coats). And if there happens to be an ice-laden gale from the Pamirs (and there very often does happen to be such a gale), you can walk up to your sentry and slap his face before his blue fingers can draw the bolt.

Which facts, needless to say, are included in the book of wisdom of the rifle-thieves. What the experienced stealer of rifles likes, and what he will wait for for months if need be, is a bitter night, a hail-storm and a regiment in an exposed position. Given these conditions, he can elude any save the most alert of sentries.

Raisul Makmud, Mohmand Pathan and most celebrated rifle-thief in the Gomal territory, knew practically all there was to be known about his profession, which was accounted at least as honourable as any other in those parts. But when he swore in open *durbar* (gathering) that he would break the record of the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles (better known as the Unsleeping Regiment) by taking one of their rifles he did not stipulate for a suitable night. For, he said, throwing out his chest and swaggering as only a Mohmand Pathan can, he could get past their sentries any night he chose. It would be child's play for him, Raisul Makmud the Fox.

It was in open *durbar* in his own village, a village that was about as accessible to the forces of the British Raj as a vulture's nest to a herd of elephants, he made that

The Unsleeping Regiment

The Rifle-thieves Know that Sentries Nod when Nights are Coldest in the Hills

By Garnett Radcliffe

boast. All the village elders and many others were present and heard. And that his words were not greeted with open shouts of derision was purely due to the fact that the rifle-thief was a hot-tempered person and almost as good with a knife as he was at creeping through barbed wire.

For there was a proverb in that village to the effect that when Raisul Makmud secured one of the Unsleeping Regiment's rifles the sky would rain gold. That regiment was the one blot on his reputation, the solitary peak he had failed to climb. He had tried three times and had failed, on the last occasion sustaining a wound that would have incapacitated any one save a wiry Mohmand. And on that occasion, more than a year previously, he had saved his face by proclaiming that the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles were in league with the Devil and therefore to be shunned by every honest Mohmand rifle-thief.

And now this sudden *volte-face*! Not in his cups and bragging to confidants, but in public *durbar* where men talk seriously! It seemed to his hearers he must suddenly have gone mad. They glanced at one another across the fire and hid their smiles in their beards.

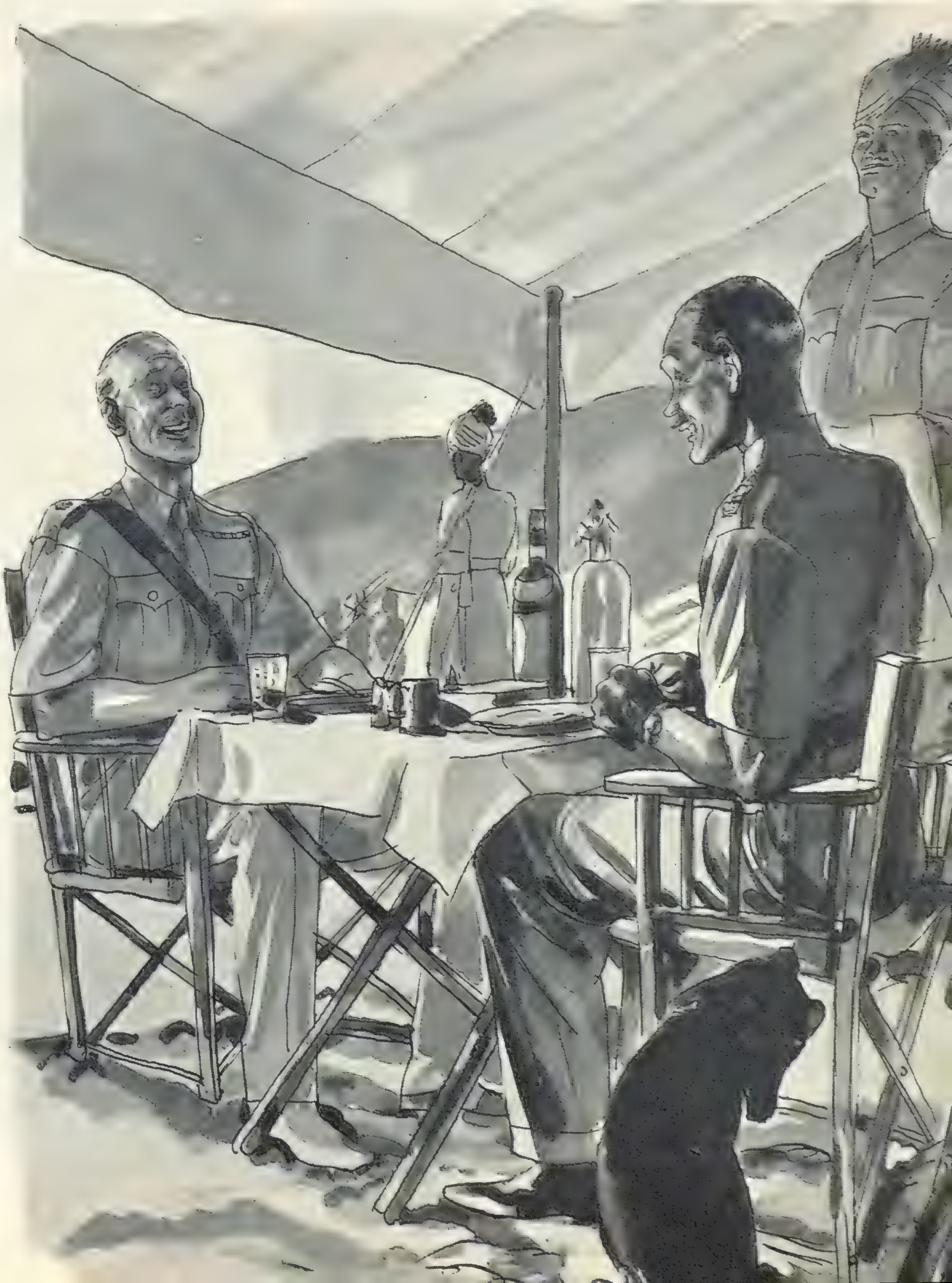
Raisul Makmud was smiling for a different reason. His nickname for obvious reasons was the Fox, and he looked like a fox that night. Picking up a handful of sand, he tossed it in the air.

" So much for the Unsleeping Regiment! They're only water-carriers dressed to look like soldiers. The legend of their cunning and vigilance has existed too long. If they've never lost a rifle, as the legend runs, they're going to lose one shortly. I, Raisul Makmud, can stroll past their so-called sentries as if they were so many piles of *bhoosa* (hay) and take one any time I like."

It was the village headman who answered. He was an old man now, but in his youth had been almost as noted a rifle-thief as Raisul. And he too had met his Waterloo in the Unsleeping Regiment.

He spoke thoughtfully.

" In future, methinks, Raisul the Fox will have to be known as Raisul the Grasshopper. You remember the tale, brothers? The grasshopper, going to visit his sick mother, had to cross a mountain whose peak touched the sky. ' One day when I've got time,' he chirped, ' I will sweep this little heap of dust into the sea.' "



HE recounted the story to the colonel of the " Unsleeping Regiment " as a good joke

There was a roar of laughter, in which Raisul Makmud joined as heartily as any.

"And a flea to whom what was really a little dust loomed like a mountain called him a boaster!" he said.

"Meaning that I am a flea?" the village headman asked sharply.

"Nay, *lambadar sahib*, for I am a man. But were I Raisul the Grasshopper I might not be able to judge so clearly."

That was too involved for the village headman and he tried another tack.

"So you are Raisul the Man! Then why does Raisul the Man wish to rob the Unsleeping Regiment for a *second* time? It is but a year since he visited them—and brought back a Government bullet in his chest taken from the camp."

The *durbar* rocked, but Raisul remained imperturbable.

"True, *lambadar sahib*. Last year I took a bullet, this year I will take a rifle. A Brutten rifle with dial sights such as have been lately issued to the Unsleeping Regiment alone of all the regiments on the Frontier. It was an honour paid by the Government of the British Raj to that regiment because they alone have never had a rifle stolen."

"And you will take one of *those* rifles!" the headman cried incredulously.

"Certainly." Raisul smiled. "A few weeks hence the Unsleeping Regiment will be leaving Gilgat, where they are now stationed, and returning to their depot. They will spend one night on the camping-ground at the mouth of the Gilgat Ravine. On that night, no matter whether it be cold or warm, and no matter whether there be a moon or not, I will take the rifle. Shall we have a wager on the matter? If I fail I will give you a quarter of my holding of tilled ground, and if I bring back the rifle you will give me—what?

"The weight of every mountain you can see from here in solid gold," the *lambadar* said promptly. "You are talking like a fool, Raisul. In my youth it was said that the Kuttucks of the Unsleeping Regiment could see through rocks and hear scorpions like galloping horses, and they tell me they are now as they were then."

"Doubly since the Government has entrusted them with the Brutten rifles," a younger man put in, speaking from sad experience.

"Then all the more reason for making the wager," Raisul cried. "Come, *lambadar sahib*, are you so averse to gaining a piece of good ground? Or can it be that though you say I speak foolishly, you think otherwise in your heart?"

The headman stared at him. This was Raisul the Fox and he seemed utterly confident. On the other hand, there was the reputation of the Unsleeping Regiment. The headman thought of all the legends he had heard about the uncanny vigilance of the Kuttucks and took heart.

"All right, Raisul," he said. "Far be it from me to stand between a fool and his folly. I will make a wager. If you return alive bringing with you a Brutten rifle stolen from the Unsleeping Regiment, I will give you four camels, a year's store of feed and —and all my wife's gold ornaments."

"Four dying camels, the hay that poisoned them, and two toe-rings!" Raisul Makmud sneered. "Am I to risk my life for those?"

"And what of your land?" the headman screamed. "There's not space to bury a dead mule on its side even if it were possible to remove the rocks. But since I am anxious to prove you a liar and a boaster, I will also offer——"

A Mohmand enjoys bargaining as much as a Donegal peasant. To a stranger it would have appeared that bloodshed was imminent. In reality custom was being observed. The headman, who was wealthy, increased his offer by fractions of a camel at a time; other village worthies (gambling ranks second only to rifle-stealing as a Mohmand pastime) joined in with smaller offers, and after about three hours Raisul Makmud stood to win what would make him a wealthy man for life. Being too hoarse to bargain any longer, he raised his hand in token of assent.

"So be it," he said. "In return for what is offered I will secure the Brutten rifle from the Unsleeping Regiment on the night I named."

The headman had never heard of the expression "Sez you!" but his grunt was its precise equivalent in Pushtu.

THERE is a saying to the effect that no man can keep either his wife or a secret on the North-West Frontier. Whatever truth there be in the former assertion, the latter is undeniable. And Raisul had spoken in open *durbar* before many witnesses. Within twenty-four hours of his uttering the boast it was being discussed and laughed about from Chaman to Abbotabad, and those who laughed the most heartily of all were the men of the Unsleeping Regiment themselves.

A political officer brought the tale in the first instance. He had had it from a travelling Baluch pedlar, and he recounted it to the colonel of the Unsleeping Regiment as a good joke.

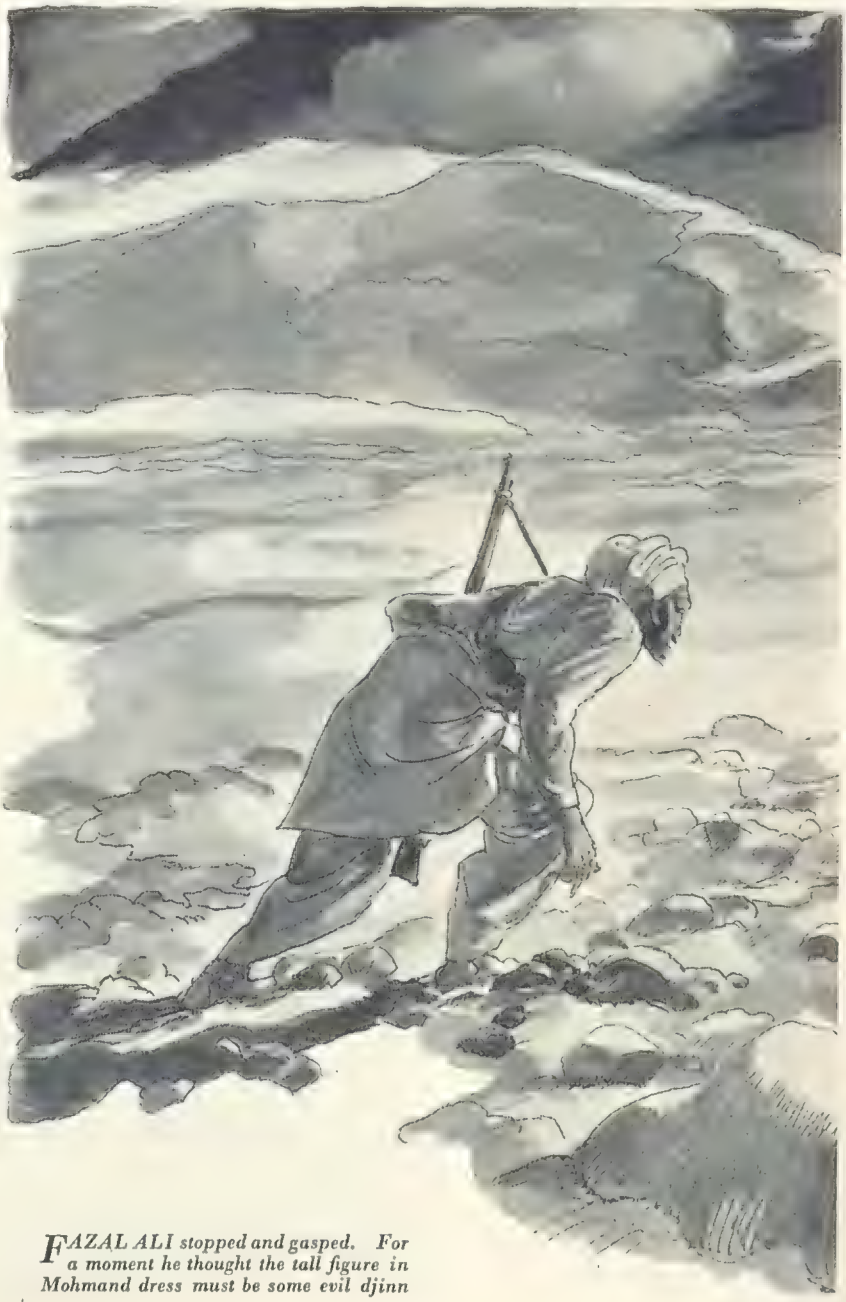
The colonel roared, as the P.O. had known he would. He had unlimited confidence in the ability of his hawk-eyed, cat-eared Kuttucks to protect their rifles.

"Kind of him to give us notice beforehand," he said. "How long has he been mad?"

At mess that evening the colonel repeated the story to his second-in-command as an example of the stupidity and boastfulness of Mohmand rifle-thieves. The second-in-command repeated it to the adjutant, who in his turn told the company commanders. After that the story percolated down through the ranks of the Unsleeping Regiment like spilt water through sand. From subaltern to subadar, from subadar to jemidar and from the jemidars to the N.C.O's and sepoys it sank down, down, down until it reached rock-bottom, which was Sepoy Fazal Ali.

At Fazal Ali it stopped, since it could sink no lower. He was the opposite pole of the Unsleeping Regiment to the colonel. He was the most junior, the youngest, the smallest, the rawest member of the Unsleeping Regiment. Indeed, he shouldn't have been in it at all, but his prayers and lamentations had over-persuaded a recruiting officer into passing him as fit for the army.

Had he done his official duty and rejected him, Fazal Ali's



FAZAL ALI stopped and gasped. For a moment he thought the tall figure in Mohmand dress must be some evil djinn little heart must have broken. He was the son of an ex-havildar; he had imbibed tales of the glorious traditions of the Unsleeping Regiment with his mother's milk. He believed it to be the greatest regiment in the world and to belong to it to be the greatest honour any man could win.

The day he first donned the uniform of the Unsleeping Regiment—a distinctive uniform with blue puttees and silver buttons—he almost wept with pride. That the other sepoys had laughed at him, saying that his Kuttuck turban was larger than himself, had worried him not at all. And another even more splendid moment had been when the armourer-havildar had issued him with the brand-new Brutten rifle that was to be his comrade throughout his service.

" Here you are, hop-o'-my-thumb," said the burly armourer-havildar. " You can crawl down the barrel instead of using a pull-through. And when you want to fire her you can sit on the trigger and push hard."

But Fazal Ali, clinging to the rifle as if he feared it might be snatched from his hands, was too happy to mind what he said.

When the story about Raisul Makmud's boast reached him he laughed much louder and longer than the colonel had done. A Mohmand rob the Unsleeping Regiment! New boys and newly joined soldiers alike should be seen and not heard, and his mirth earned him the rebuke of an older sepoy called Amir Din, who was a year senior to Fazal Ali.

" Be silent, little fool! " Amir Din snarled. " What do *you* know about Mohmand rifle-thieves that you should laugh? They say that Raisul Makmud the Fox could take the puppies from a jackal's den without disturbing the dam."

" Then Allah must have protected you in your youth," Fazal Ali said rudely, and then dodged a kick.

He disliked Amir Din, who bullied him more than any other man in the platoon. Amir Din, he considered, was not worthy of the Unsleeping Regiment. He was only a low-caste Kuttuck who had enlisted to escape the consequences of a knife brawl.

Amir Din glared at him.

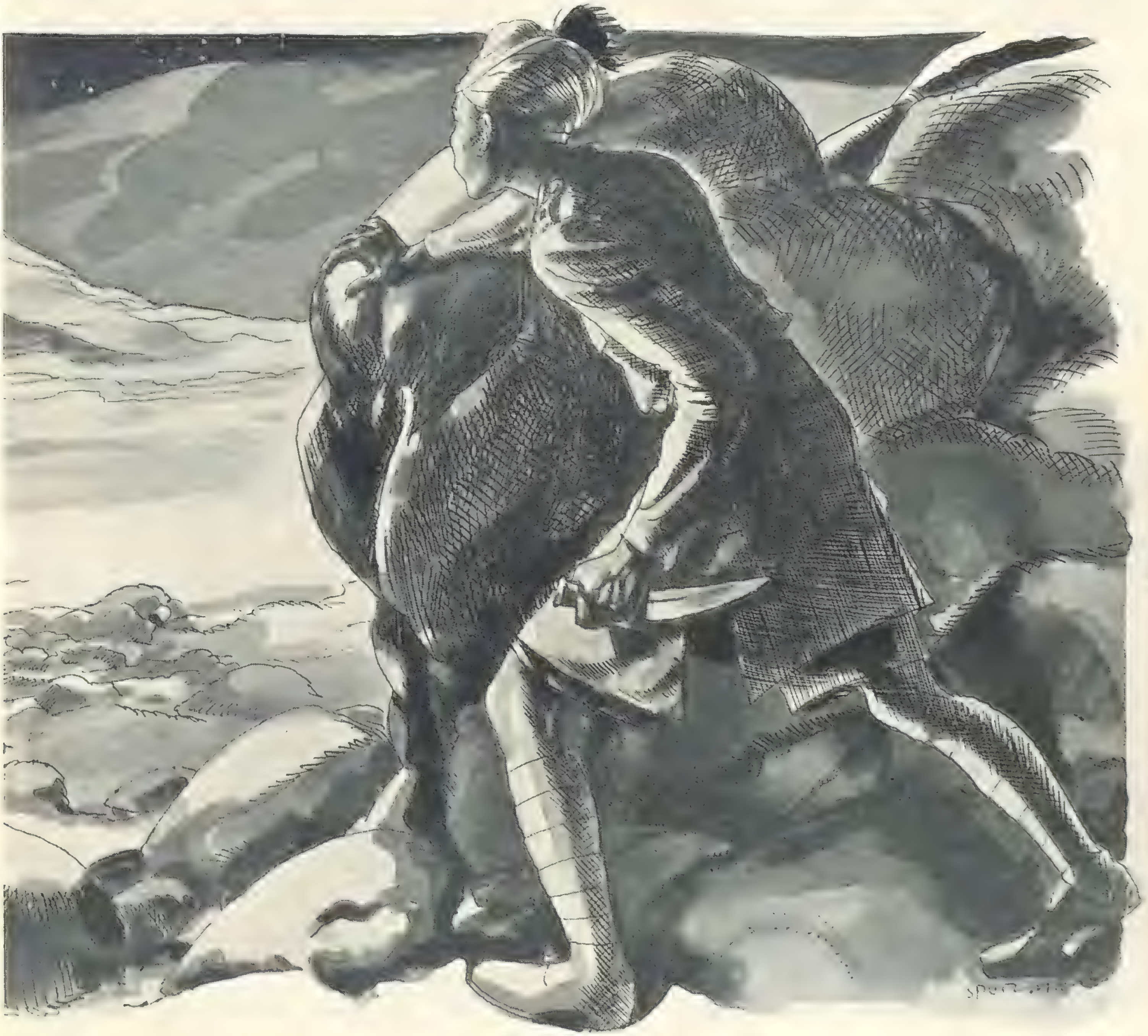
" You that could protect a rifle no better than a gnat! " he sneered. " You'll sing a different tune if the Mohmand steals it from you! "

SOME weeks passed and the story of Raisul Makmud was forgotten. The expected orders for the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles F.F. to return from Gilgat to the winter depot at Siran Khot had arrived and everyone was busy. It was a fortnight's trek across rough, shale-strewn country where water was scarce and enemies abounded. They had to march in fighting formation, with pickets on the hill-tops and their advance guard in open order, for it was a land that had witnessed the ambushing and cutting up of many a fine regiment.

But the Fifty-second knew the game. Also, their reputation for alertness saved them a lot of trouble. It's no fun ambushing a regiment that strikes back hard and quickly, and the Mohmands watched their passing with sullen eyes and from a safe distance, leaving the Unsleeping Regiment to swing its way proudly across a cowed land.

But vigilance was not relaxed. Especially at night, when the robbers from the outlaw villages were on the prowl, were their precautions stringent. They had more to lose than their rifles. In their trust was a record unique on the North-West Frontier that had stood for seventy-odd years.

Never in its annals had the Unsleeping (*Continued on page* 120)



THEY ARE SURE TO EAT TOO MUCH, SO THIS IS WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Ices, chocolate, savouries; plum-cake, cream cakes, marzipan; sausages, walnuts, trifles—how the youngsters tuck in at Christmas parties . . .

No wonder that wakeful nights follow, nights when some irate member of the family is bound to say to the ailing one: "Next time you go to a party, never, *never* again be such a pig."

Half the fun of Christmas would vanish for children if they had to cut out the goodies. But children would never be the worse for mixed feeding if they could only be persuaded to masticate their food before they swallow it.

Unfortunately for the children, even if they set out with every intention of chewing, once at a party, it is so much easier to swallow fast and go on quickly to the next good thing that they forget all about it.

The consequence is—well, here are some tips on how to avoid all but the best consequences.

First, find out what they have eaten. If it appears to you to have been over-plentiful and too mixed—no supper. Half a pint of hot water to drink instead—water that has boiled and is on the cool—with half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in it.

That will aid digestion, settle acidity, or bring up over-abundance, right away. The child will not wake up with that alarming feeling of distension which so acutely affects young children; nor will it have nightmares.

Sound sleep will be obtained, however uproarious or over-exciting the party may have been. And sound sleep is essential after any big meal, because the organs have been given so much to do. Sleep will be all the sounder if the child is allowed to sleep high; give it two pillows if one is customary, and one pillow if it usually sleeps flat.

This also applies to grown-ups; there would be fewer disturbing digestion effects after a big party if they slept high.

The notion seems to prevail that after party feeding a purgative is wise. It is usually given in the nursery, and frequently taken by adults. And it should be quite unnecessary. The whole value of rich over-feeding is that it stimulates the organs into fulfilling their functions perfectly and without further aid.

What children and grown-ups need after a big feed is:

Ample rest, a balanced diet, and deep breathers at an open window, because rooms are generally overheated and overcrowded, and there is a deficiency of oxygen. Oxygen generates energy and enables the organs to do their work.

If there has been a surplus on the side of chocolate biscuits, cakes, chestnut stuffing and starch foods. . . veer to oranges and fruit next day.

No child can hurt on a diet of orange-juice alone, especially if it has the pressed juice of nine oranges.

If ices, creams and trifles constitute the surplus—rusks or bread baked crisp in the oven will counteract the richness of all this cream next day. No butter. Plain soups, such as veal or chicken stock, or beef-tea. Keep off vegetables and fruit.

If dried figs, almonds, raisins and walnuts are fighting their way through the body, give plenty to drink. Hot water and hot milk with Ovaltine. Bread and butter, with not too much butter on it. A slice of cold turkey or meat. Watercress, celery, but not other vegetables.

If sausages or meats have been too varied and too large in helpings, cabbage is as good an antidote next day as anything.

And if it is just general overfeeding, a day in bed on hot water and a mild fast will put a liver attack out of the question.

If, by any chance, diarrhœa sets in, resort to a purge, and let it be castor-oil.

In the case of a succession of parties, let the children rest in between on a diet that is almost non-existent. Plain soups are always best in this case, with unbuttered rusks, unless the preponderance of chocolate and starched foods has made it advisable to veer to orange juice.

Soups always supply concentrated food, and give the organs little to do.

One of the small dangers in a succession of parties is that the children may develop colds, either catch germs or be the victims of catarrh due to fatigue.

If you suspect them of having caught a germ, give Avolium—to be procured at any chemist or from the British Pharmaceutical Society—as the vitamin A in this product destroys the cold-germ.

Should catarrh come from fatigue, then a nasal douche of Endrine will dispose of it.

And if the weather is wet when they are going to parties, always rub the soles of their feet with camphorated oil, as this is the very finest cold-preventive.

Once again, always remember that if the children are pursuing a round of entertainment, they are exhausting themselves every bit as much—although in a different way—as if they were working hard at school. So the rule in between is Rest—rest—rest.

Beauty Moves

By Chrysis

Cosmetics will only work satisfactorily on a skin that is smooth and a face that is ship-shape. Or else they look like paint.

A nightly fifteen minutes cleansing, nourishing and *exercising* your face with the correct foods is more flattering and constructive to your looks than a finely balanced dinner is to your health. After all, you can always make up on other meals, but it is night treatment in the main that counts with our face.

Night treatment keeps age at bay and desirability in view.

There is nothing very new *in name* about Yardley's Creams and Lotions, but there is a great deal that is new in value. Not only are they superfine but they invariably achieve what they set out to do. *They enliven and beautify.* And their fragrance straightway bestows a sense of well-being.

The Liquefying Cream is the quickest liquefier that can be met with, and it smells exactly as though all summer scents had been caught and embalmed for you. It does deep-pore cleanse and float dirt to the surface, and is best used after washing the face with Fern Soap. But if you don't hold with washing the face too often, then two applications of Liquefying Cream will be as good—the first to remove make-up, the second to penetrate and cleanse completely.

After this tired eye-lids can sink on tired eyes in full confidence that the best has been done for the face, if greasiness is wiped off with pads of cotton wool saturated in Toning Lotion.

If the skin is naturally rather oily, wipe off with Toning Lotion and then slap smartly with a pad saturated in Astringent Lotion.

And I had almost forgotten, what we all so often forget, the neck. Don't cut your face off at the jaw and chin. Take your Liquefying Cream right down to the base of the throat, also your Toning Lotion, *and always follow it up with a slapping with Astringent Lotion over the neck, as this braces the tissues and prevents oncoming crepiness.*

If your skin is very dry, it is best to apply Yardley's Nourishing Cream over the face and throat after the Toning Lotion. Massage it well in and leave it on all night; apply it every night until dryness has been counteracted.

This need only be done every second night, if your skin is normal.

If your skin is oily, give it a touch of Nourishing Cream every third night after the Toning Lotion; and then remove it after a few minutes once again with Toning Lotion, and finish by slapping up with Astringent Lotion.

Always wash an oily skin in the morning, and re-slap with Astringent Lotion before powdering.

A normal skin can either be given a tepid water rinse in the morning or treated with Complexion Milk, before spreading on a film of Foundation Cream for powder.

A dry skin should be treated first with Complexion Milk and then with Foundation Cream, always—until dryness has been counteracted.

Try out this very simple method of skin-care, and if within a fortnight your beauty does not move—improve—it will be that something is radically wrong. In which case, write to me.

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Lipstick

Just as we have become used to hearing about lipstick that has no tinge of blue in it, blue is deliberately re-introduced to lipstick, because the orange shades that have been so fashionable clash with the winter clothes of wine-red and purple.

Yardley's have two lovely new shades, cherry and medium, in tones of the most romantic and satisfying carmine. The tinge of blue in them is just sufficient to match the winter colourings, and they are guaranteed not to go bluer.

Rouge comes out in the same shades, cherry for blondes, medium for brunettes, and you can have the medium nail-varnish.

Eye-Shadow

The new-born violet eye-shadow is the one for you, whether your eyes are green, or brown, or blue. It will enlarge them, soften them, and bewitch.

This violet eye-shadow combines with carmine rouge to draw up all the hidden violet in your clothes (there is hidden violet in every shade, even black) and reflect it in your eyes. The effect is surprising. It deepens and enhances. And the eye-shadow is not in the least heavy, quite the reverse. It imparts a touch to the lids that is ineffable; most becoming. Yardley's have it.

Face Powder

Have you heard of the one that has three star qualities? It is damp-resisting; ultra-fine, but stays put; does not change colour.

Certain powders do incline to cake and go yellow. Not this one. It can be had in all shades; it softens the face but is undetectable. In truth, it is as though Yardley's had wished a perfect complexion on you. And it is faintly impregnated with their Bond Street perfume.

It is scarcely necessary to use any foundation cream with this powder, but if you are in the habit of doing so, then use Yardley's foundation cream, because its constituents blend to form the perfect mask for you with the powder.

SIT DOWN IN COMFORT

There is something terribly haphazard about chairs in the average home. They appear in many cases to have come there by accident. They carry the stamp of essential but ungainly units in the furnishing scheme.

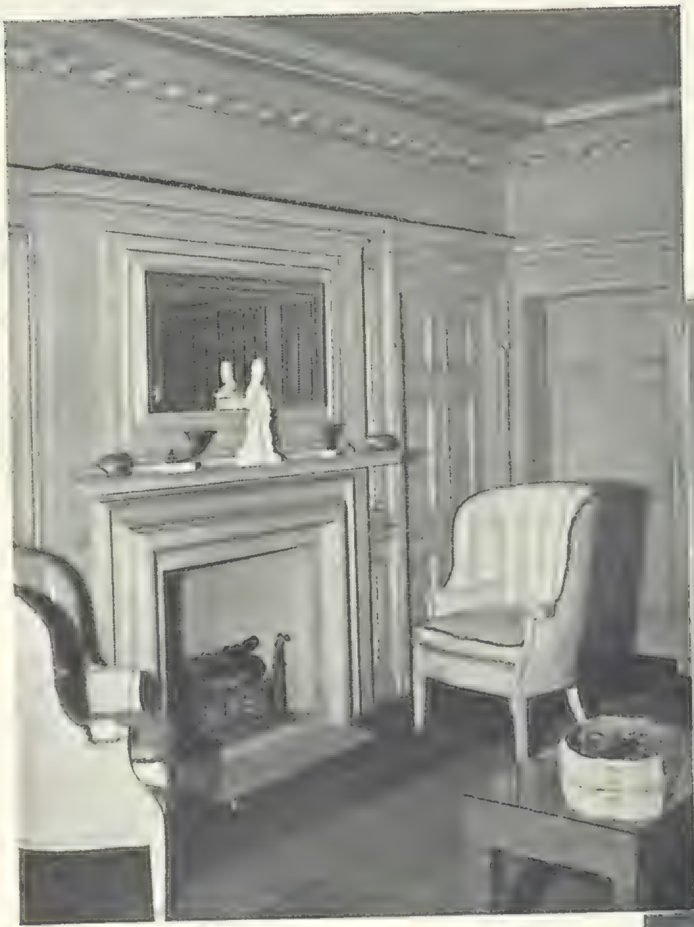
Instead of fitting perfectly into the background and meeting the requirements of beauty as well as comfort they stand there awkwardly, just as ready to hack you on the shin as to provide a resting-place.

In the furniture shop we are apt to examine a proffered chair and, finding it comfortable and apparently well made, to choose it without another thought.

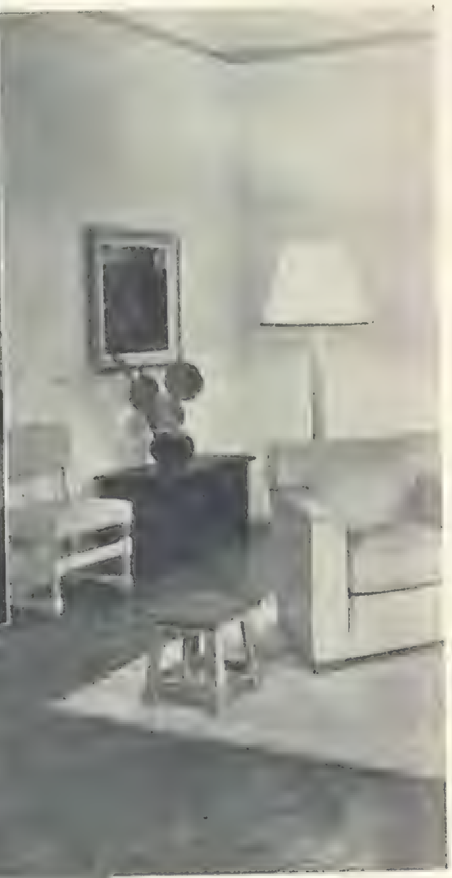
But in the ultimate test of comfort there is more to consider than soft upholstery and good springs.

In choosing chairs for a particular room the size should be carefully considered in relation to the space available, the shape in relation to the furniture with which it must combine.

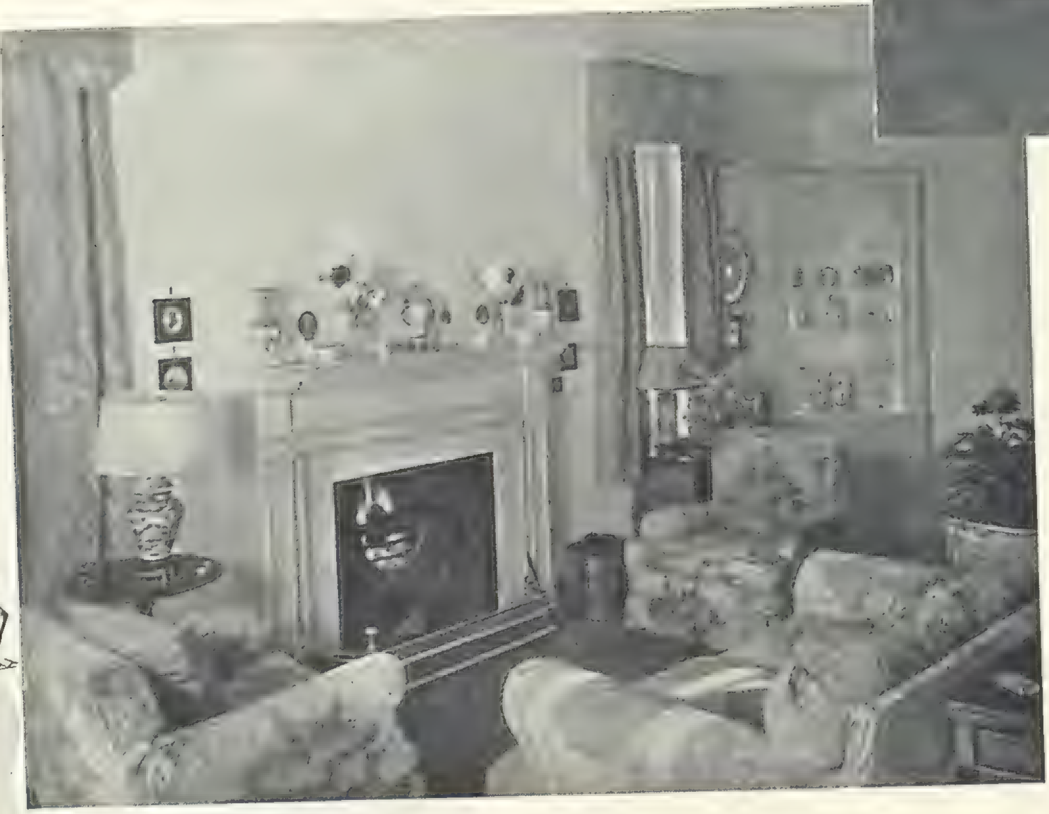
The final beauty and comfort of a room depend upon the harmonisation of each unit; upon room to stand up as well as upon room to sit down. A room furnished with the most luxurious easy chairs can be

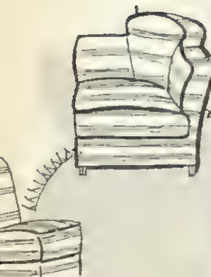


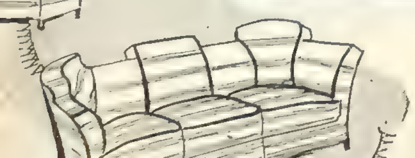
Easy chairs elegantly proportioned give the finish to a hall simply panelled in white. The chair covering is of white washable hide edged with blue fringe to match the rug



Hide in pastel colourings brings an appearance of fragile delicacy to the scheme in which it is used, but its practical features are equal to that of the strongest leather. This room is made lovely with parchment walls, pickled pine woodwork and easy chairs in hide to match the walls

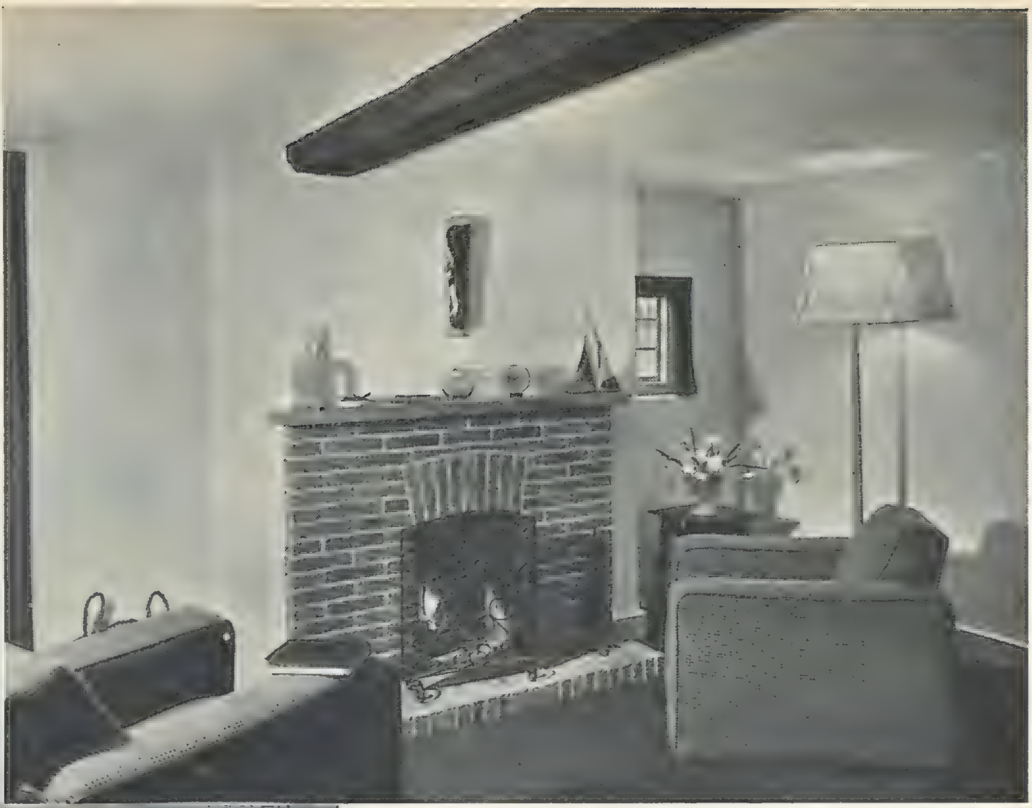


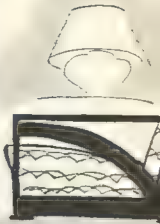


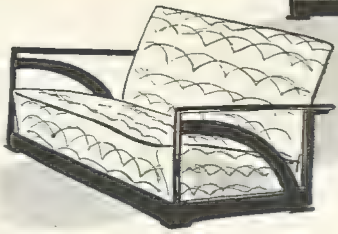


Luxurious comfort is exemplified in the lounge chairs and settee in this room, but generous proportions are not always practicable in modern rooms, in which case the sectional settee sketched on the left is the perfect solution. This three-section stuff-over, all-hair settee is made by Hampton's

An example of the modern room made by the modern chair. The walls are off-white and the easy chairs are upholstered in brown and white check. The Minty Neo-craft chairs sketched alongside offer themselves as a worthy alternative where consideration of space is important. The frames are in solid oak, mahogany or walnut. They are upholstered in pure hair and the seats are fitted with special double springing. Seats and backs are removable







far from comfortable if they are ungainly, unsuited to the character of the scheme, and not sufficiently varied in design.

The three-piece suite is a convention from which it would be well in most small houses to escape. Excellent as it is for some purposes it hardly ever adapts itself well to restricted space.

A settee and two chairs of identical design occupy too much valuable floor space and will not adapt themselves to circumstances. At the same time they offer only one kind of comfort, whereas each individual has his own ideas of what is restful.

The chairs which furnish a room should offer comfort to tall and short, fat and thin. It is not at all essential to turn your home into a furniture showroom to accomplish this.

If we remember when buying chairs that the low-slung, spacious type of chair which is an oasis of comfort to big people is overpowering and even tiring for little ones, we are more likely to choose wisely.

Each room should have at least one spacious chair, capable of accommodating the biggest comer in comfort. There should be a chair different in shape and size, in which it is possible to relax and yet to sew or knit in comfort; a high-backed chair for those who prefer a head-rest—as many do—and a little chair that can be drawn close to the fire or carried without effort to any point of the room at which it may be required.

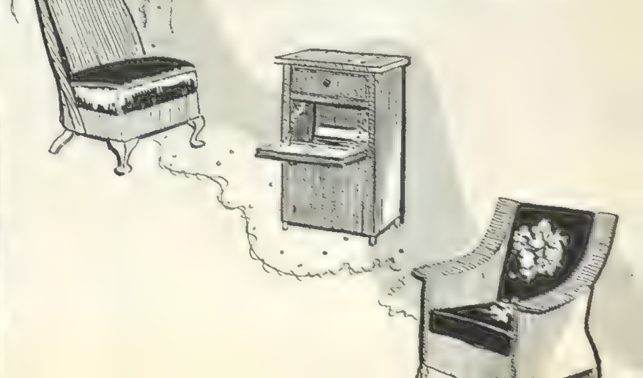
Coverings are essentially decorative, but they play an important part in the comfort of chairs.

Leather and hide are beautiful to look at and second to none for durability, but they lack the inviting softness of woollen textures.

In a room where the

(*Continued on page* 134)

The chintz-hung bedroom calls for the colouring of Lloyd Loom chairs. Below are two types, the hollow-backed kind with sprung velvet seat and the padded back with spiral spring seat and spring cushion. The bedside table is also of woven fibre



WOMAN'S TALK

BY JEAN BURNUP

People who get all worked up about this kind of thing have been getting all worked up about the hat with evening dress style launched this autumn with a tra-la-la of trumpets, and subsequently *verboten* by the town's smartest restaurants and night clubs.

Ladies who fancied themselves in their nice new evening hats have found themselves practically blackballed from all the exclusive night-life haunts. The restaurant and night club people's story was that it was the thin edge of the wedge. Allow a hat, and you soon concede some further informality in dress. Finally, women will refuse to dress up altogether, and then what will happen to the poor little luxury trade? As restaurant and night club people don't exactly enjoy turning money from the door, they must have felt the thing pretty strongly. Apparently, feeling ran high on both sides.

Anyway, the end of this story, if you care, is that at the Paris mid-season collections, hardly an evening hat was shown.

Some people were coming to dinner. I had rushed home from the office to do the flowers and the salad dressing, to be, in fact, a touch-giver, which is Dorothy Parker's name for one who gives those little touches that turn a house into a home.

Right in the middle of touch-giving, the lights fused.

The horrible hoddeyedo which followed would have been avoided if I had known the most elemental thing about electricity, instead of being, like so many women, scared to death of it.

So I learned how to mend a fuse, and it is so simple that I am going to teach you.

Turn off the main switch. Remove the fuse from the fuse box and get rid of the old piece of wire by unscrewing the two small screws.

Cut off a new piece of wire—always keep fuse wire in the house—and wind it twice round the first screw. Then gently tighten the screw. Thread the wire through the little asbestos tunnel or over the bridge, wind the wire round the second screw, and gently tighten that. Place the fuse back in the box, switch on, and you're almost an electrician.

Since women *will* wear cyclamen, fuchsia, petunia, parma, purple, violet, and bright rust this winter, not to mention all the wine shades and all the violet blue shades and magentas, it seems that they have got to do something about matching their faces to these exciting but difficult colours.

It also seems that the whole thing has been thought out already by Elizabeth Arden, who has ever been a one for cosmetic colour harmony, in relation to fashion.

Correct make-ups for every new colour of the winter, from foundation to nail varnish, are listed in her new chart, which is worth quite a lot to you, but will cost you nothing at all. Just write for it.

Right through all the new rouges and lipsticks there is an insistence on bluish tones which doesn't sound so good as it looks.

Arden's are particularly proud of a new maquillage for all the cyclamen shades. The rouge, lipstick and nail varnish are definitely and startlingly cyclamen, the foundation and powders light and delicate, the whole extraordinarily effective.

It took a climate like ours to discover—and at Manchester of all places—Velan, a new process by which any material, silk, wool or cotton, can be made waterproof. Not as you and I think of waterproof, in terms of mackintoshes. With this process the fabric looks and feels the same ever after. And it is unaffected by cleaning.

At a demonstration, we watched water, tea and lemonade being poured over dresses, Velan processed. The dresses refused to get either wet or stained.

Imperial Chemical Industries, who are responsible for this discovery—it is a derivative of coal tar—say it is simple and cheap to make, that manufacturers can instal the plant and quite easily proof their own materials.

Let it rain.

When it comes to neutralising acidity—and it has to come to most of us who eat rich foods and drink goodness knows what—you go a long way before you find anything better than Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It makes the pain sort of melt away.

Lots of women use it as a face pack too, finding that it just as successfully neutralises external acid secretions, which reveal themselves in coarse texture, enlarged pores, blemishes, flaky skin.

So one day the makers of milk of magnesia sat down quietly and thought, "If women want it for their faces, why not put this ingredient into a more easily handled cream?"

Well, it took a long time. These things do. Finally they have come along with a couple of creams, both containing milk of magnesia, and both acting like magic on acid skins.

More Facts of Life. . . . The thing that gets on the nerves of every good secretary is her files. Sometimes she lies awake thinking of them. She gets desperate, hating the responsibility of having thousands of old papers and letters in her care. She even thinks of leaving, but, of course, doesn't, because she knows that a new job will simply mean taking over a new lot of letters and papers. . . . The most maddening small irritation in the world is to be called to the telephone when you're busy and to be told "Just a moment, please," then left, suspended in eternity. . . . It's all rubbish about husbands only wanting to see their wives looking fresh and sweet and immaculate. Don't let yourself go, that's common sense. But it does good to all husbands to see wives doing things to their hair or faces sometimes. It gives them a feeling of male superiority. Besides, no man likes an eternal diet of caviare. . . . Women who stand outside animal shows with banners protesting cruelty to animals are quite often quite cruel to human beings. . . .

Christmas Kaleidoscope

Now that Christmas is approaching
We have joined the shopping queue,
And to show our public spirit
We have chosen gifts for you.
For you know you must shop early,
Otherwise you 'll miss the bus.
Don't get worried, scan these pages,
Get your list, and lean on us.

1. Schiaparelli's new "Shocking" series, comprising perfume, in its amusing bottle, powder and lipstick.

2. Barbara Gould's travelling Beauty Case with fitted tray, which can be lifted out and placed in a drawer at the journey's end. Case in black or red Morocco with mirror lid, £3 12s. 6d.

3. Celanese crêpe de Chine underwear, diaphanous yet durable, is obtainable in matching sets. Here you see French knickers and vest, 9/11 each. Nightdress and slip to match, 18/11 and 13/11 respectively.

4. Tattoo lipsticks, made in five exciting shades, price 4/6 each, can be chosen to suit all types by means of this Tattoo Selector.

5. Gift set of Innoxa's refreshing Tonic Bath Salts and soap. Obtainable in Gardenia, Eau de Cologne, Lavender and Rose, price 10/-.

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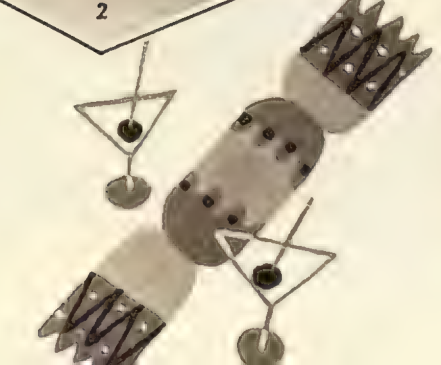

Perfumes, jewels, stockings, bath salts—
If you're stumped it won't be our faults.

1. A flacon of Houbigant's delightful "Demi-Jour" perfume, 21/-.

2. A useful trio of Helen Grant's beauty preparations.

3. Aristoc stockings, from 3/11 to 10/6 a pair, are packed in attractive Christmas cartonettes ready for post.

4. Potter and Moore's famous Mitcham Lavender Water, talcum powder, powder cream and bath crystals, in an attractive gift coffret, price 5/-.

5. Mabie Todd's new sacless Visofil Swan Pen. In black, grey, green and ruby, price 25/-.

6. This useful Leichner Beauty Set, with mirror lid, contains every make-up need. Price 25/-.

7. Coffret, containing "Phūl-Nānā" perfume and gilt engine-turned compact, 21/-.

8. Ciro's baguette cut diamond bracelet, set in platinette, costs only two guineas.

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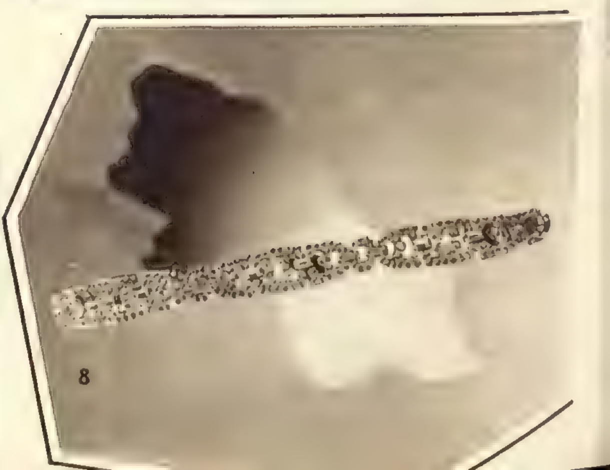
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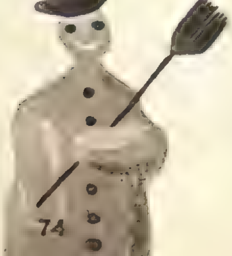

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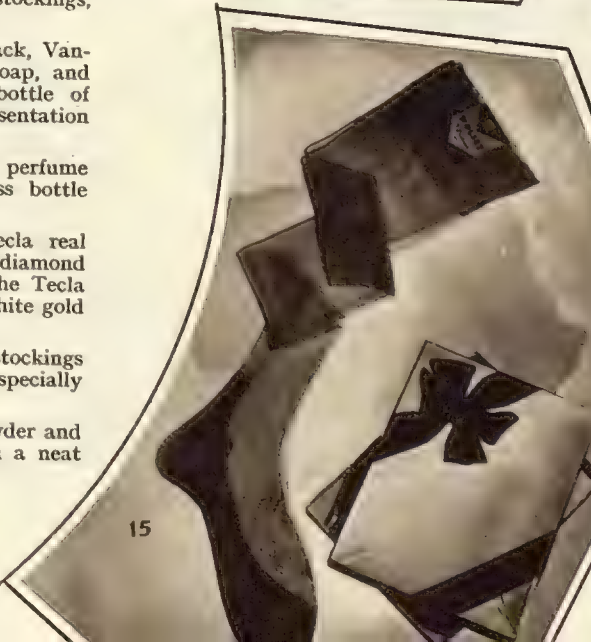
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9. A gift set of toilet luxuries includes "4711" Eau de Cologne, talcum powder, and oxygenised bath cubes. Price 7/6.

10. A green and gold casket containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, face powder, skin freshener and cleansing tissues, costs 2/-.

11. Two pairs of Mirrasilk 4/11 stockings in a decorative golden casket cost 9/9. The book box, packed with three pairs of ballito 2/- stockings, is 5/11.

12. The new Dubarry flapjack, Vanessa face powder, Vanessa soap, and a leakproof handbag size bottle of perfume, come in a pretty presentation box for 11/9.

13. Millot's Crêpe de Chine perfume in its attractive square glass bottle with marbled top costs 36/-.

14. This semi-choker of Tecla real culture pearls fastens with a diamond clasp. Price 10 guineas. The Tecla pearl and diamond ring, in white gold mount, is £6 6s.

15. Wolsey "Dora Sheer" stockings at 4/11 per pair are packed in specially festive-looking boxes.

16. Tangee lipstick, face powder and crême rouge are contained in a neat gift box. Price 12/6.

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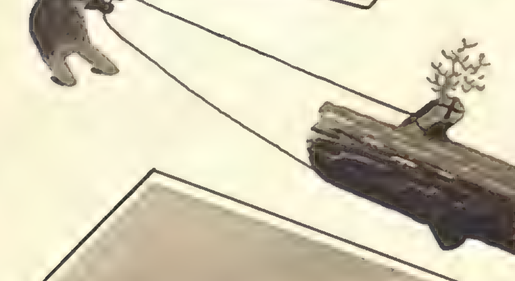

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Aunt Eliza — that's a teaser. Here are gifts we're sure will please her.

1. This Hand and Nail Culture case contains everything for beautiful and healthy nails. Price 8/6.

2. Elizabeth Arden's lipstick in mirror flap case, festively concealed in a Cellophane cracker. Price 8/6.

3. This neat Onoto Pen and Pencil set is made in golden brown "visible ink" material, price 28/6.

4. Atkinson's Gold Medal Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, bath cubes and soap make a delightful present. This coffret is 12/-.

5. Hinds' gift case contains cold cream, vanishing cream, face powder and their famous Honey and Almond Cream. Price 2/-.

6. Bear Brand ringless stockings can now be obtained at 3/11 and 4/11 per pair, and are packed for Christmas in special fancy boxes.

7. Morny's original Library of Bath Salts comprises four books of 12 tablets in Gardenia, June Roses, Pink Lilac, and Tentation perfume. Price 13/-.

8. Cyclax bath powder, bath essence, and skin soap, perfumed with sandal wood, are luxuriously presented in a satin-lined case. Price 20/-.

Smokes for Tony—Bravo, Santa! He's brought father a decanter

9. Coty's Avocado shaving cream and After-Shaving Invisible Talc, in a neat case "Pour Monsieur," price 3/9.

10. Carreras Craven "A" in their festive Christmas Greetings packs are all ready for the post.

11. For changing at the club—a Revelation Expanding Dress Suit Case, in good quality leather. Price £2 12s. 6d.

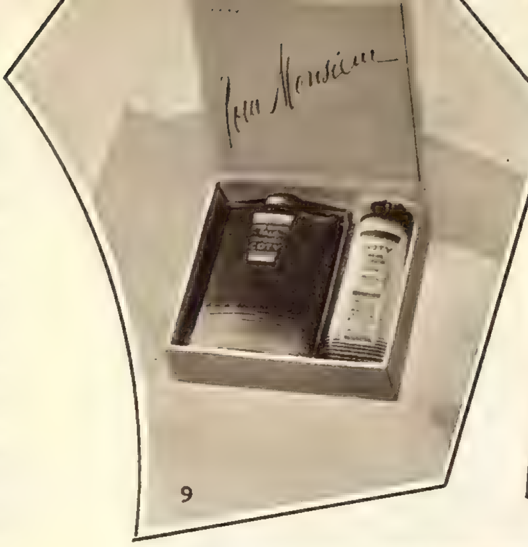
12. A dress-set in imitation onyx and chromium with diamond centres costs only 17/6—all part of the Austin Reed service.

13. A lovely decanter of English cut glass with a silver-mounted rim. £2 2s. from Mappin and Webb.

14. This handsome "Belmore Casket" in sterling silver plate with blue lacquer decoration contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes for 21/-.

15. Player's Navy Cut and Player's Gold Leaf Cigarettes are two favourites, always welcome in their gaily-decorated Christmas packs.

16. Rose Geranium perfume is one that most men like, and Floris has used it for this toilet set, comprising Shaving Stick, After-Shaving Lotion and Toilet Water. Price 10/6.



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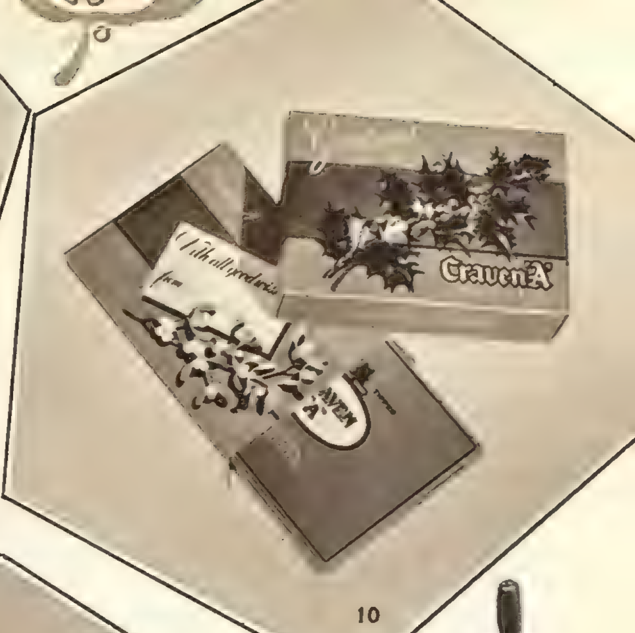

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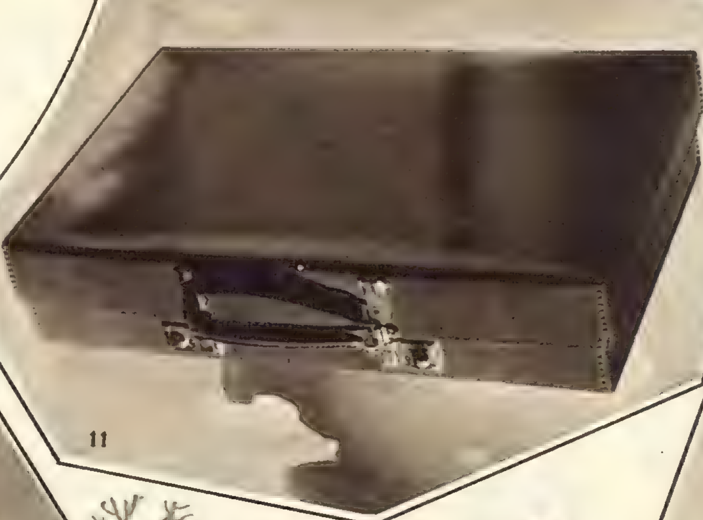

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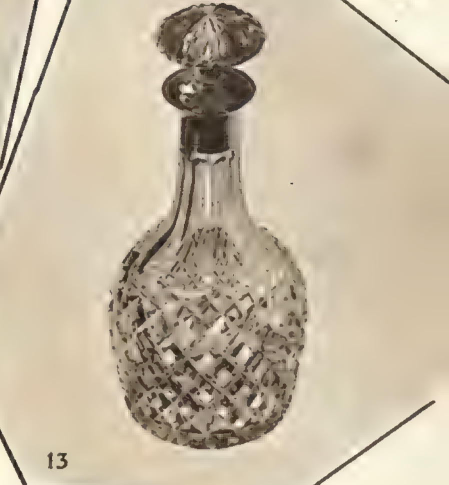

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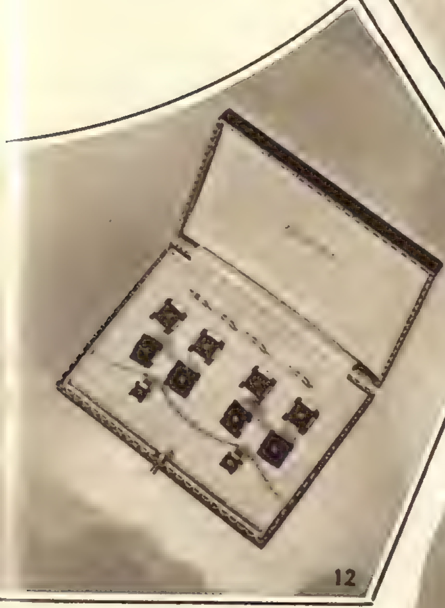

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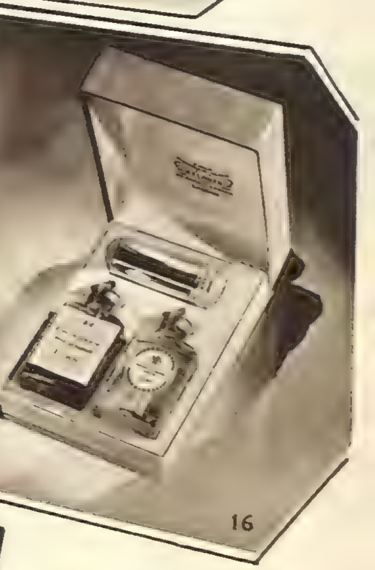

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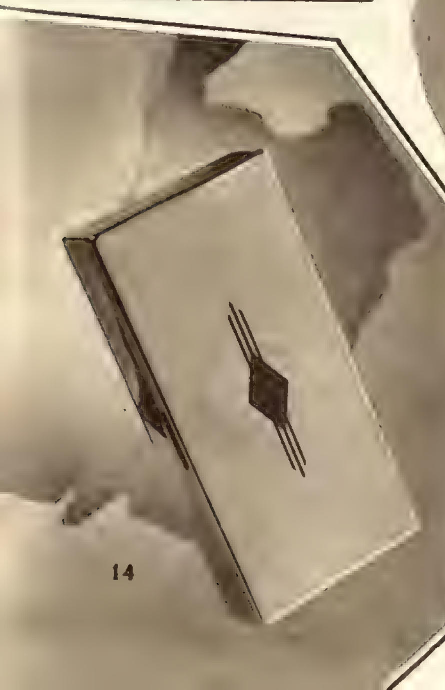

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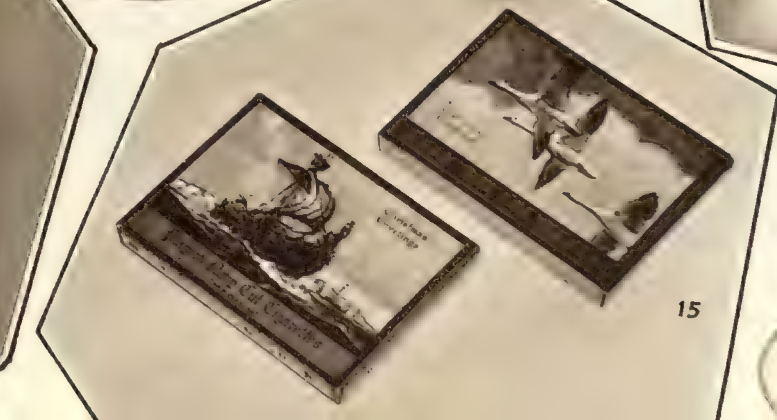

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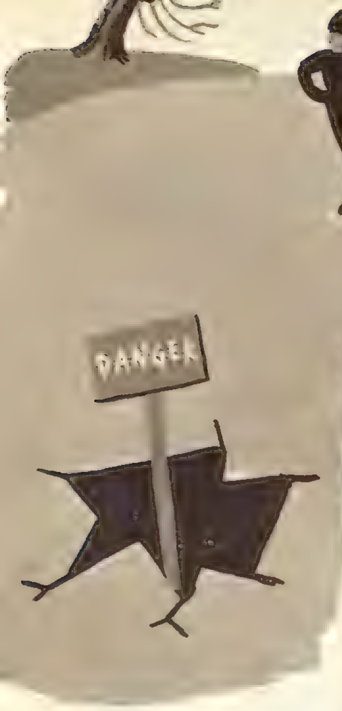


What a good selection this is

Gifts for him from Miss and Mrs.

1. Motorists who appreciate the advantages of a clock which requires no winding, regulating or attention, will welcome Smith's "Empire" Electric clock. Supplied in 6 or 12 volts, price 55/-.

2. A Capstan "Flat Fifty" enclosed in greetings carton (2/6) and a handsome oak cabinet containing 100 Gold Flake cigarettes (6/6).

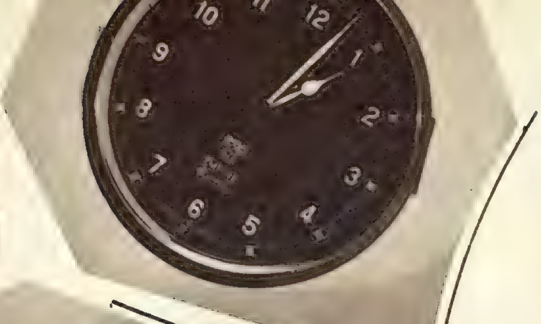
3. Practical for travelling, a neat zip fastening pigskin case containing a pair of military brushes, clothes brush, and comb. Price £3 15s. (Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.).

4. Useful Ever-Ready Spotlight Torch in coloured cellulose enamel with nickel fittings. Price complete with battery and bulb, 5/6. Colours available, olive and grass green, maroon, royal and turquoise blue and deep red.

5. Ronson's new "Banker" lighter, made of dureum, light to carry and of excellent wearing qualities. Price 27/6.

6. A set of K.L.G. Sparking Plugs in a special Christmas pack can be obtained from 20/- upwards, and will be appreciated by owner-drivers.

7. De Reszke Majors, a large and satisfying smoke, in ready-to-post greetings packs in a variety of attractive designs, 2/6 for fifty.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2

3

EVER READY
DRY BATTERY
7
4

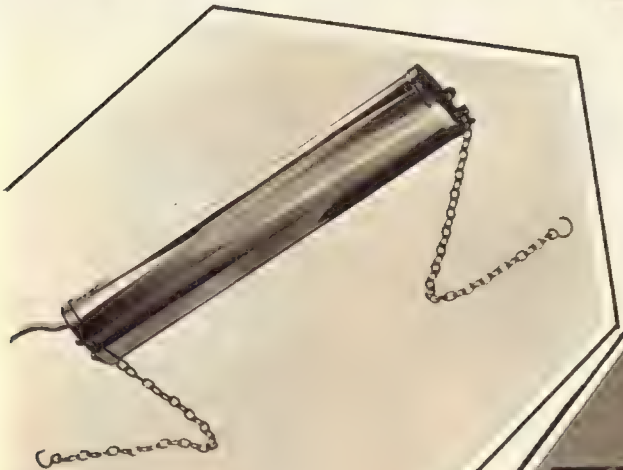
K·L·G
K·L·G
K·L·G
K·L·G
6

5

"De Reszke" CIGARETTES
Greetings
De Reszke CIGARETTES
7

BRONX
SEGAVIN

8



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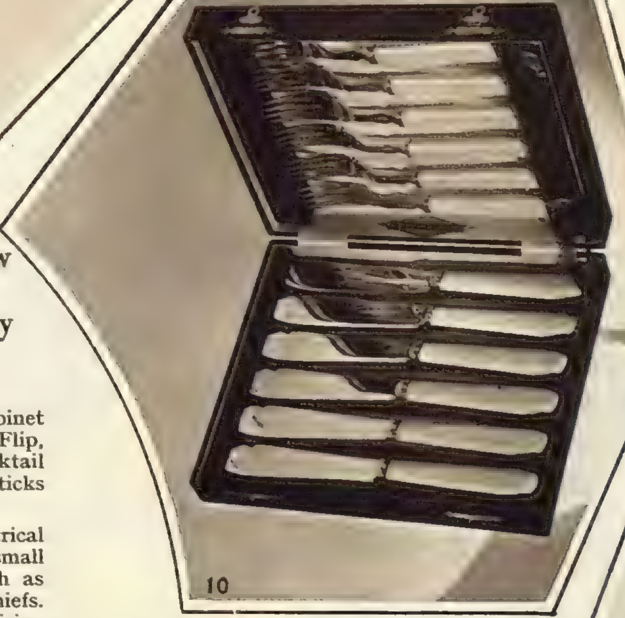

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HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE
ELFIN
HARBUTTS PLASTICINE

12

11

For the Home a few suggestions (Write and ask us any questions).

8. Seager's New Gift Cocktail Cabinet contains half-bottles of their Egg Flip, Bronx Cocktail, Highland Cocktail and Segavin, also cherries and sticks —and all for 12/6.

9. The "Heatube," a useful electrical appliance for drying towels, and small articles of personal laundry, such as stockings, gloves and handkerchiefs. Can also be used for heating airing cupboards and as a car radiator heater. Price from 12/6.

10. Six pairs of fish knives and forks in Community Plate with Ivorine handles. They are contained in a neat leatherette case, price complete, 32/6.

11. The Supreme Electric Hair Dryer (new Streamline model) costs 33/-, and is made of "Fabrolite," an absolutely shock-proof medium. It is light in weight, quiet, efficient, and consumes only just over half a unit of electricity per hour.

12. Harbutt's Plasticine, primarily intended as a nursery and school-room fixture, has a way of insinuating itself into grown-up circles. Amusing, instructive, and available in a number of attractive sets in festive boxes.

1

2

PARTILITES
MINIATURE CANDLES AND 6 CANDLESTICKS

3

Those who buy things for their houses
Show good sense and please their spouses.

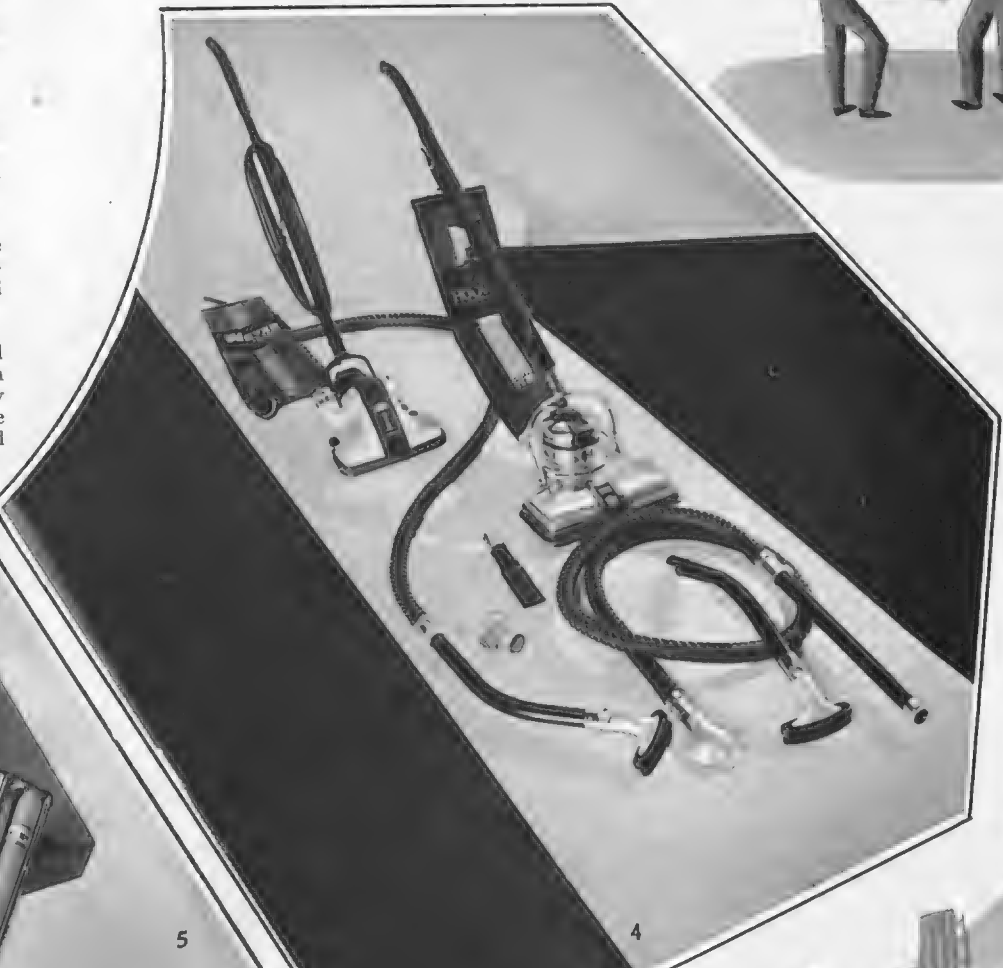
1. Dishes can be served piping hot from the oven straight to the table in Phœnix improved Oven Glass ware. Individual soup pot, 1/6, casserole, 1/-, pie dish, 6d., plate, 6d.

2. This table and two chairs are new ones in the Vono range of folding tables and chairs, and are obtainable in two finishes, decorated or mahogany. Table, 40/- (mahogany), 60/- (decorated), bridge set, consisting of table and four chairs, £9 and £10 10s. respectively.

3. Price's six miniature pottery candlesticks in red, green and ivory, with twelve matching candles, cost only 1/3 a box, and make attractive party decorations.

4. The Hoover Junior and the de Luxe Hoover, both with beating-sweeping-cleaning action, are available on a small initial payment and deferred terms.

5. An attractive gift set of Field's Nell Gwynn candles, comprising four 14-inch candles with matching wax bases. They are available in rose, old gold, apple green, light and dark blue, orange and pillar-box red. Price 5/-.



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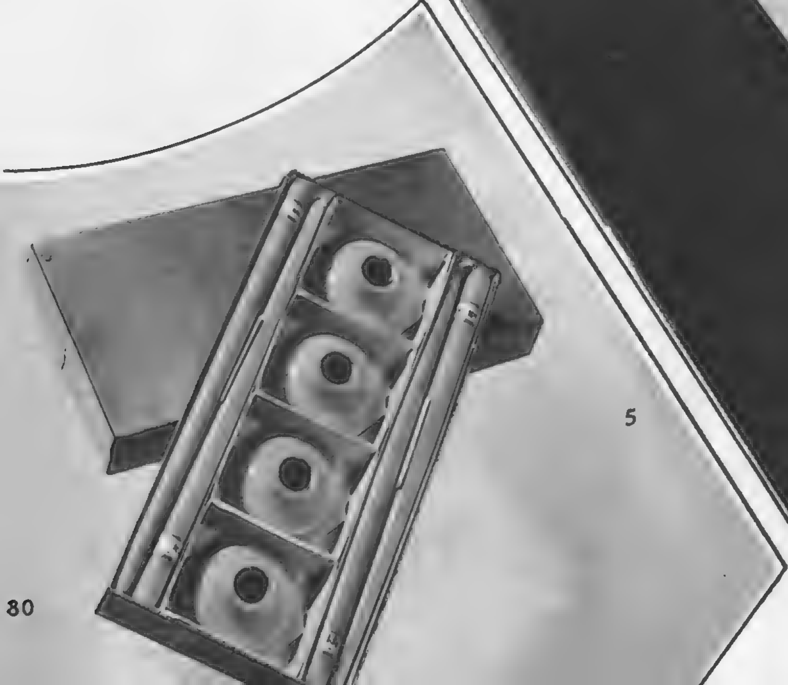

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I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

How would you like to stage a disappearing act with those few grey hairs (alleged to be distinguished, but I dunno) that appear on the temples long before the rest of one's hair is due for the silver streaks?

Well, here's your chance. This department has discovered a grey streak banisher put up like eye-black for the lashes; yes, brush and all.

No preparation is necessary. You simply pass the brush over the darkener and apply where needed. It is excellent for tinted hair, too, and can be brushed into the roots when the hair starts to grow out.

Needless to say, the darkener is more effective for brunette colouring than for blonde, but then, white hairs don't give blondes so much trouble. Anyway, there is a shade for everyone, and the price is 2s. 6d.

But there are other things on the mind this month. Whadabout that code in the dose? Your own nose; the family noses, or your next-door neighbour's nose?

Personally, I have laid in a stock of menthol-prepared handkerchiefs, for the good reason that they soothe the savage membrane as well as disinfecting it. I like to have several of these handkerchiefs with me when somebody proudly brings his or her cold into the office, or I have to sit next to a sneeze-racked passenger in the bus. A further virtue of these handkerchiefs is that they are soluble. Disposal presents no problem. The price is 6d. per packet.

There is no bigger set-back to a romp under the mistletoe than a spot on the chin. Unless it is two spots on the chin.

Now, any girl, I don't care who, is allergic both to spots and mistletoe at this time of the year. What with turkey and plum pudding and chocolates and the odd spot of champagne (if you are lucky), it's no good thinking that any of us are going to escape a blotch or two this Christmas.

So, in case you are worrying, this is how to take spots on the chin to any mistletoe-prone date.

There is a certain gay deceiver of amorous or inquisitive eyes, the size of the smallest thing in lipsticks, used in the same way as lipstick. Rub the stick over the spot; smooth with the finger and dust with your ordinary powder. You will then find that the spot has vanished from view. The stick is in three shades, light, medium and dark, and comes in the neatest of white and silver cases.

At this time of the year, what with dances and charades and ring-a-ring-a-roses and musical chairs and other parlour games, women find that they cannot keep pace with their stockings. The way they run . . .

Well, there is a handy little tube which no trusty handbag should be without. Out of it spills a drop of magic that puts stop to the speedway ambitions of any 44-inch gauge. This liquid really does stop ladders in exactly one second, and does no harm to the sheerest silk. The effect does not wash off. Price is 6d. per tube.

Are you one of those people who can pull a sheath dress over your head without ruining a new hair-do, smudging your eye-black and lipsticking your frock? No, I don't think it can be done, either.

There is no need, for you can become the owner of a strange-looking object which turns out to be a soft silk cap with a visor to it. Without the visor or face flap, it keeps the hair from getting untidy. Pull the flap down and tuck it under the elastic which goes round your chin, and you have complete protection for your dress, hair and make-up.

The mask is made of thinnest silk and can be washed out in a second. Not a bad idea to slip one in your handbag when going to buy a new dress. For lipstick on new merchandise never did promote goodwill between saleswoman and customer. Apart from that, the mask keeps the hair immaculate however many dresses go over your head.

Dietetically speaking, the only way to cook vegetables so that they keep all their vitamins intact from *A* to *E* (or however far along the alphabet vegetable vitamins travel) is to steam them.

The snag is that in a small kitchen there is so little space for a variety of saucepans, and steamers are lordly things that take up a lot of space.

The solution seems to be a basket with handles which can be slipped into any size saucepan, and converts it instantly into a steamer. You can cook various vegetables together in one glorious hotch-potch without fear of getting the flavours muddled up. You can roast, in one of these pan baskets, too, if you feel that way. Price varies according to size.

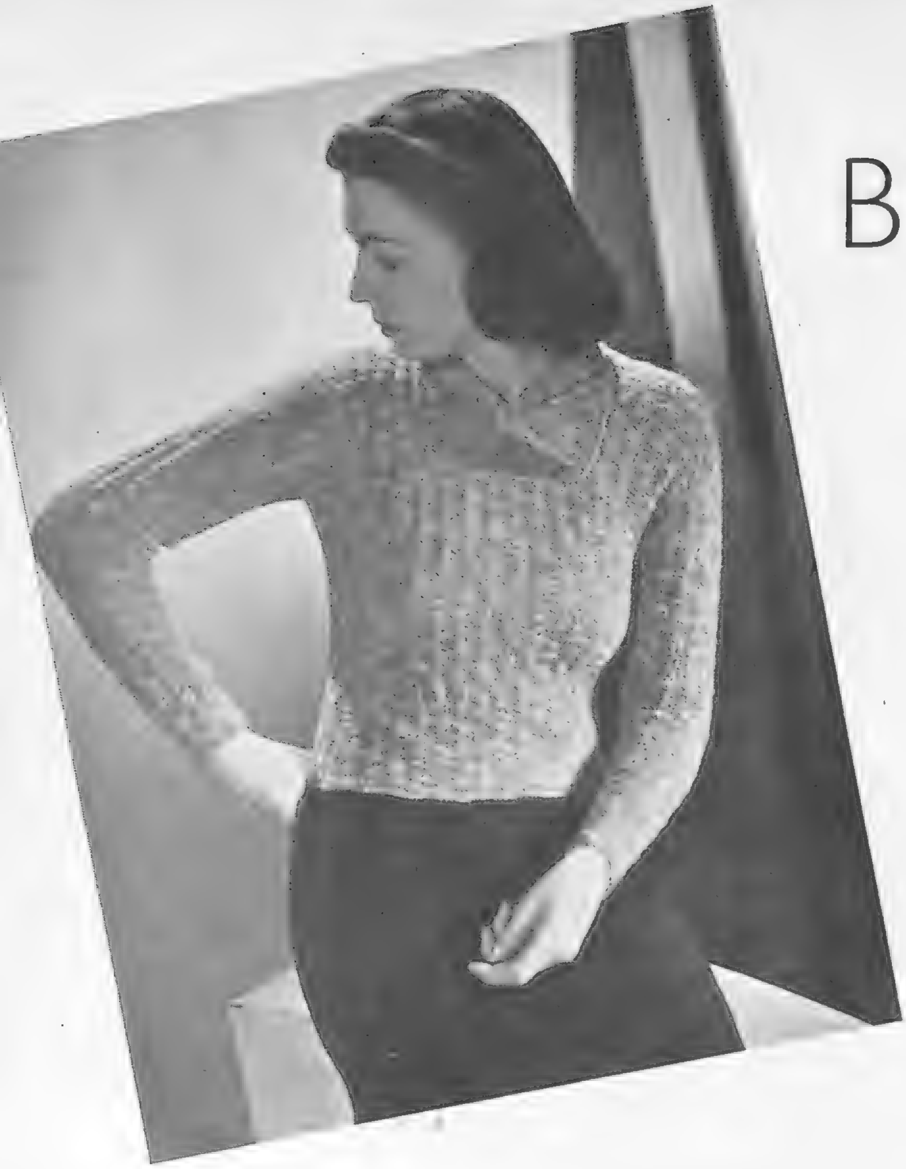
Eyelash drill: making every lash do its work (and a bit overtime) is a bothersome task. Worth it in the end, of course, but a short cut to glamour is better than a long way round. This is what I thought when I tried out a new kind of eyelash beautifier that curls, brushes and puts on the mascara with a professional sweep, all at the same time.

This new gadget looks like a pair of tweezers that has grown bristles, and is so efficient at its job that it is rapidly becoming the boudoir pet of the film stars. You will like it too, especially when I tell you that it costs no more than a shilling.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve,"
32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

BOXER'S SWEATER



This ribbed jumper has the neck you see on a boxer's sweater, a rolled collar opening on to a squared yoke.

Materials Required :
9 oz. Templeton's "Ayrstar" wool.
1 pr. No. 7 and 1 pr. No. 10 Double Century Pins.

Measurements :
Length from shoulder, 20½ ins.
Across underarm, 17½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 23 ins.
Tension : Approx. 5 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations :
K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Pat. Pattern.

BACK :

With No. 10 pins cast on 81 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Continue in following pat. :

* K. 2, P. 2. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1. This one row forms pat. Work 4 ins. Change to No. 7 pins. Work until 13 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES :

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS :

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT :

With No. 10 pins cast on 85 sts. Work as for back until armhole shaping is complete (69 sts.). Then divide sts. for neck. Work 21, cast off 27, work 21. Work on each 21 sts. for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER :

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6.

SLEEVES :

With No. 10 pins cast on 41 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Work 2 ins. pat. Change to No. 7 pins and work until 18½ ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 65 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT INSET AND COLLAR :

Worked in plain knitting.

With No. 10 pins cast on 38 sts. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every 4th row until 25 sts. Work 7 rows without shaping. Then shape for collar.

**1st row :* K. 5, turn, K. back.
3rd row : K. 10, turn, K. back.
5th row : K. 15, turn, K. back.
7th row : K. 20, turn, K. back.
K. 8 rows without shaping.*
Repeat from * to * 4 times more. Cast off.
Work another piece to correspond.

TO MAKE UP :

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves. Sew seam and sew front inset and collar to neck.

MOVIE SHOW AT HOME

We are all showmen. Dramatic clubs, ciné clubs, even party charades prove it. The appeal of putting on a show is irresistible.

Making and showing your own films is probably the shortest cut to realising your ambition to be a director or an impresario, or both. In any case, it is a grand hobby and a rich source of entertainment to your family and friends, whether it is you or your films that entertain them.

Undoubtedly the most fun is for those who follow the thing right through, making their own films with a ciné camera and then, with a Kodascope, showing them to their friends. But there is plenty of amusement and interest simply in owning a Kodascope and staging private film shows from the library of available films.

The Kodak library offers hundreds of professionally made films for hire to Kodascope owners. There are travel, sport, documentary, comedy or drama to choose from, and, of course, cartoon. The cost of hiring these films is astonishingly small.

To get the best out of your home film show you must grasp the essential details with regard to projection. It is all quite simple, but the success of the show, and perhaps of your party, depends upon a competent operator.

Practise changing films and working the switches before you give a show.

Sometimes the framing will work up or down just a fraction during the showing, and you should know how to adjust this in the dim light.

The Kodascope is not in any sense a difficult apparatus to handle, but you must master its habits.

If a film show is to be a feature of your Christmas party, get the room ready before the audience come in.

The projector must be on a heavy table and exactly the right distance from the screen. Adjust the focusing correctly as soon as you start the motor, and arrange the seating accommodation in the room so that everyone can see. The professional atmosphere is ruined at the start by a lot of fidgeting and readjusting before the show gets under way.

Keep a reading lamp or even a torch at hand so that you can change the reels without switching on the room lights, and don't overlook the important fact that a projector run off power is more economical than one plugged in to the light. From power the cost of running for a whole evening's entertainment will be in fractions of a penny.

If you show films of your own making, cut, edit and title them before you show them. Otherwise your unfortunate audience will find themselves looking at people and children they have never seen and, by the end, never hope to.

Editing and cutting, in fact, can be one of the most entertaining aspects of amateur ciné photography. Think out clever "cuts," and try to work a rhythm into the change-over from one shot to the next as the story of the film progresses.

The rhythm is suggested by action—the panting of an express train, a man chopping wood, waves breaking on the shore. Keep the rhythm in your cuts until some other motif suggests a fresh tempo.

This rhythm and slickness in cutting is almost certainly the chief difference between good and bad films.

Movie showmanship can be made into a hobby in itself. You can get a more impressive effect into your show by arranging curtains in front of the screen, fitting coloured footlights and a simple dimming apparatus for room lights.

Background music can come from either a gramophone or wireless. H.M.V. issue a catalogue of "background music" records carefully chosen to suit different kinds of films.

While a really excellent service is offered by the Kodascope Library at Kodak House, Kingsway, there are also a number of other film libraries, from which endless evenings of entertainment can be had. These include a library, in Holborn, for 16 mm. films, and the Pathé Library of 9·5 mm. and 16 mm.

If you have a Sweet Tooth

People who never eat cakes ordinarily find that they do eat cakes at Christmas time. As for all-the-year-round cake-eaters, they want more cakes at Christmas time. So here are recipes for some.

Fruit Cake (rather rich)

One pound of flour.
Six ounces of butter.
A large coffee-cupful of cream
Four eggs.
A large coffee-cupful of golden syrup
A teaspoonful of ground ginger.
Six ounces of mixed raisins and sultanas.
Six ounces of soft sugar.
A coffee-spoonful of bicarbonate of soda.
The juice of half a lemon.

Melt the butter (do not let it turn to oil) and put the flour in a basin with the sugar, the ginger, and the fruits, stoned and picked; mix well and pour in the butter, stirring well. Add the cream and the syrup, also the eggs well beaten, mix again and beat together for a few minutes. Dilute the bicarbonate with the lemon juice and mix this in thoroughly.

Have ready the greased cake-tin, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for about two hours and a half, or a little longer.

Chocolate Cake

Half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence.
Five ounces of sugar.
Five ounces of Spry.
Two ounces of chocolate powder.
Seven ounces of flour.
Two eggs.
Half a teaspoonful of baking powder.
Good pinch of salt.
Two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Chocolate cake is very useful to have about the house, and as you have probably found Spry is also very useful to have about the house, I am giving their own recipe, which is only one example of the many cakes you can make with this clever "ready-creamed" cooking fat.

Line a six-inch cake-tin and brush with melted Spry. Cream the Spry with the sugar and add the beaten eggs slowly. Add the sifted flour, chocolate, baking-powder, salt and, lastly, the milk and vanilla. Mix well and bake in a moderately hot oven for 1½ hours. This cake may be split and spread with Spry chocolate filling and covered with chocolate water icing and decorated with walnuts.

Chocolate Filling

Four ounces of Spry.
Six ounces of sieved icing sugar.
Four ounces of grated chocolate.

Melt half the Spry. Add the chocolate to it. Cream the rest of the Spry and add the melted mixture to it gradually. Mix very well, and then add the sugar slowly, mixing all the time. Beat thoroughly and use while still soft. If the mixture seems too soft, use a little extra icing sugar.

Another Fruit Cake

One pound of flour.
One pound of castor sugar.
Half a pound of mixed sultanas and raisins.
Four ounces of mixed candied peel.
Half a pound of currants.
A coffee-spoonful of baking-powder.
Four eggs.
A little milk.
Half a pound of butter.

Mix the baking-powder with the flour and sieve this on to a board; mix it again well.

Put the butter and sugar into a saucepan and stand it on a very cool part of the fire. Meanwhile, add the fruit (well picked) and the peel (chopped) to the flour, mixing well.

Put the eggs in a bowl, beat them and add the cream, beating again; now add the butter and sugar, beating all this well together. When this is thoroughly well mixed add the flour and fruit, mix and moisten a little with a few drops of milk. Pour into a well-greased cake-tin and bake in a moderate oven for three to four hours.

(Continued on page 186)

Better Cooking:

Christmas Cafeteria

Thinking the other day of how on earth I could seat eight or ten people for Christmas dinner where the dining-table can hold only four at a pinch, I worked out a little plan which may also solve the problem of your party, if you live in a small flat too. Here it is.

There is no dining-table, no set places, but everybody has a seat and a " table " to himself. First of all arrange everything buffet fashion on the table or some other piece of furniture—the bookcase, for instance—on which you put all the food in bowls and dishes.

The drinks are there also, as well as piles of plates (one of each kind for each person), knives, forks, spoons, glasses, table napkins (paper ones would do quite well), a basket of rolls and a dish of pats of butter; and, last, but most important of all, a pile of small trays, one for each person, just large enough to take a plate, a tiny bread plate, and a glass.

The guests then go and help themselves and retire with their tray to the most comfortable spot they can find in the room, there to sit and enjoy their food, changing the courses themselves.

Having arranged the service, what shall you give them to eat ?

Hors d'œuvre should be of the *canapé* type; various little tasty spreads on biscuits or toast. To be eaten, besides the usual olives, biscuits, etc., standing about the room, with a cocktail or a glass of sherry. Or you could have a large bowl of hot clear soup, with cups ready to pour it into. Follow with fish or lobster pie and roast stuffed bird.

If the kitchen is really very small, you could easily order the bird from a good cooked meat shop and either serve it cold, or warm it up in time for the party. In any case, carve it in the kitchen and arrange the pieces nicely in a dish, and serve at the same time an amusing salade panachée. And, of course, finish with plum pudding, mince pies, dessert.

Canapés

Spread the biscuits or toast with any of the following mixtures :

Celery Butter

One head of celery.
The juice of half a lemon.
Pepper, salt, two to four ounces of butter (according to the number of people).

By A. H. Adair

Clean the celery, cut it in small pieces, then chop it as finely as you can and work it with the butter, adding salt, pepper and a good squeeze of lemon juice ; keep cold until ready to use.

Indian Butter

A tablespoonful of mango chutney.
A tablespoonful of chopped parsley.
Two or three small pickled onions.
Three or four ounces of butter.

Chop and mash the chutney, add the parsley and the onions finely chopped, and work in with the butter to make a smooth paste, which you make thoroughly cold. Cut the cold butter into little slices and put one on top of each biscuit.

You may think that all this requires a lot of butter, but when you consider the excellence and cheapness of New Zealand butter you need not bother very much about the expense of using good butter in all cooking.

Fish or Lobster Pie (for eight people)

One medium-sized cooked lobster, or a pound and a half of cooked white fish.
One onion, two or three tomatoes, parsley.
Two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, tablespoonful of flour.
Salt, pepper, paprika, nutmeg

Peel and chop the onion and brown it in a tiny piece of the butter. (*Continued on page* 186)

Canapés garnished with tiny lettuce leaves, sliced stuffed olives and slivers of butter

Christmas

FOOD

Batger's Original Chinese Figs, always in season and ever prominent as a popular Christmas dessert.

Hugon's "Atora" Shredded Beef Suet makes Christmas puddings light and appetising.

Cadbury's Cup Chocolate, perfect for elevenses ; Bourn-Vita, the nightcap *par excellence*, and Cadbury's Vogue Chocolates, good at any time.

Green Label Chutney, made from selected mangoes, *de rigueur* with curry, cheers up cold meats and offers inspiration for unusual savouries.

Chivers' delicious Jellies, Milkets, Plum Puddings and Mincemeat contribute to Christmas cheer and simplify constant entertaining.

Smedley's canned and bottled fruits and vegetables really bridge the gulf between the seasons and enable you to enjoy the finest garden produce all the year round.

Mackintosh's "Quality Street" assortment is the answer to the problem of whether to give toffees or chocolates ; it comprises a lovely mixture of both.

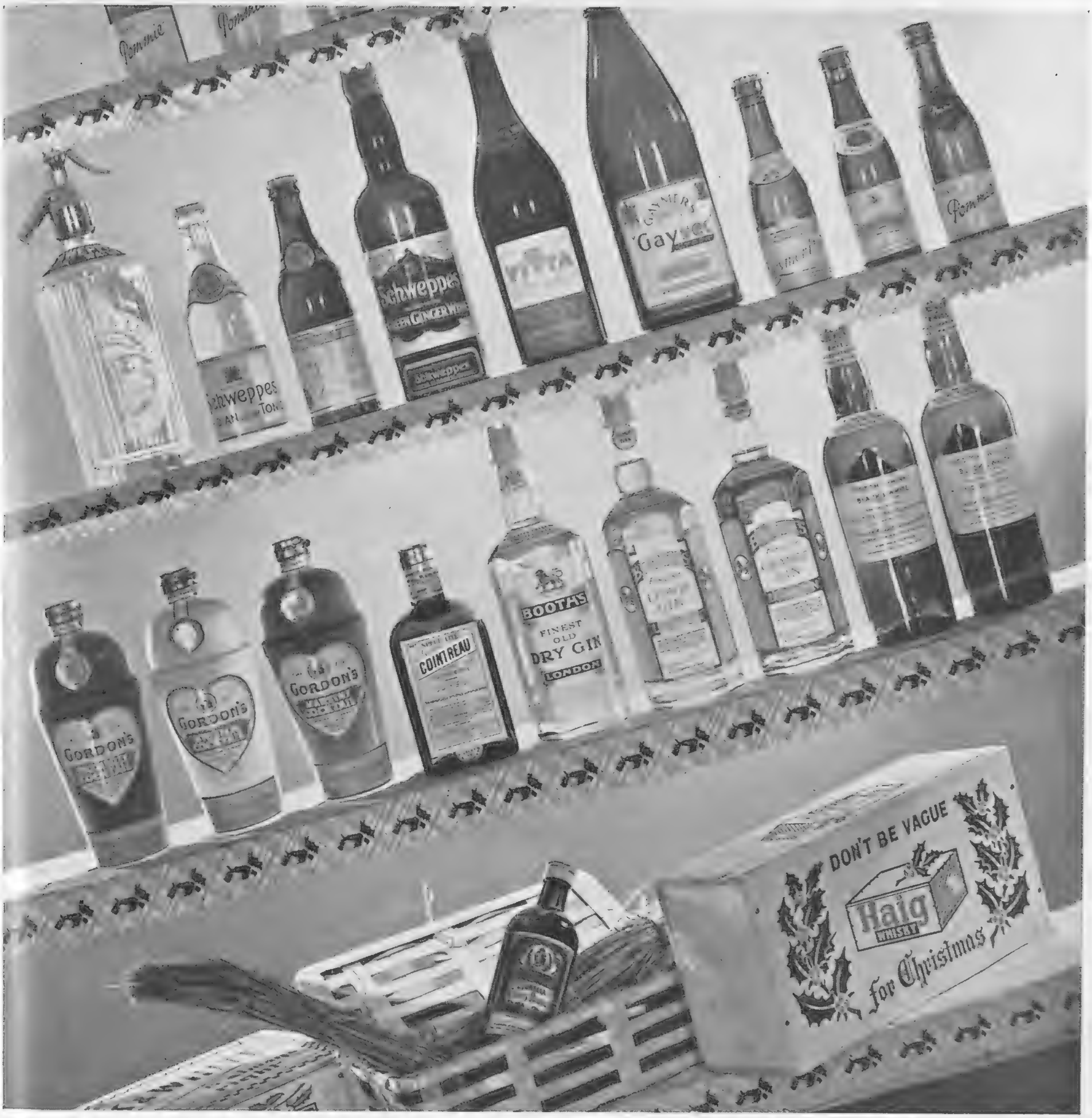
Housewives all breathe a blessing on Heinz and their 57 Varieties. This year they have put up a splendid Christmas Hamper.

Bird's Tea Cake Mixture, Spongie and Vitamin Custard are well-tried nursery favourites. This selection may be supplemented by Jelly-de-Luxe, Jelly Crystals and Blanc Mange, all popular for parties.

The Longboat Drum is one of the special Christmas packs devised by Carr and Co. of Carlisle, and is filled with rich biscuits suitable for afternoon tea and party occasions.

Thistle and tartans adorn Huntley and Palmers' "All Scotch" assortment of delicious shortbreads.

CHINESE FIGS
BATGER
ATORA
CHIVERS JELLIES
Mackintosh's
Mackintosh's Quality Street
Smedley's
VEGETABLE SALAD
VICTORIA PLUMS
ASPARAGUS
English Grown
BIRD'S TEA CAKE MIXTURE
BIRD'S SPONGIE
BIRD'S VITAMIN CUSTARD
HEINZ 57


Pommie
Schweppes
Tonic
Schweppes
Ginger Wine
Vita
Gaymer's
Gay
Pommie
Gordon's
Gordon's
Gordon's
Cointreau
Booth's
Finest
Old
Dry Gin
London
Don't be vague
Haig
Whisky
for Christmas

Schweppes Soda Water, Tonic Water and Ginger Ale, all good thirst-quenchers whether solo or complementary to whisky, gin and brandy. Their Green Ginger Wine is good too.

A large bottle of Vita Grape Juice contains the concentrated juice of 17½ lb. of grapes, pleasant to drink and a splendid tonic.

Gaymer's Cyder, made from England's choicest apples, a grand basis for Cyder Cup, and always welcome at luncheon or dinner tables.

Gordon's Cocktails, made in eight popular varieties mixed ready to serve in attractive shaker bottles.

Cointreau, delicious in fresh fruit salad and with grape fruit, an indispensable ingredient of Sidecars, White Ladies and Silent Thirds.

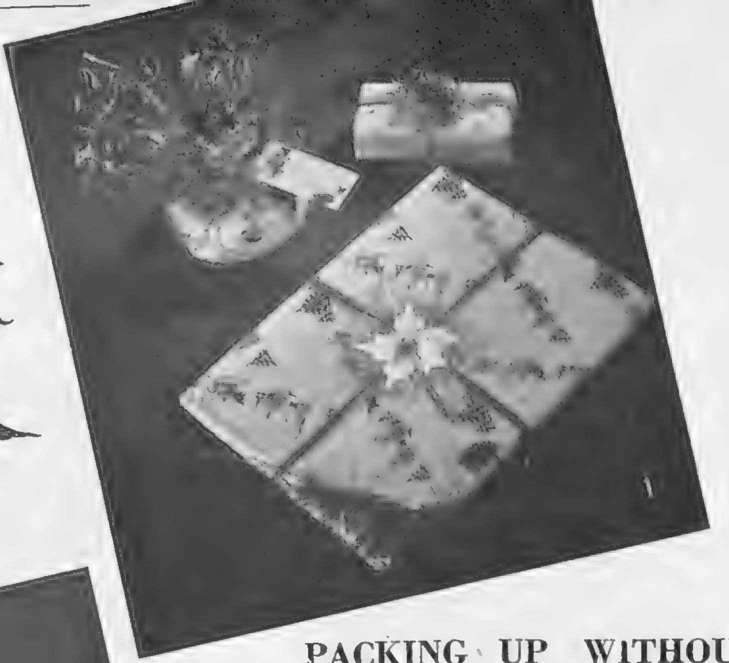
Booth's Dry Gin, Lemon Gin and Orange Gin, in distinctive hexagonal bottles, all contribute to the success of the private cocktail bar.

"Black & White" and "Buchanan's Liqueur" whisky are specially packed for Christmas in decorated cases containing two, three, six or twelve bottles.

A gift hamper containing a bottle of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, a splendid after-dinner liqueur.

John Haig's Gold Label Liqueur Scotch Whisky comes in gay holly-bedecked cases, bringing its message of good cheer.

Christmas DRINK



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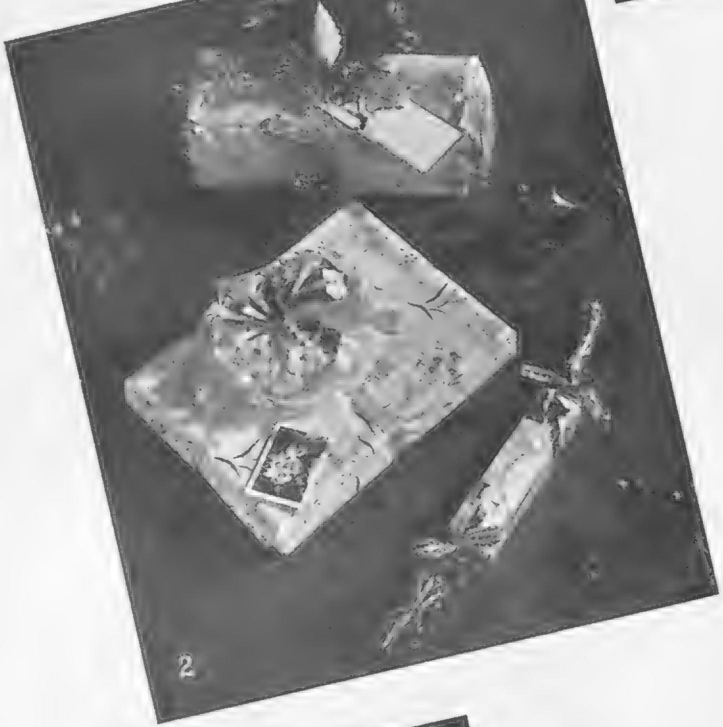

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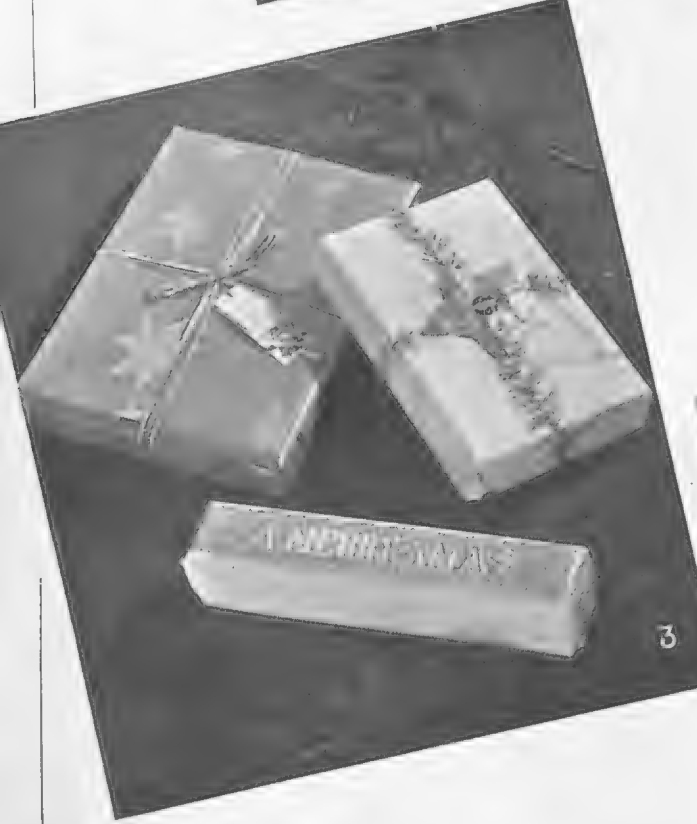


3

PACKING UP WITHOUT TROUBLES

Never try to do your Christmas parcelling in a small space, without proper materials and plenty of time. You might think it saved time not to bother about preliminary preparations, but it never does. Packing presents is the last job to be tackled in a disordered muddle.

Set aside a large table, if not a room, for your activities. See that you are efficiently equipped with different sized sheets of wrapping paper, scissors, decorations, balls of string, and that everything is neatly set out and placed to your convenience. Your cards, labels and all writing materials should be at another end of the table, or at a different table, if possible.

Getting glitter into your gifts takes a little more time and imagination, but it gives a lot more pleasure, both to recipient and sender. The photographs give you some ideas for glamourising your parcels.

In No. 1 the presents are fussed up for the home-giving occasions, when you can let yourself go on the bits and pieces.

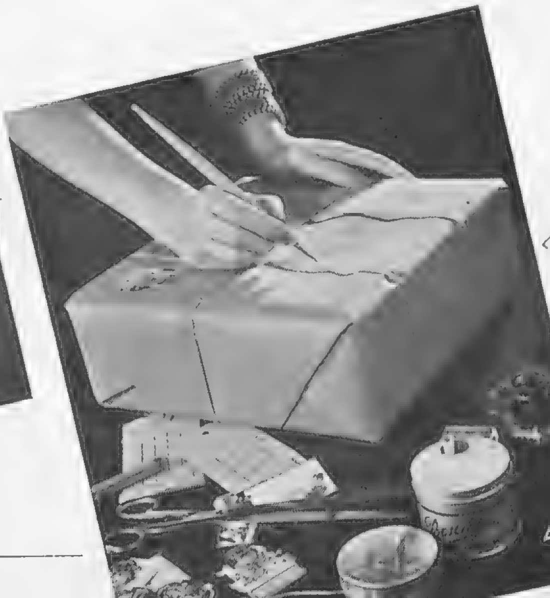
If you are coping with round boxes, tie them bunched up in gaily coloured cellophane, and hide the string with coloured tinsel. And if you want to hang them on the tree, use the little hooks provided for the lustre baubles. The other parcels are made gay with Christmassy paper and silver ribbons, the centres finished with, respectively, a piece of frosted holly and a baby cracker set in massed tinsel.

No. 2 shows you how to deal with narrow-shaped presents, such as fountain pens, lipsticks, etc. Make them into crackers by tying the ends with silvery ribbons and snipping the edges into a fringe. If you are tired of all the Holly-cum-Christmas-Tree wrappings, see the large parcel done up in a flowered paper and topped with a ribbon-tied posy.

No. 3 is a more restrained trio, all flat and ready for their parcel post paper. (If you think a box won't stand the strain, wrap it first in corrugated paper.)

No. 4 is the correct way to tie up a parcel for the post. The double-tied string is held firmly with sealing wax at the knots. And the address (on both sides) is printed clearly in the centre—to avoid postmarks. A Christmas tag on one corner will help, with the red sealing wax, to give it a gayer appearance.

If you have any difficulty in getting appropriate wrapping papers and decorations, write to the Editor, Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



4

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YARDLEY

Bond Street
the new perfume
by Yardley

Destined to be one of the great perfumes of the coming decade, Bond Street Perfume will be worn by all those whose taste and discernment have marked them as leaders of fashion

7/6, 12/6, 21/-, 32/6, 60/-

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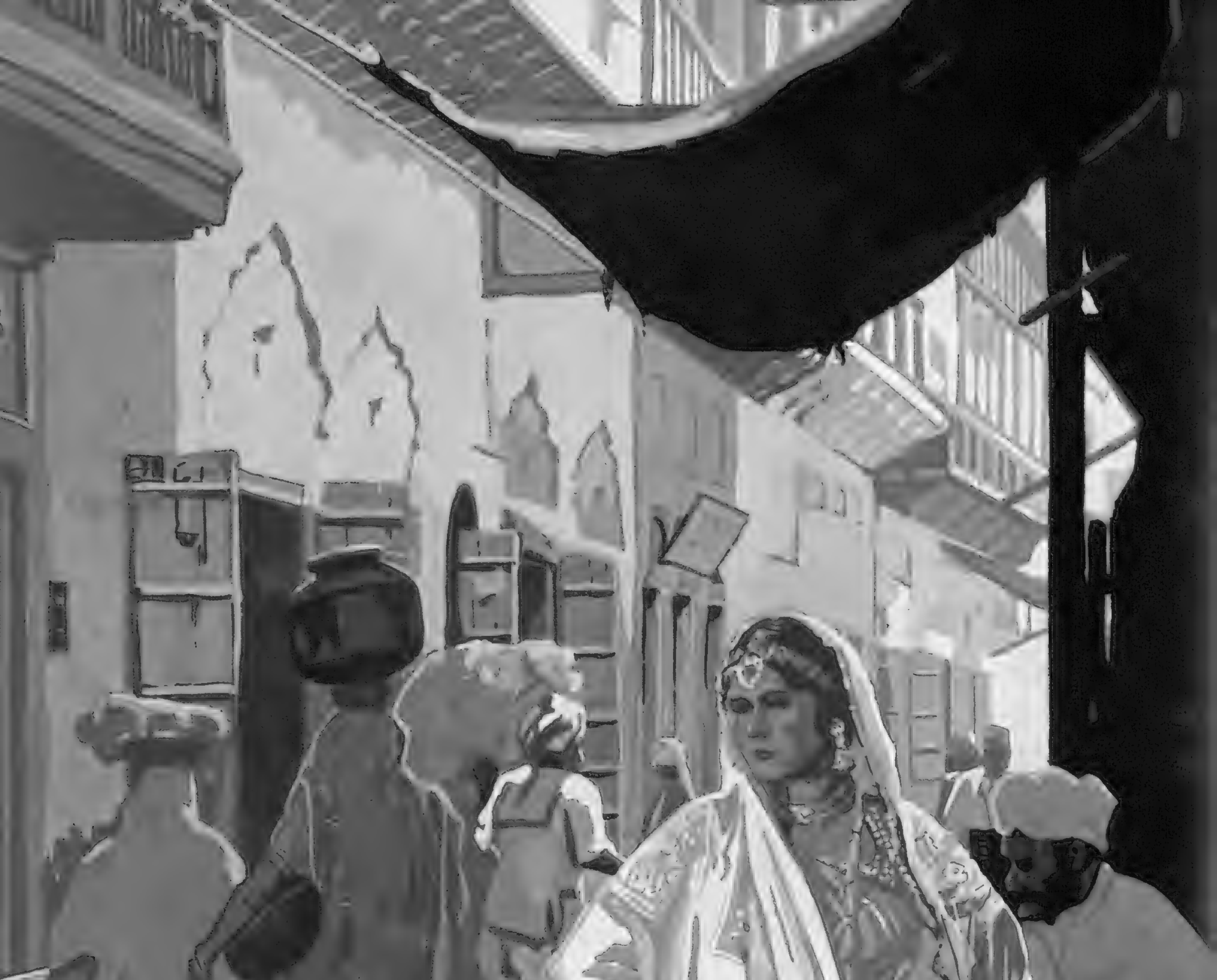

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GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

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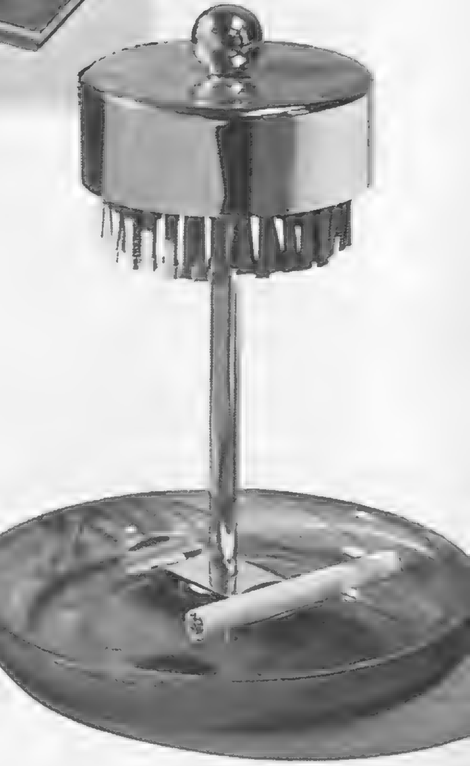
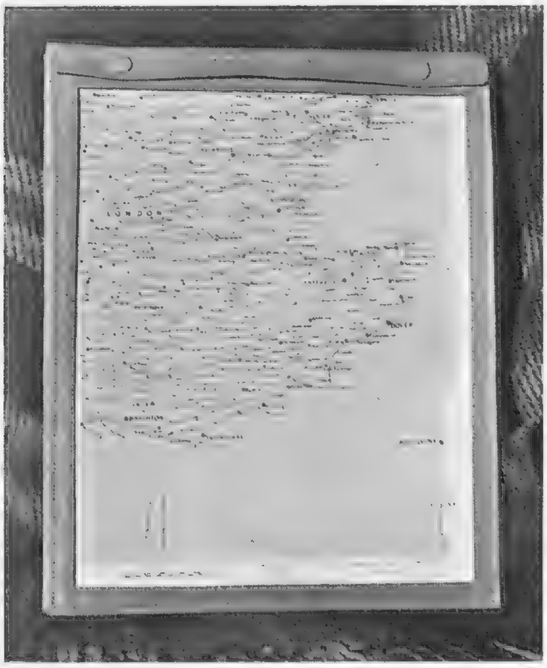
The recent ever-increasing popularity of darts has inspired this novel dartboard table lighter. Price 21/- (Postage 6d.)

This decorative iceberg stand of onyx on a chromium base holds six silver cocktail picks with penguin mounts. Price 37/6 (Post free.)

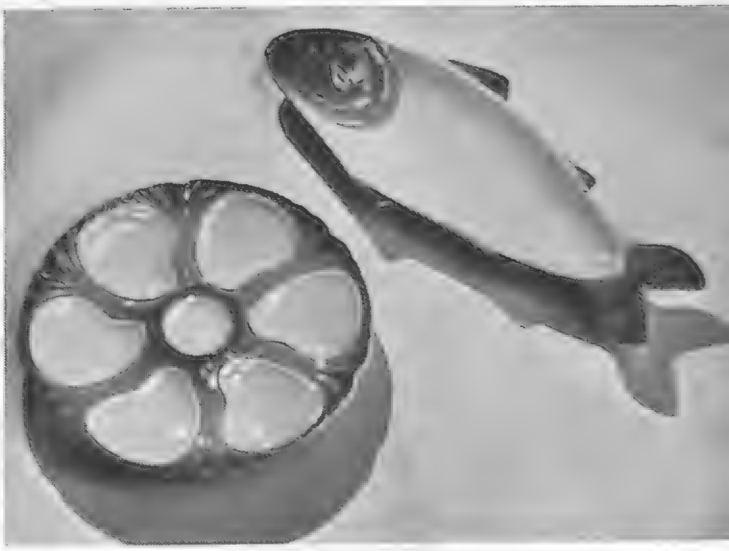


A useful pull-match ashtray of chromium and glass, price 10/6 (post free). Matches cannot be sent through the post, but refills are 6d. each and obtainable from most tobacconists.

Spode have designed these attractive bouillon cups and saucers in cream with salmon and silver or green and silver lines. Price 4/- each. (Postage 9d.)



Motoring friends will appreciate a Dunlop sectional road map in a neat case of red, blue or green leather with a mica front. Price 21/- (Post free.)



These original plates enhance the decor of the dining-table. The round oyster plate is 5/- and the oblong fish plate 12/6. Both are in cream and oyster colouring. (Postage in each case, 1/-.)

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Feverish colds, chills and influenza are generally prevalent in December, and sudden changes in the weather are enough to cause many susceptible people to take cold.

The trouble with a fever is to know what to give the patient which, while harmless, will give sufficient nourishment to build up strength and hasten recovery.

Brand's Essence is always safe ; it does not irritate the digestive organs or the kidneys, and does not cause thirst. Made in two varieties, Chicken or Beef, it is invaluable in all cases of weakness and fever, and will often tempt an appetite that has shown a marked distaste for food of any kind.

Free advice on the question of make-up and the care of the skin is offered by Leichner in their new salon at 89, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Here a staff of fully trained and thoroughly competent assistants will be pleased to give clients the benefit of their expert knowledge.

All who have used Leichner preparations will appreciate the chance to visit this new West End salon, and those who have not yet tried them will be pleased to discover such excellent cosmetics and beauty preparations.

Meticulous care is exercised in their preparation ; all raw materials and every particle of colouring matter are analysed to ensure absolute purity and safety.

Travellers by sea, air and rail, who have in the past been victims of sickness, can now face each journey with confidence, since " Airsea " has been tested and proved an efficient antidote to this most distressing complaint.

Not only is this remedy absolutely safe for old and young alike, but it is entirely free from any harmful after-effects.

" Airsea " is sold in boxes at 7s. 6d. with full instructions for use.

Hinde's " Very " brush got its name because the manufacturers think, and rightly, that it is the very brush for the hair.

Made of wild boar bristles mounted on a gently yielding rubber air cushion body, each stroke of the brush penetrates right to the roots of the hair and gives a most invigorating feeling to the scalp.

There are a number of designs, military pattern for men, oval and round for men or women. Each is accompanied by a cleaner for dry-cleaning the brush. There are also a number of finishes, including cherry, dark stain, real rose, and real ebony. Prices begin at 7s. 6d.

A beautiful skin is one of woman's most carefully guarded possessions, but with advancing years furrows and wrinkles begin to make their appearance and the skin gradually becomes dry and discoloured.

In youth, an efficient blood supply replaces every worn-out skin cell with a new cell; but with age, this continual renewal of the skin from within ceases.

Now, however, thanks to Dr. J. F. Kapp, M.D., one of Leipzig University's most brilliant dermatologists, a preparation is available which rebuilds the skin from within, regenerates and rejuvenates it.

This preparation is sold under the name of W.5 brand tablets, which when taken regularly, restore the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues, thereby regenerating the skin of the whole body. New cells are formed, and the skin becomes as clear and beautiful as it was in youth.

Those who take these tablets need not fear any ill effects ; they are entirely free from dangerous drugs, do not affect the heart, and will not encourage the formation of fat or increase of weight, because only the skin is influenced by them.

An interesting illustrated booklet telling all about the skin, its troubles and its rejuvenation by W.5 brand tablets, may be obtained, free, from the Gelty Distributing Co., 158–162, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

When choosing a face cloth the texture should be given careful consideration, for it is a most important factor in the preservation of a flawless complexion.

Turknit face cloths are knitted on patent machines with highest grade twisted cotton, and are bleached by a new peroxide process. This knitting, in place of the more customary weaving, makes them exceptionally soft and gives them a sponge-like absorbency. Their porous texture ensures freshness and freedom from soap sliminess. They dry almost instantly.

They are sold by all good chemists and departmental stores in white and fast pastel shades, priced at 6d. to 1s. 3d.

It is a good plan to study catalogues and get some idea of what you want before starting on a Christmas shopping expedition. Those who have not already got a copy would be well advised to get Liberty's special Christmas catalogue. Beautifully printed in colour, it shows a splendid selection of jewels, leatherwork, cards, calendars, ties, handkerchiefs, scarves and oriental novelties. No need to worry about prices either, for here are gifts for all purses.

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Made exclusively in Paris

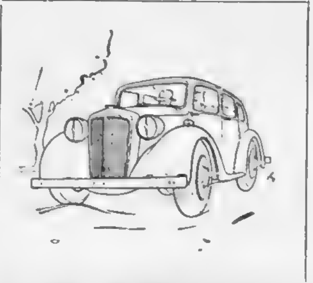
In ONE CAR *for the first time*

What are the things about other cars that have struck you as desirable? List them—then check them off against this new Lanchester.

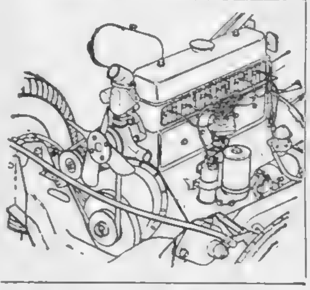
For in this remarkable car every single worth while feature has been incorporated. The result is a car that makes motoring a rare pleasure. It floats you over the worst roads (*independent front wheel springing*). It gets you away from traffic hold-ups ahead of the rest (*high power-weight ratio*). It corners at speed—even on a false camber—sitting well down on the road, with no suggestion of roll (*low centre of gravity and anti-roll control*).

An untiring car for both driver and passengers—the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission cuts the driver's work to a minimum and gives the smooth running engine an even greater smoothness.

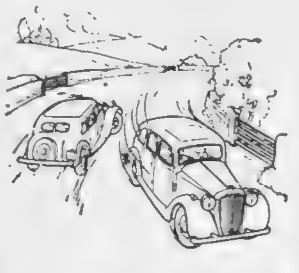
Truly the new Lanchester Roadrider is a joy to drive and a pride to own.



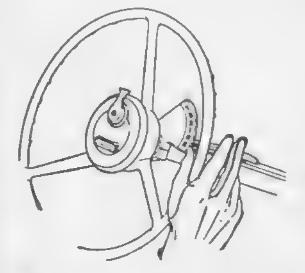
1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



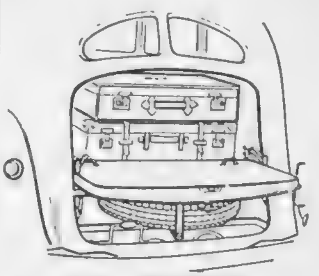
2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY



4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION



5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

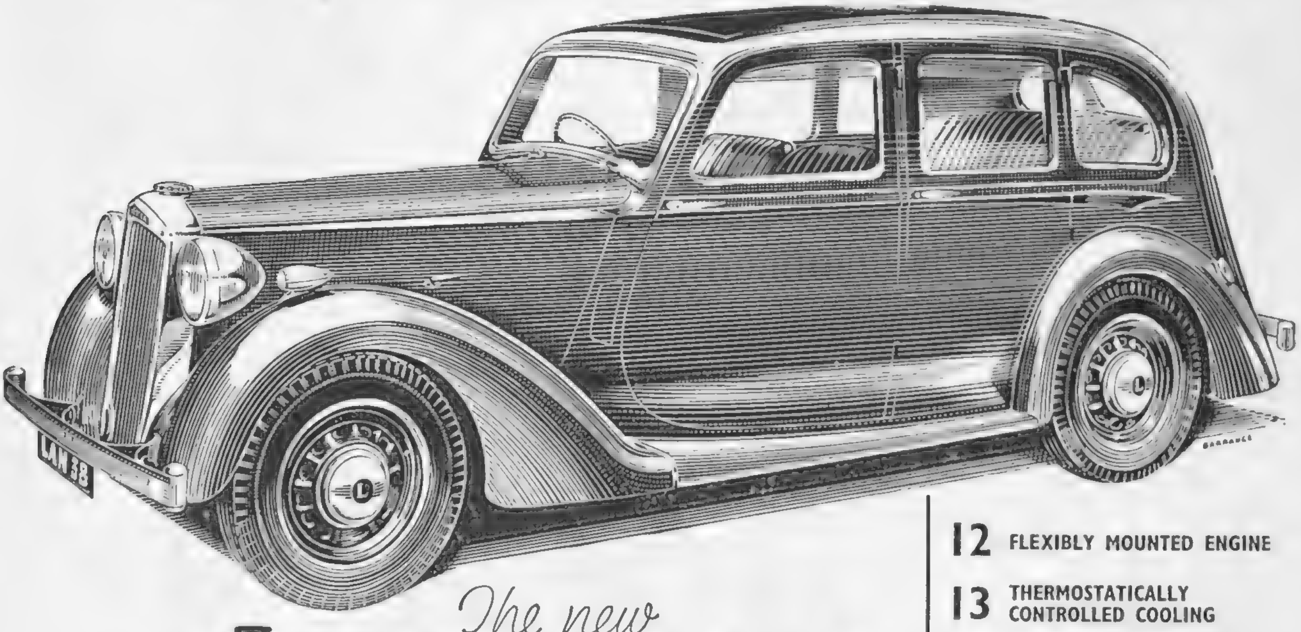
7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE



12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

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The famous standard model Roadrider is continued by special request at £330

Don't "Lay Up" Your Car

By The Earl of Cardigan

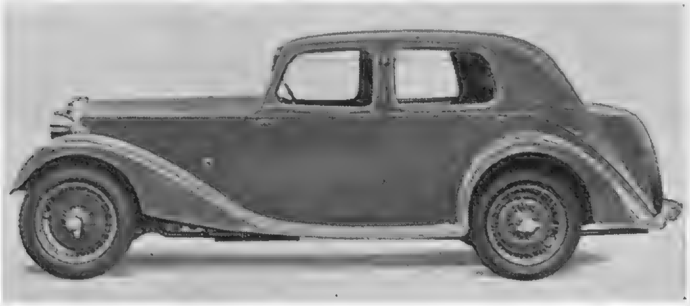
ONE of the most notable new cars to be announced at the recent Motor Show was the Vauxhall "Ten" with standard saloon coachwork. The price has been fixed at £168

I AM sure that no one, without special study of the subject, can have any idea how many cars are habitually "laid up" by their owners during the winter months. Most people, if asked to make a guess, would say "a few thousands," thereby recording a gross underestimate. I dare say that even some of those in the motor business might be content to put it at "some tens of thousands."

In actual fact, it is a matter of *hundreds* of thousands. I have myself just been looking through some statistics, from which I see that, as regards motor vehicles in general, the number in use from one month to another is subject to enormous variation.

Thus in 1936 the number of vehicles on the road increased by very nearly 400,000 between January and April. Only a fraction of this increase could have been due to new sales. For the most part, vehicles were re-licensed during this period which had previously been "laid up."

Thereafter, and until the end of September, more and more vehicles gradually came into use. In October, however, there was a sudden decrease among the vehicles in use, to the extent of nearly 200,000.



THIS 1½ litre Touring Saloon is of special interest among the new Riley models. The rear luggage locker has been designed on an unusually generous scale

THE 12 h.p. Alvis is with us again, looking extremely attractive in its latest incarnation. The new engine develops 70 h.p., and this four-door saloon is priced at £435

These figures, I admit, are for motor vehicles in general; but let us remember that something like 75 per cent. of such vehicles are private cars. Also that lorries and vans are commonly kept at work all the year round. It seems that we cannot escape the rather startling conclusion that several hundreds of thousands of private motorists have the "laying up" habit!

Now, there may be some occasions when it is wise and practical to "lay up" a car, and some cases in which it is strictly necessary to do so. No doubt in certain families a car is kept for the maintenance of which there is barely enough money. Accordingly, it is licensed only in the summer, and its use is regarded as a sort of seasonal luxury.

The practical motorist, if he is rich enough to possess two cars, may elect to "lay up" one of them during certain seasons of the year. He may find that he has little use for his open tourer between December and April, and that all his winter motoring requirements can be met by the saloon car which he also owns.

In these instances there may be good sense in allowing the licence of a car to lapse. There must be many thousands of people, however, who are neither so poor as to be forced to practise strict economy nor yet so rich as to have a second car which is permanently in use. These also are accustomed, none the less, to become non-motorists during the winter months.

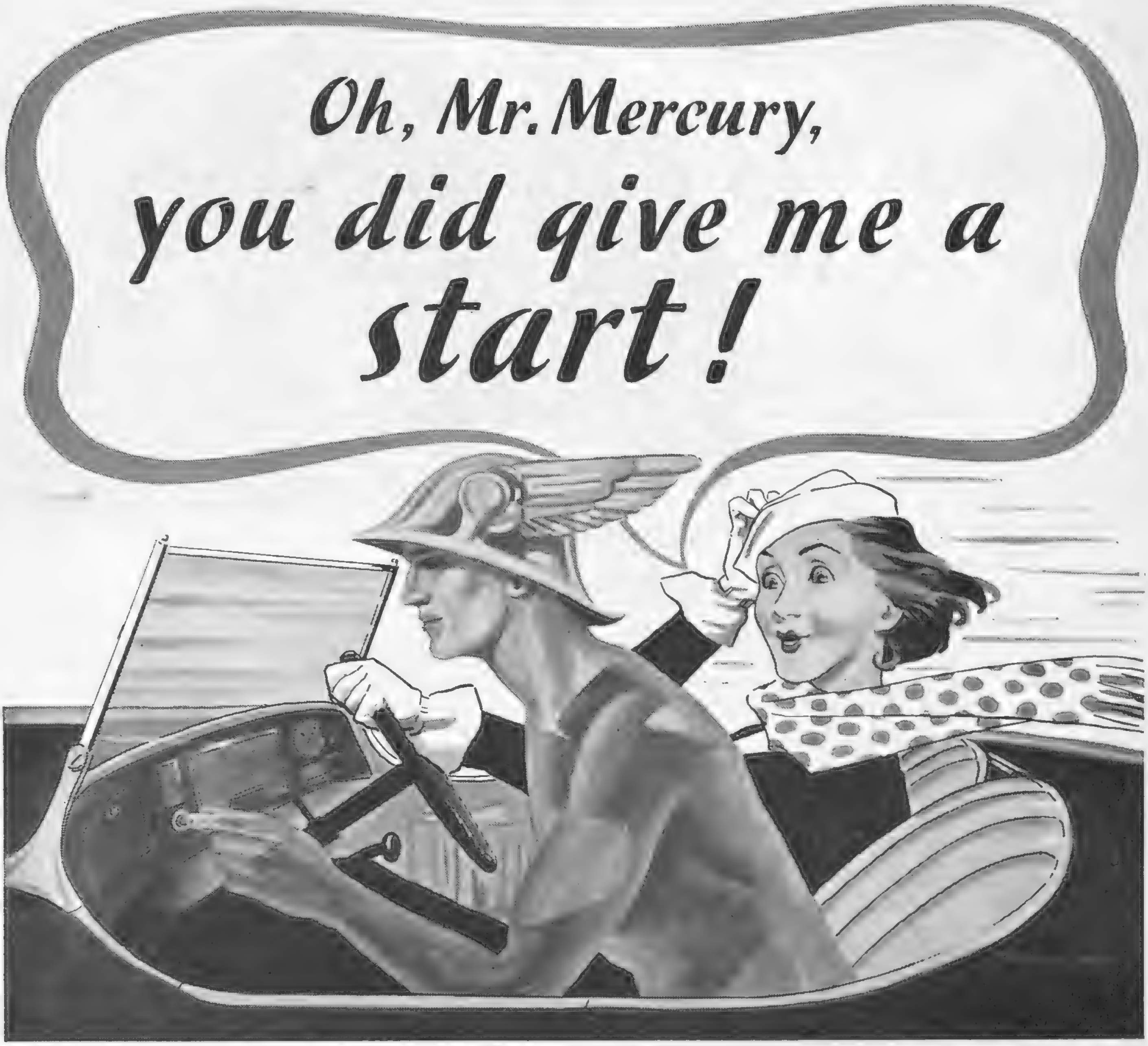
What motive have they? One can only suggest that it is timidity—based on a vague notion that motoring becomes dangerous or at least precarious in unfavourable weather.

Actually, it is many years now since there has been any real foundation for such an apprehension. Winter driving *was* something of an ordeal for the novice; but that was when roads had glassy surfaces and cars had only rear-wheel braking. To-day all cars are so steady and well controlled that, if a little extra caution is exercised on bad days, a driver may go for years without having to deal with a genuine skid.

Also it is quite fallacious now to suppose that cars are difficult to start in cold weather, or that—with a little common sense—they give any more trouble in winter than in summer. Any difference which exists is absolutely trifling as compared with the comfort and convenience of having a car permanently at hand when it is needed.

Not only, for the ordinary person, is there no real difficulty in winter motoring: it is actually more of a problem to get a car "laid up" under satisfactory conditions. It certainly cannot just be left standing, for this is exceedingly bad for the tyres. It must somehow be raised on to blocks, so that the wheels are just clear of the ground.

Then what to do with the battery? If this is left idle, it will not only become depleted of current, but will also suffer grave, perhaps fatal deterioration. (*Continued on page* 101)


Oh, Mr. Mercury, you did give me a start!

On days when every blade of grass is white and crisp with frost, you will be thankful that *Benzole makes good petrol better*. With National Benzole Mixture in your car, the engine will start as easily in winter as in summer. It is a remarkably volatile spirit — the very spirit of startability.

NATIONAL · BENZOLE · MIXTURE

Benzole makes good petrol better

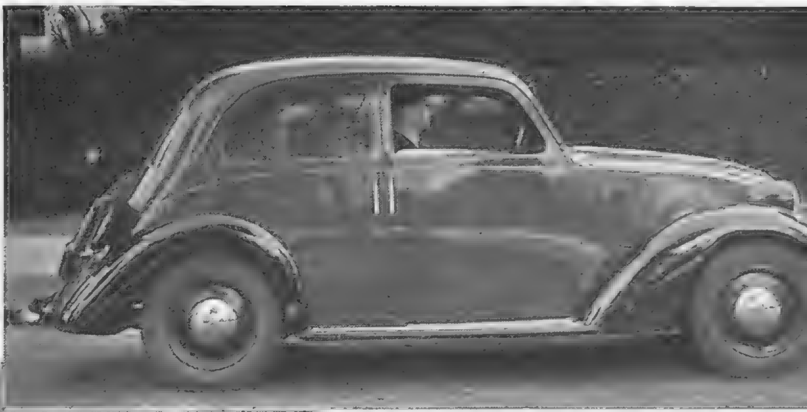
NATIONAL
BENZOLE MIXTURE

The spirit of 'STARTABILITY'

A Light Car of Uncommon Interest

The Fiat "Balilla"

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE "Balilla" Fiat is a car of highly original design, having a 12 h.p. engine. The downward curve of the bonnet is a means of achieving unusually wide visibility for the driver

ONE quality which the Fiat engineers undoubtedly possess in full measure is originality. They know what they want, and they use their own methods to obtain it. One can never imagine them boggling at some new idea simply because it happens not to be conventional.

The result is that a Fiat is invariably an interesting car. It has well-defined virtues, and it is always highly instructive to study each new model to see how these have been achieved.

In the case of the "Balilla" Fiat, one perceives at once that good forward visibility has been one of the objects in view. This has been gained by the delightfully simple expedient of curving the bonnet slightly downward towards its front end. Thanks to this, the driver has an absolutely unobstructed view of the road ahead of him.

WHEN one looks through the windscreen, there is absolutely nothing to obstruct one's view of the road. This photograph was taken at ordinary eye-level from inside the car

It is interesting to find that this arrangement does not, in practice, give any sense of insecurity. Those who imagine that they "would not feel happy" without a horizontal bonnet sticking out a long way in front of them are, I believe, entirely mistaken. With a curving bonnet, one feels just as happy, while seeing much more of the road.

THERE is no central door pillar, and thus, with both doors open, passengers and luggage can be got into the car with exceptional ease. A further helpful point is that the front seats can be tilted

So much for externals. Under the bonnet is an engine of marked efficiency. It is an overhead-valve, four-cylinder unit of 11.4 h.p. A purist may consider it a little bit "rough" at low speeds, but it has the admirable virtue of going better and better, and more and more smoothly, the harder it is driven. It is also, at its cruising "revs," creditably silent.

If I have a prejudice in regard to motor cars, it is a prejudice in favour of high gearing, and I must therefore give the Fiat an especially good mark for having a top gear ratio of about 4½ to 1. (The equivalent English car would be geared at about 5½ to 1—and for an English car of the same gear ratio one would have to go into the 20 h.p. class.)

The Fiat "Balilla" in Brief

Engine: *Four cylinders with overhead valves*; *12 h.p.*

Transmission: *Four-speed gearbox, third and top ratios synchromesh.*

Performance: *Third gear nearly 60 m.p.h.*; *top gear 75 m.p.h.*

Steering: *Accurate, and has exceptionally good lock.*

Springing: *Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.*

Brakes: *Of efficient hydraulic type*; *hand brake on transmission.*

Coachwork: *Very comfortable in front, moderately so behind.*

Price: *Pillarless saloon, £198.*

The result of this high gearing is that the Fiat, without indulging in excessively high "revs," is quite fast. In third gear, it reaches a figure of over 50 m.p.h., while in top gear it has a maximum of around 70 m.p.h.

The gearbox provides four ratios, of which the two highest are synchromesh. Second gear is of real value, none the less, for it can be engaged quite easily, only a very small degree of skill being required to manipulate it. The same applies to first gear; there is no serious difficulty about it, except perhaps by contrast with the entirely fool-proof "third."

Road-holding is distinctly good, and this Fiat has very pleasant steering. In one respect, indeed, it is remarkable steering. It provides an exceptionally good lock, so that the car can be turned "in one movement" where most others would be compelled to reverse.

In a big city, this is a real attraction. One has no need to envy the agile taxi, with its capacity for turning in the street. Driving the Fiat, I made a complete turn in Grosvenor Street, W. (which I suppose is a relatively narrow thoroughfare by modern standards), and got round comfortably with several feet to spare!

The system of springing is very efficient, the front wheels being sprung independently, with ordinary semi-elliptic suspension at the back. The hydraulic foot brake is quite excellent,

(*Continued on page* 101)

(*Below*)

EASE of access to the back seat is very evident from this photograph. The doors, when closed, are firmly locked at top and bottom, and do not rattle

MOTORISTS & QUALITY CARS

A FEW, at the present time, possess superlative performance — but lack adequate accommodation.

SOME provide luxury transport — but with uninspiring performance.

OTHERS, mostly imported, are admirable for the compromise they have achieved.

BUT - with the exception of the Twelve-cylinder Lagonda*—THERE IS TODAY NO CAR which, in one and the same chassis, COMBINES, in infinite variety, ALL the points of ALL other desirable motor cars.

* Lagonda 12-cylinder Saloon de Ville
11 foot wheelbase . . . £1625

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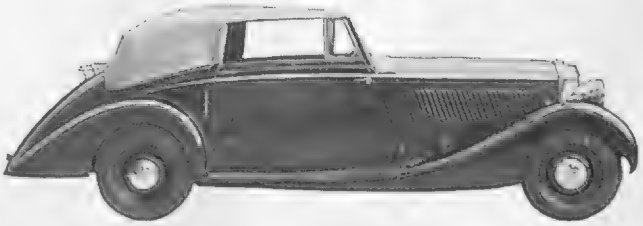

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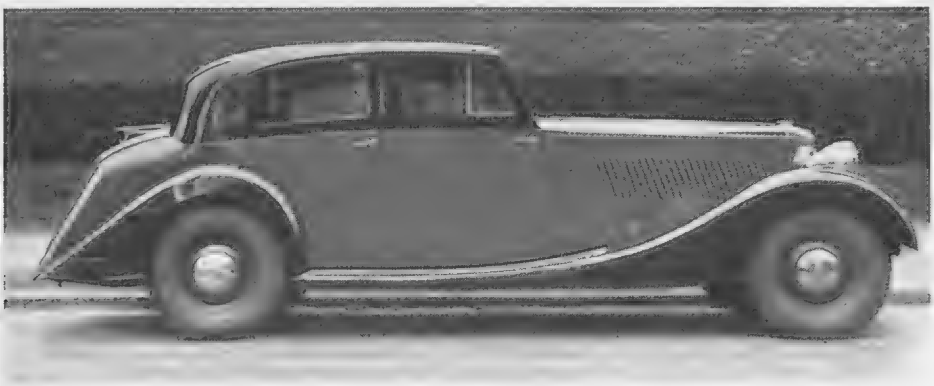

THE Railton, with " Cobham " saloon coachwork, has very striking lines, and the long bonnet conceals an eight-cylinder engine rated at 29 h.p.

The 29 h.p. Railton in Brief

Engine: 8 cylinders in line, 29 h.p.

Transmission: 3-speed high-ratio gearbox, with constant-mesh second gear.

Performance: Second gear 70 m.p.h.; top gear 90 m.p.h.

Springing: Good, with effective shock-absorber control.

Steering: Excellent.

Brakes: Of powerful hydraulic type.

Coachwork: Extremely comfortable.

Price: " Cobham " saloon, £698.

Distributors: Charles Follett, Ltd., 18, Berkeley Street, W.1.

A 90 M.P.H. "Luxury" Car

The 29 h.p. RAILTON

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT would be no exaggeration, I think, to describe as " spectacular " the degree of success which has been achieved by the Railton car since its comparatively recent introduction. The term may be hackneyed, but it is appropriate enough in this case; for in the space of time which most new cars require to gain a modest reputation, this product of the Fairmile Engineering Co. has created real, live enthusiasm in a small army of private owners.

When one examines this car, and when one has driven it a few miles, it is easy to see how this has come about. An excellent chassis of American design has been taken as the primary basis of the Railton. The best of its features—such as exceptional top-gear flexibility and silent running—have been retained. To these have been added the best characteristics of an English sports car, such as extreme liveliness, accurate steering and faultless road-holding.

Finally, coachwork has been built for it of the " sports saloon " type, which is in every way luxurious and at the same time pleasing to the eye. We have here a grand combination of qualities. Indeed, the Railton owner may claim that his car gives him all that is best from the engineering skill of two great manufacturing nations.

The engine is of the " straight eight " type, and of substantial size—29 h.p. It is certainly a delightful unit to sit behind, for it does its work quite effortlessly, even when the car is being driven really hard. It has the advantage of being high geared—at about 4 to 1 when the car is in " top "—and thus is able to run mostly at very moderate " revs."

It is capable also of really vivid acceleration, for, fast though the Railton is—its maximum is at least 90 m.p.h.—there is no need to seek out an exceptional stretch of road before making a speed test. In a surprisingly short distance, the speedometer needle can be sent soaring well up into the " eighties " and even beyond. There is a wonderful sense of willing power when the throttle is opened fully, and this is maintained, without any " flat spots," throughout the entire speed range.

The performance in second gear is at least equally fine. Since this is a ratio which one can use at the very lowest speeds in traffic, one hardly expects more than about 50 m.p.h. from it. In actual fact, however, it enables the car to do as much as 70 m.p.h., and thus to take hills as fast as if it had a high third gear—that is, on the very rare occasions when a gear other than " top " is required.

In another way, the Railton three-speed gearbox is remarkable. It is not fitted with synchromesh, but merely has a constant-mesh second ratio. Gear changes, therefore, although perfectly simple, cannot be described as foolproof in the literal sense.

Speaking for myself, however, I can truthfully say that I found it an enjoyable box to use.

(*Continued on page* 101)

(Right)
THE engine not only looks, but is, exceedingly impressive, giving the car remarkable acceleration up to 90 m.p.h. Space is also found under the bonnet for a full kit of tools

THE driving position is most comfortable, largely owing to the fact that the driving seat is adjustable for tilt. The gear lever also is very handily located

THE back seat is truly luxurious, and provides ample space. The width is such that, when the wide central arm-rest is raised, three people can easily sit abreast

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The 29 h.p. Railton

(*Continued from page* 99)

To make clean changes during my test run, I never needed to put forth much mental effort. On the other hand, I found that I had to keep my wits about me to some small extent. This, in my own case, seemed to add quite perceptibly to the pleasure of driving. Certainly, it in no way detracted from it.

I have said that an outstanding feature of the Railton is its good road-holding (for how deplorable is the fast car which holds the road badly!), and this is largely due to the well-planned springing. All road springs are semi-elliptic, and have shock-absorbers which are controllable by the driver. Best of all, these shock-absorbers have a really wide range of action. When set to "hard" they *are* hard, and vice versa. Thus the driver can genuinely have the springing as he likes it.

The steering is quite excellent in every respect, and the hydraulic brakes—which are assisted by a mechanically operated hand brake—are of great power. They are almost perfect at high speeds, although they require to be applied with some little delicacy when the car is travelling slowly.

The coachwork is very attractive in appearance, and no less so from the point of view of the passengers. There is plenty of space, including plenty of head-room, for four or five people. A point which the driver will appreciate is that his seat is adjustable, not only for length but also for angle. Thus he can tilt it so that the seat cushion gives him comfortable support under the knees.

With the "Cobham" saloon body, the Railton costs just on £700. There may be 90 m.p.h. cars which cost less; but it is difficult to think of any which, at this relatively moderate figure, is more completely satisfying both in the matter of all-round performance and as regards attractively comfortable equipment.

Don't "Lay Up" Your Car

(*Continued from page* 95)

To prevent this, some arrangement must be made whereby the battery can periodically be charged and its efficiency maintained. This is a tiresome business, and may involve some expense.

FINALLY, the money which is saved in respect of the car's licence and insurance policy can hardly be regarded as clear profit. There are additional train and bus fares to be considered. Also, every now and then one is in need of transportation to some place which the buses do not serve, or at some hour when they are not running. Then a car must be hired, and a considerable sum paid out.

The ordinary person, therefore, has very little to gain and a good deal to lose when, owning a car, he temporarily abandons the use of it. It would be much better for him to "face up to" the few simple requirements of winter motoring, and to "carry on" from one year's end to another.

A volatile grade of petrol—a lighter grade of oil—some effective anti-freezing mixture in the radiator—a screen wiper which does its job properly—a set of brakes which are correctly compensated: give a car these things, and it will tackle anything in the way of bad weather, except perhaps for a thick fog. Add a little extra patience when the engine is "warming up" in the morning, and you have almost the complete recipe for a trouble-free winter on the road.

A Light Car of Uncommon Interest

(*Continued from page* 97)

giving plenty of power in a smooth and progressive manner. The hand brake acts on the transmission—an unusual arrangement nowadays, but one for which there is ample precedent.

The coachwork is chiefly notable for its extraordinary accessibility. The four-door saloon is of pillarless construction, and the front seats in addition are made to tilt forward. With both doors wide open and these seats tilted, one gets the impression that it would be quite easy for a young elephant to enter the car and obtain access to the back seat!

As regards the seating, this is very comfortable in front, although at the back a little extra space would be appreciated. The price of the complete car is exceedingly moderate, being under £200 for the fixed-head model. An extra £10, making £208, is charged for the provision of a sliding roof.

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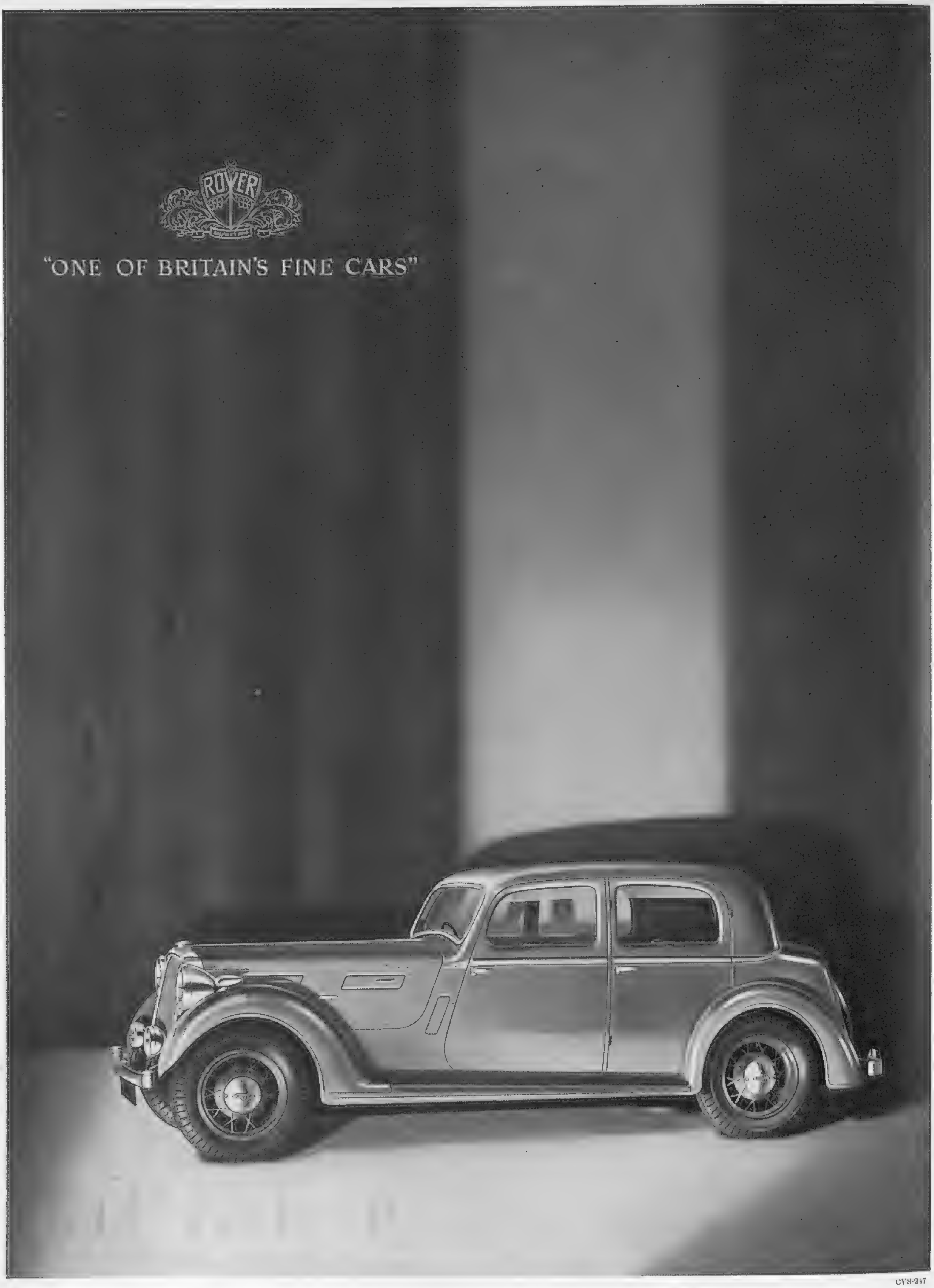
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I Live at Tokyo —and like it

By Henry Hessell

"SO you live at Tokyo," said an English friend, the last time I was in London. "It must be beastly for you to be always eating rice and dodging earthquakes."

I told him, gently, to reserve his pity for a more deserving case. Tokyo is a far pleasanter city in which to live than most people imagine.

I "went native" in Japan two years ago. That is to say, having as a newspaper correspondent to make my headquarters in that country, I decided, instead of living in an hotel, to establish a home in a suburb of the third largest city in the world and sample life *à la Nippon.*

Those two years have taught me that living in Japan is both cheaper and more comfortable than in most of the thirty-nine capital cities of the world of which I have had experience.

TRUE, both the rice and the earthquakes are there. The average number of bowls of rice eaten by a Japanese at any meal is three; I still find one enough. The average number of earthquakes experienced in the Japanese Islands is four small ones per day, with a big bust once every six years or so. The whole of Japan's million-horse-power all-electric capital city is built over a gigantic "fault" in the earth's crust, which accounts for six minor but definitely "felt" quakes which we have had at Tokyo during the past two months, and may precipitate a large-scale disaster (such as overwhelmed the city in 1923) at any moment. But one learns to be philosophical about such matters, if only because it is useless being anything else. Earthquakes either happen or they don't.

Deciding to set up housekeeping at Tokyo, I rented a typical little wooden Japanese house with paper windows at Azabu, a favoured suburb of that city where live many foreigners. It is, like all Japanese wood-and-paper houses, cool in summer, cold in winter; the accommodation consists of a living-room, a dining-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and—special attraction in Japan—a European-style bathroom which had been installed by a previous foreign tenant. The rent is £3 10s. a month, which is high for Japan; without the bathroom—a luxury found in comparatively few Japanese-style homes—my rent bill would be all of 15s. a month less.

MY house is located some twenty minutes distance from the centre of the city, to which I travel by tram or bus for a fare of seven sen, equivalent to slightly less than one penny. I have one Japanese servant, who understands foreign-style cooking and therefore commands a wage of 35s. a month. She lives in the house, but buys her own food, according to Japanese custom. Were I content to eat only Japanese-style food, I could obtain an excellent servant for 5s. weekly, but when seeking a maid versed in the art of cooking a steak or a fruit pie, and who will not get flurried when three or four foreign guests come to dine, one has to compete with the foreign-style hotels and restaurants, and so my maid earns more than 10s. a week, counting the value of the room which she occupies.

The homes of Tokyo are lit by electricity, as are the cottages even in the smallest Japanese villages.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Japan's super-modern capital. A view of the new Tokyo, showing (right) the City Hall, with the wireless masts of Nippon's Admiralty in the background

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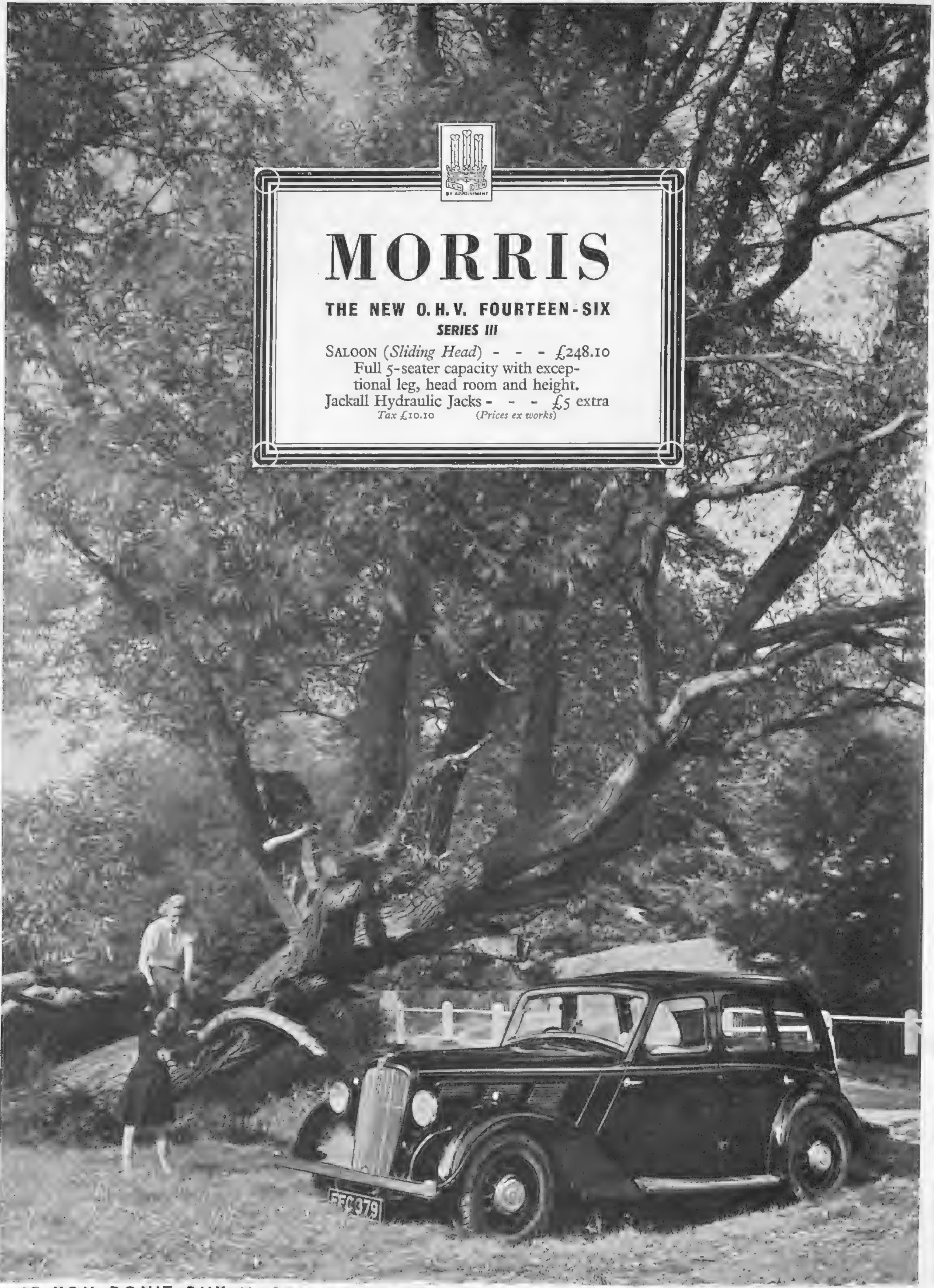

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My electric light bill comes to around 5s. a month. Cooking, and heating the bath-water, are done by gas at an average cost of 6s. 6d. a month. The heating of the house in winter is, for a European unversed in the art of suffering without complaint, a problem. Why, when the cold, raw December weather arrives at Tokyo, all the Japanese do not curl up and die remains a profound mystery to me. The frail wooden houses are " heated " either by *hibachi*—charcoal fires burning in earthenware pots—or by oil stoves. An *hibachi* provides a flicker of warmth if one sits within two feet of it; beyond that range the only thing to do is to wear two or three overcoats! Fireplaces are almost unknown in Japanese houses, which accounts for the fact that during recent years school children, spending most of each day in modern steam-heated schoolrooms and returning at night to ice-box homes, have been succumbing to colds and influenza in tens of thousands. Even the provision of an *hibachi* in every room is beyond the means of most Japanese families, for it costs the equivalent of 5s. a week to enjoy even that glimmer of warmth. However, winter in Japan is rarely more severe than in southern England (indeed, the climate on the Pacific side of the Japanese mountains very closely resembles that of London, with little snow, much rain and no severe cold).

MY tradesmen's bills, for a family of three, amount to around £3 a month, exclusive of the cost of entertaining. Meat costs 17s. a month; vegetables and fruit 14s.; bread 6s.; fish (excellent in all parts of Japan—the greatest fish-eating nation in the world) 6s.; rice 2s. 6d., and milk 12s. monthly.

My Japanese friends, living on a diet composed almost exclusively of rice, fish and vegetables, consider me very extravagant. One high Government official, in whose house I frequently dine, maintains a household of nine persons in palatial style on 30s. a month, and buys enough fish for a banquet at a cost of one shilling. But in Japan, as elsewhere, prices have a habit of rising somewhat when the customer is a foreigner who does his shopping by telephone.

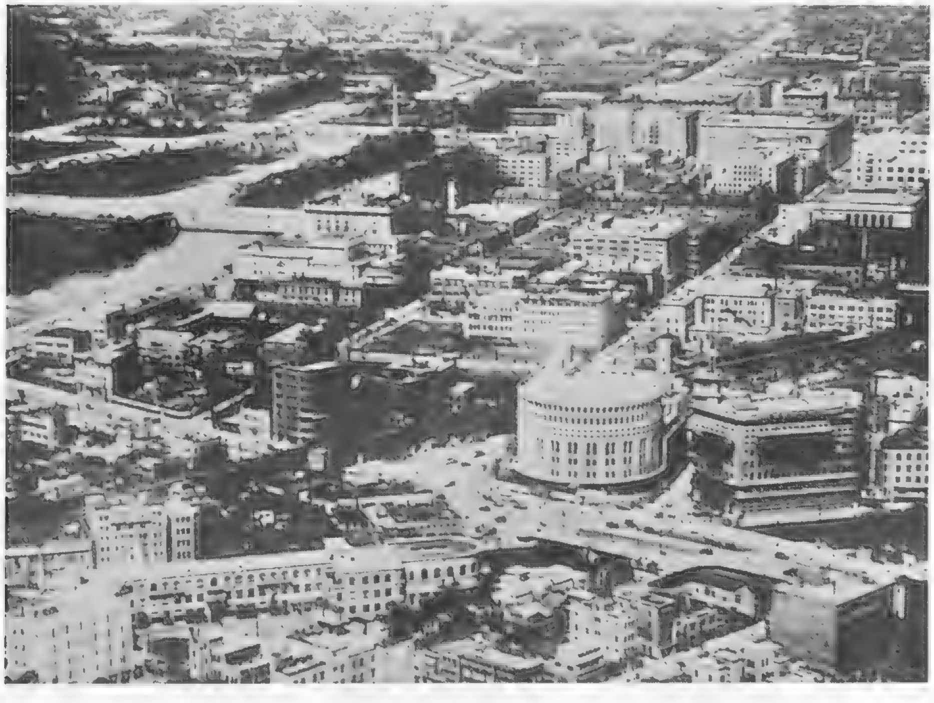
The cheapest items in my Japanese budget are fish, vegetables and laundry; the three most expensive are imported fruits, cheese, and milk or cream. An imported Californian orange costs all of one shilling. A grape-fruit is definitely a luxury, while disease-free milk or cream is an expensive item.

FURNISHING a home is cheap; in Japan one needs very little to make the rush-matted native-style home comfortable. And where on earth exist such shiningly clean houses as those wooden homes in which, by custom immemorial, no boot ever treads, footgear being left at the front door? Clothing, whether Japanese or foreign-style, is dirt cheap. My made-to-measure suits never cost me more than 50s.; an imitation palm-beach suit for summer wear 17s. 6d. Passably good shoes cost 10s. a pair, shirts 2s. 6d. each, winter felt hats 3s., and gent's summer " boaters " 1s. each.

Entertainment is inexpensive; the best seats at a Tokyo super-cinema (air-conditioned) cost only 9d. Japanese whisky retails at 3s. 6d. a bottle, and isn't so bad if one knows the right brand to buy. " English " cigarettes—made from Virginia tobacco—cost 1¼d. for ten.

Really to sample the " bargains " of life at Toyko, however, one must be a bride. In no other city in the world are such things as curtains, glass, cutlery, chinaware, linens and other household articles so cheap. When a young Japanese friend of mine got married recently, her bridegroom furnished and equipped a Japanese home of four rooms at a cost of £20 all in. And that couple are now living like fighting-cocks on an income of £4 a month—which is the average wage received by tens of thousands of

(*Continued on page* 106)



Tokyo from the air. Four times the usual quantity of steel has been used in the erection of these super-modern buildings, but nobody knows for certain what will happen to them if and when another severe earthquake shakes the city

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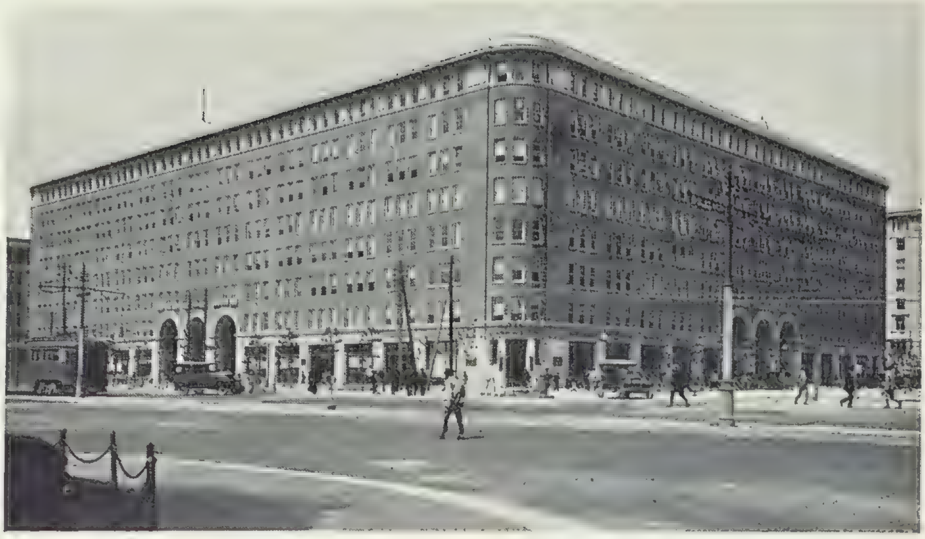
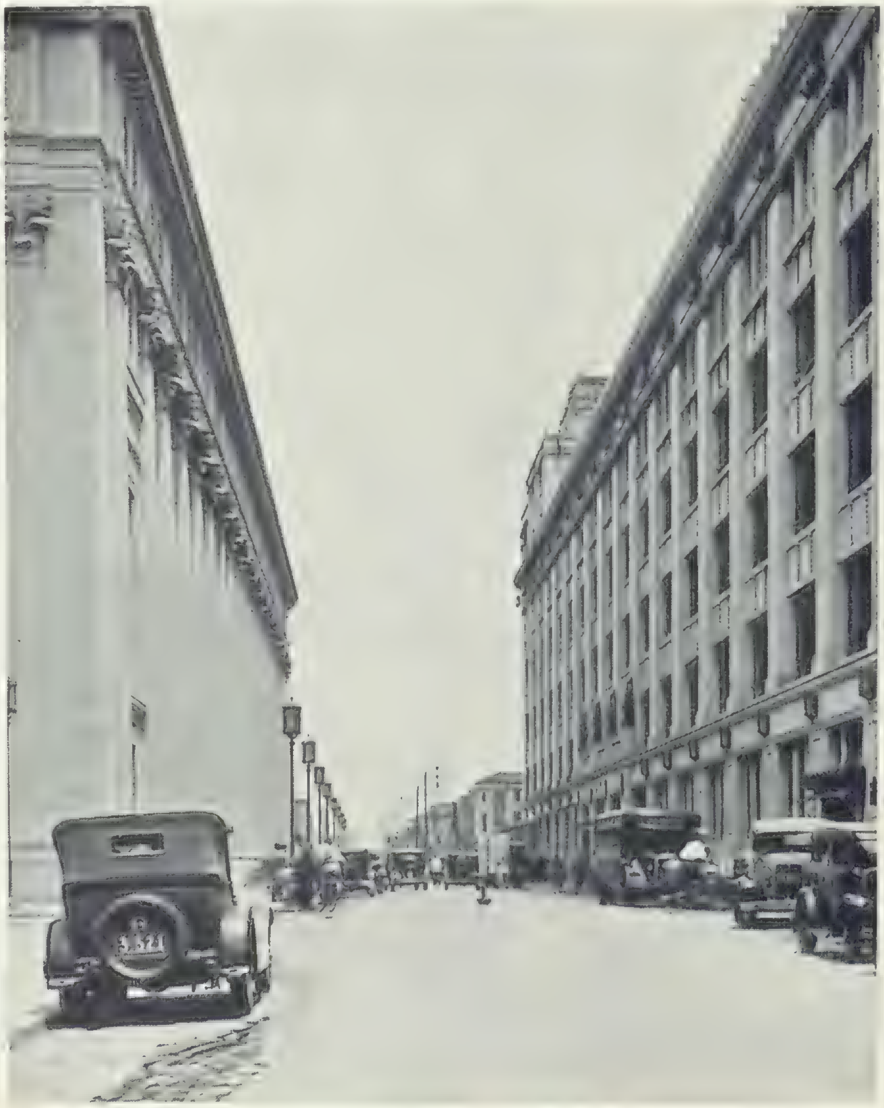


The Marunouchi Building at Tokyo. A sample of the modern architecture to be seen in the rebuilt Imperial city

black-coat workers in that land of low incomes.

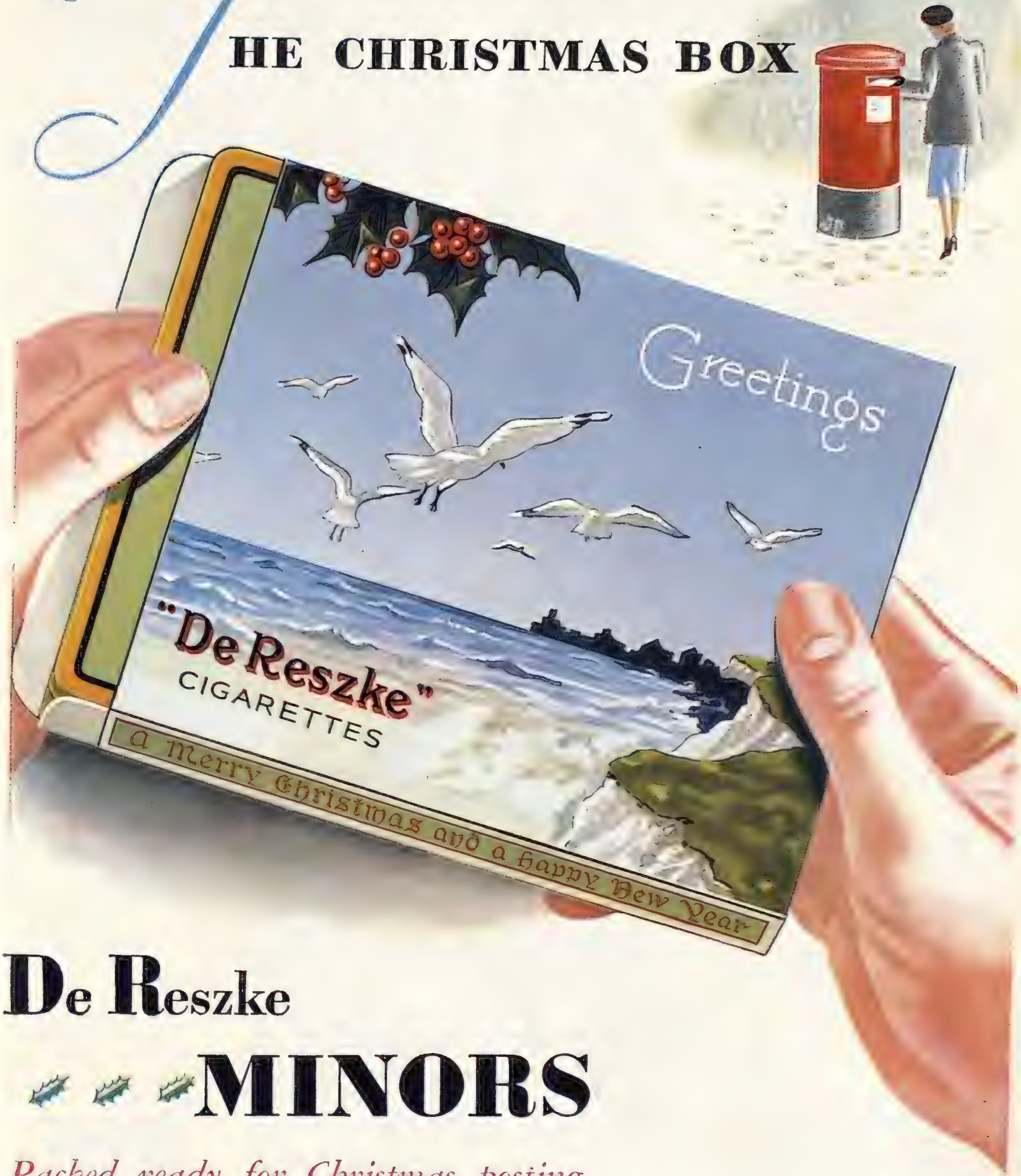
NOR does life on such modest means involve "stinting." It cannot be too often stated that the secret of those cheap Japanese goods which so worry foreign nations lies in the fact that the Japanese people have few wants—or rather, that they have learnt to do without what they cannot afford. No doubt many of my neighbours at Tokyo would like a larger garden, a larger house, a small Datsun car—the Japanese "Morris"—a bigger wireless set, a summer holiday, and more expensive clothes. But as very few of them can command such luxuries

(*Continued on page* 109)



London? No—10,000 miles away! A modern street in the business sector of the new Tokyo, showing the up-to-date architecture of the city

THE CHRISTMAS BOX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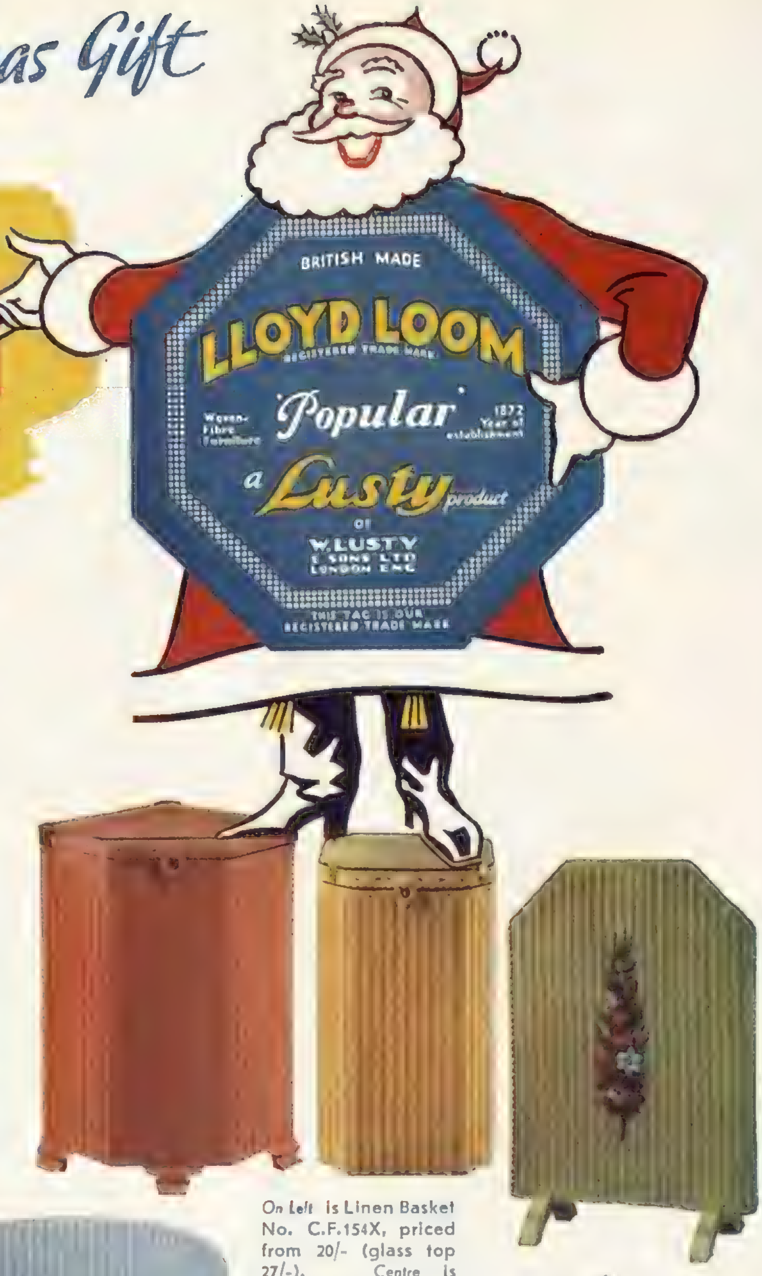
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Tea ceremony in a suburb of Tokyo. A Japanese neighbour of the author of this article serves tea according to time-honoured ritual—sitting on the floor with an "hibachi" for warmth

in a land which lives on the "rice standard," they do without them, and work for twelve hours daily with two days "off" in each month without complaint. Nor does a small income affect the hospitality which they offer to the foreigner in their midst; the Japanese are among the most charming and generous people that I know.

One or two other items must be mentioned to complete the story of my Tokyo budget. The cost of insuring one's furniture and effects varies according to the district of the city in which one lives. All insurance premiums are based on the experiences of the great Tokyo earthquake. After that disaster the cost of insuring property and effects in the regions which suffered most went up steeply, while the premiums charged in suburbs that escaped damage were actually lowered. Azabu, where I live, escaped almost without damage, and so to-day one can insure household effects there as cheaply as in Kensington.

THE policemen, postmen, dustmen and other public servants of Tokyo may be Buddhists or Shintoists, but they do not neglect to call for Christmas boxes in December merely because they don't happen to be Christians. The average gratuity expected—and given—is 6s. apiece. So my annual bill under this heading comes to about 30s. Another unique feature of life at Tokyo, which affects both Japanese and foreigners who earn their money from Japanese sources,

(*Continued on page* 110)

East meets West! A street scene at Tokyo, where the "bright young things" favour European fashions, while the majority of their sisters still cling to the kimono of Old Japan

Attractiveness! Young women of fashion choose to wear Pesco Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Underwear because it is soft and pretty and frivolous. The fine-textured garments look mere wisps of airy lightness, insubstantial as a dream. Only when winter is at its bleakest do their wearers realise how protectively warm they are.

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Ladies of Japan brave the rain clad in the national dress plus paper umbrellas and "getas" (wooden clogs, which keep the feet dry)

Street scene in working-class Tokyo. The crowd waiting for a tramcar. Ninety millions like these demand a "place in the sun"

is the system of income tax in vogue. Within the Japanese Empire the payment of income tax is almost universal; my secretary, earning £8 a month, contributes 2s. a month to the national coffers. And every workman, similarly, hands over his few yen annually to the cost of running Dai Nippon—Greater Japan.

FINALLY, there is the all-important question of neighbours. Foreigners living at Tokyo meet, dine, dance and talk together as elsewhere. The game of bridge is not unknown. But as there are only 2,200 British and 1,800 Americans spread over the whole country, it naturally follows that most of one's social contacts are with Japanese. In that fact lies one of the greatest attractions of life in Japan, for in nothing does the Yamato race shine so much as entertaining. Family festivals, dinners, sukiyaki parties, tea ceremonies, geisha entertainments: the number of occasions for being entertained are endless. Some of my foreign friends at Tokyo are working men and women, earning salaries as low as 30s. a week, but there is no snobbery in Japan, either among Europeans or the Japanese themselves. Something in the very atmosphere of the country, and in the attitude of the Japanese to each other, promotes the spirit of friendliness and good comradeship which is the outstanding characteristic of Japan. Whatever may or may not be true in the realm of politics, in so far as the daily life of a foreign resident at Tokyo is concerned the Japanese are the world's best neighbours—instinctively peaceable, charming and considerate. Add to that fact the grace of Japanese womanhood, the natural beauties of the land of cherry blossom, and the further fact that one may dwell in those favoured islands in solid middle-class comfort on £3 10s. a week, and it will be realised that living in Japan's super-modern capital city is far from being the fate some people imagine—even if London Bridge is 10,000 miles away.

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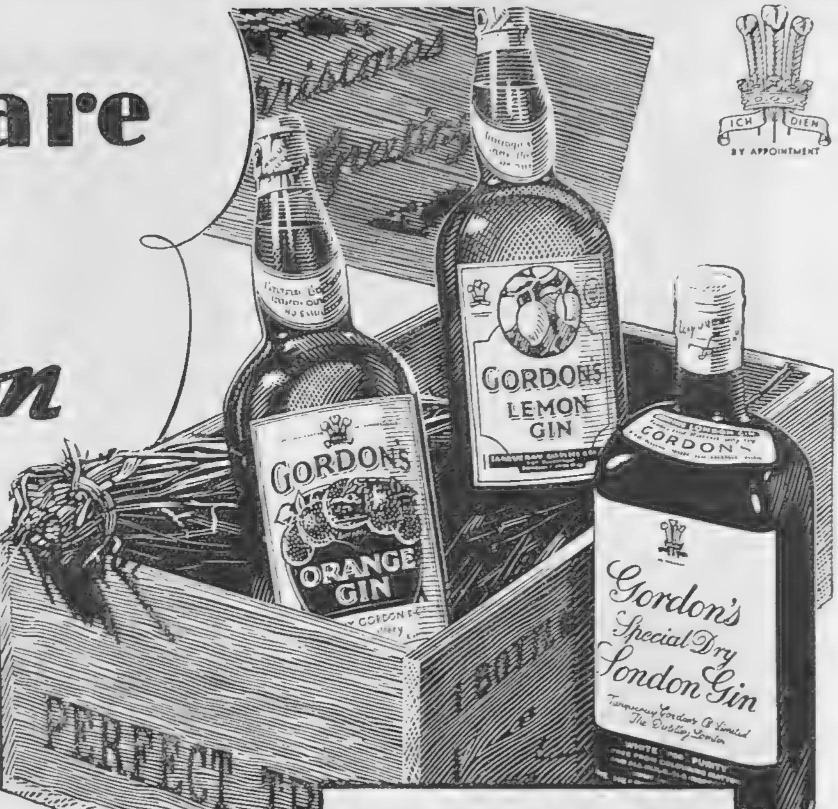
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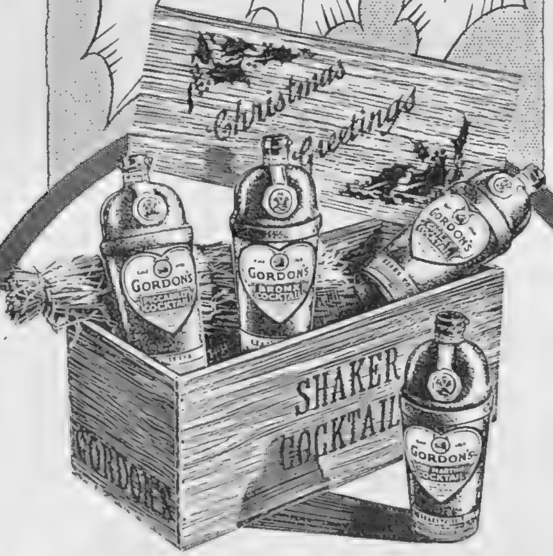
GORDON'S ORANGE GIN
GORDON'S LEMON GIN
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
PERFECT TRIO

THE PERFECT TRIO

Dry Gin, Orange Gin and Lemon Gin - -	**36/-**

(U.K. only)

Single bottles **12/-** each, also in halves and miniatures.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SHAKER COCKTAILS
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SHAKER COCKTAILS

4-BOTTLE CASES £2.2.0

Piccadilly; Bronx; Gimlet; Dry Martini

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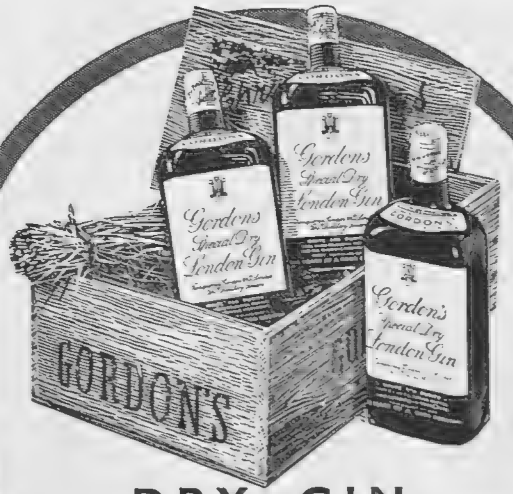
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Packed in special Xmas Gift Cases
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Gordon's Gin is also supplied in Single Bottles at **12/-** and in halves and miniatures.

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"What with Postman's Knock, Musical Chairs and other games, your white enamel paint and French polished furniture will look very different to-morrow."

"Never mind—they're enjoying themselves. And we'll soon clean up the white enamel paint and make the furniture as bright as ever with a little Min Cream."

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CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

It's so much easier with

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

TINS 6d AND 1/- OF ALL DEALERS.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.
M. AY. 40.

The world-famous "Old Faithful" Geyser in Yellowstone National Park. With clock-like regularity this geyser spouts a mighty stream of boiling water 120 feet into the air

IN GEYSERLAND

No other area of the world's surface is so crowded with geysers, hot springs, and other natural wonders as Yellowstone National Park

By Harold J. Shepstone

"OLD FAITHFUL" will play at 12.15! That was the information I read on the notice board of one of the hotels in Yellowstone National Park. I had heard much about its geysers, hot springs and other natural phenomena and had determined to see them for myself. This great reservation, situated in the American State of Wyoming, is no mean park. It is about 62 miles long and 54 miles wide, and has an area of 3,348 square miles, equal to that of Devon and Somerset combined.

It virtually consists of a great volcanic plateau with an average elevation of 8,000 feet, and surrounded by mountain ranges rising from 2,000 to 4,000 feet higher. Because of its height above sea-level, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, it is inclined to be bleak in winter. In fact, the park is opened only three months of the year, from the middle of June to the middle of September.

West Yellowstone, the jumping-off place for this natural wonderland, is easily reached by rail, from which point motor coaches carry one to the hotels and lodges scattered throughout the park. They are all up-to-date hostelries situated at points of great scenic interest. From these settlements one can travel over first-class roads by motor, horse, or on foot, from one natural phenomenon to another, marvelling the while at the wonder and majesty of it all. It is surprising what can be seen in a two-days' motor tour of the park. These motor trips from geysers to hot springs, from "paint pots" to lovely painted terraces, from graceful waterfalls to peaceful lakes, are among the most novel motor journeys imaginable.

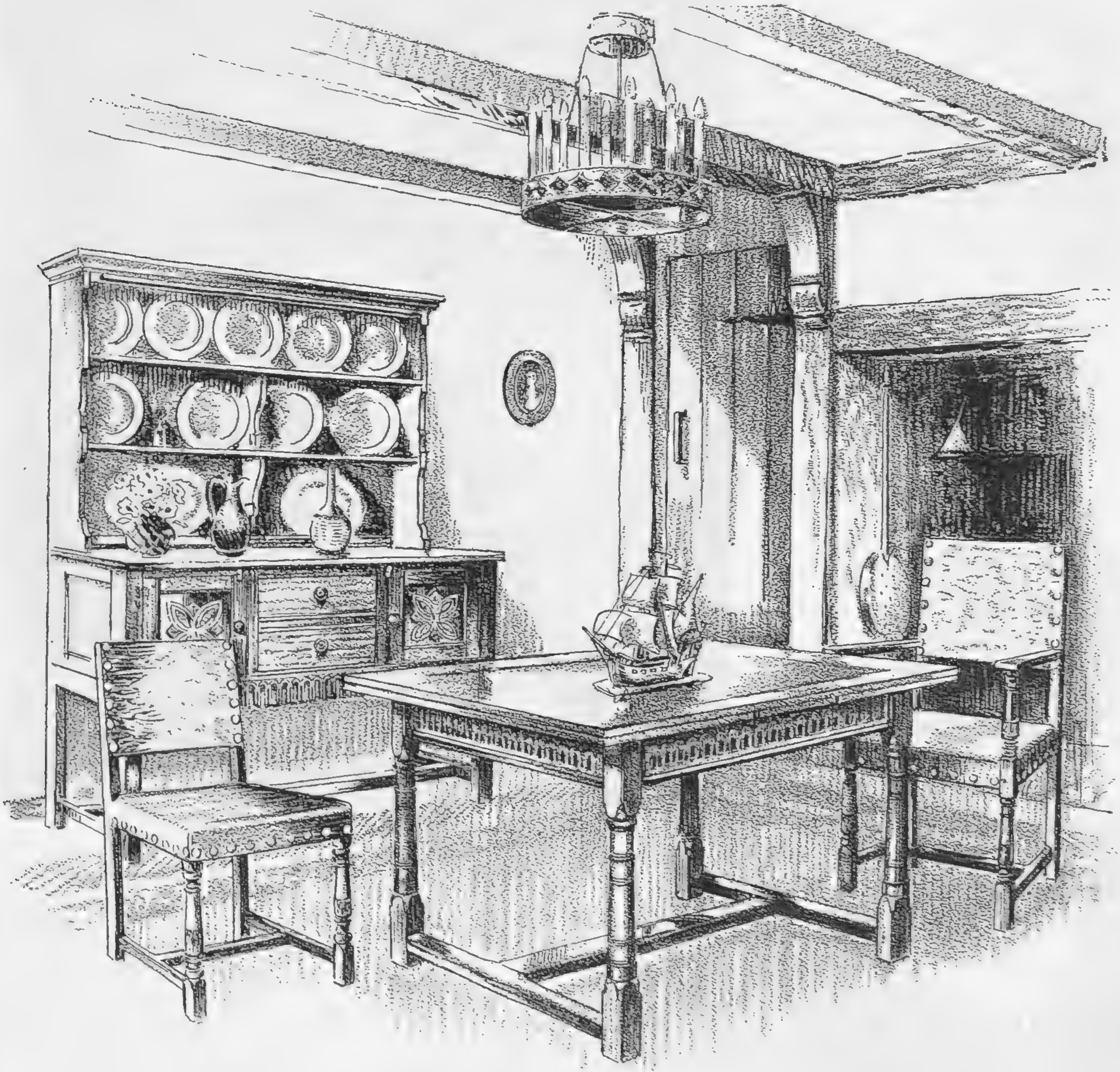
They say of Yellowstone that it was formed by fire and finished by ice and water; geologically this is true. Though its volcanoes are no longer active, the earth hisses from a thousand vents, stretching, perhaps, from a subterranean fire. Great fountains of water and steam roar gracefully into the air, some regularly, others at unforeseen times. Numberless pools murmur and boil; the minute hot-water inhabitants of some have painted their bowls with the exquisite colours

(*Continued on page* 114)

PLEASING YOURSELF at DRAGES of Oxford Street

In choosing furniture, considerations of cost are naturally of importance to most people. Which is not to say, however, that personal satisfaction in the matter need suffer at all.

Fine Furniture is not necessarily expensive—as you can prove by visiting Drages. Moreover, payments can be very conveniently adjusted to income. Will you call at Oxford Street?



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PHOSFERINE

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QUININE SULPHATE *is a tonic administered to improve* **APPETITE** *and beneficial in cases of* **WEAKNESS** *and of* **DEBILITY**

CINCHONIN SULPH. *has useful properties as general* **TONIC** *and is used to alleviate* **recurrent FEVERS**

CINCHONIDIN SULPH. *has marked effect on* **NERVE reaction** *and is useful in treatment of* **RHEUMATISM** *and to combat the parasite of* **MALARIA**

QUINIDIN SULPH. *is used for certain cardiac affections caused by* **NERVE and MUSCLE CONGESTION** *for which it is a beneficial supplementary specific.*

ACID GLYCEROPHOS *is advised in all kinds of and is a recognised tonic for* **NERVE wasting ailments**

ACID PHOSPH. *is employed as a stimulant for* **DIGESTION** *and has beneficial effect on the process of excretion.*

There you have the definite purpose of each of these ingredients, as every doctor will endorse. Their combined effects explain the remarkable efficacy of Phosferine.

It is important to add, however, that the extreme care exercised in the Phosferine scientific laboratories, the unimpeachable purity of every substance employed, and the skilful combination of the various ingredients in exactly the right proportions, are all factors contributing to the success of Phosferine. Under modern conditions, every adult person commencing a course of Phosferine will derive marked and rapid benefit.

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

All Chemists sell Phosferine — Tablets or Liquid. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

A 6d. trial size of Phosferine Tablets is now obtainable *(Not available in I.F.S.)*

Warning. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations

C.F.H.

of sapphire, emerald and morning-glory; others have erected terraces and enamelled basins of surpassing richness, or have thrust their steaming cones through the icy waters of a lake. Here a mass of plastic clay, pink and cream, spouts and sputters; there stand a cliff of glass, a mountain of sulphur. On yonder mountain side are the petrified remains of a prehistoric forest now composed of agate, carnelian, jasper, chrysoprase and amethyst. A great river plunges with thunder and mist hundreds of feet into a stupendous canyon cut through 1,200 feet of prismatic pigments, glowing with a harmony of colour that simply baffles description.

So tremendous is the volume of water that tumbles in a colossal column over the lower falls of the Yellowstone River that the surrounding earth trembles. The fall is twice that of famed Niagara, the roar awe-inspiring

Of all these varied wonders it is the geysers and hot springs which are Yellowstone's premier attraction. There are over a hundred geysers and some 4,000 hot springs. There are more geysers in this single park than there are in the rest of the world. The geysers and hot springs occur in groups, known as basins. Thus we have the Upper, Midway, Firehole and Norris Basins. The Upper Geyser Basin is the oldest. It contains nearly half the geysers, including Old Faithful, the Grand, and the Giantess. The Firehole Basin contains weird cauldrons of boiling clay, known as "paint pots," which, when active, throw up little puffs of blue and other coloured clay. It also contains two great geysers—the Fountain and the Great Fountain.

The Midway Basin contains a great geyser known as the Excelsior. This geyser has long periods of dormancy, but when in action it throws a column of water over 250 feet into the air. Its eruptions occur about every seventy-five minutes, and are occasionally violent enough to toss rocks into the air. Even in non-eruption it pours out 4,000 gallons of water per minute. The Giant Geyser has also great power; it is able to fling a column of water, five feet in diameter, 200 feet high, and hold it in the air at that height for more than an hour.

A BAND of scientists from the Carnegie Institution of Washington have been making a special study of the geysers and hot springs of Yellowstone Park, and they have given us some interesting information concerning them. Geysers are intermittent hot springs, gushing up from the ground at uncertain intervals. The fountain need not be a slender jet as many suppose; often it takes the form of a swelling dome or a splashing sheet, varying in form and size according to the accumulated energy and the shape and size of the orifice. Most of Yellowstone's geysers play

(*Continued on page* 116)

Five Christmas Boxes

Packed with treats galore—

Here's the gift for hostesses —
And now there are four . . . .

COCKTAIL ASSORTED
An intriguing array of Savoury Wafers and Biscuits. 2/- each.

Four Christmas boxes—anyone
can see
This one's made for parties!
So now there are three . . .

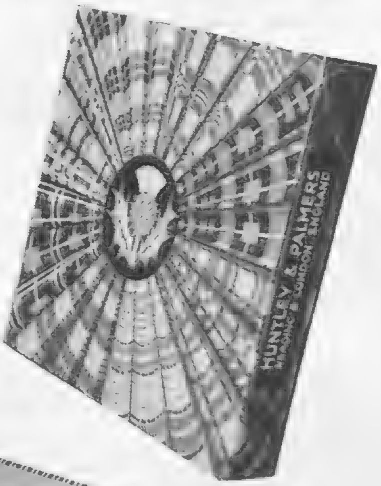
"VIOLETS" ASSORTED CHOCOLATE
Delicious chocolate-covered biscuits. 2/6 each.

Three Christmas boxes—what
would Nannie do
Without a cake to celebrate?
That leaves us two . . . .

NEW ERA
Mixed Fruit Cake in a gay holly box. 2/3 each.

Two Christmas boxes—
this tartan tin is fun
For Auntie Jean who's Scottish.
Now we have one . . . .

ALL SCOTCH
A most original tin containing different pieces of Shortbread. 2/2 each.



One Christmas box is left—
but as we've all begun
Sampling surreptitiously, there'll
very soon be none!

Made by

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

—so you know they're the best.

PARIS ASSORTED
Gay, novel and delicious, ideal for parties or Christmas gifts. 2/8 each.

Answer

these

questions

- *Do you read in trains or 'buses?*
- *Do you work in artificial light?*
- *Do you go to the cinema?*
- *Do you play indoor games?*
- *Do you drive a car?*
- *Do fogs or smoke-laden atmospheres worry you?*

Only if you can truthfully answer "No" to every one of these questions can you afford to be without Optrex Eye Lotion this winter.

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Modern conditions put numberless unnatural strains on the eyes. You must take steps to protect your eyes against them. Start immediately by getting a bottle of Optrex from your Chemist. Optrex is a soothing, mildly astringent lotion which enables you to combat eye-strain. It washes away all irritating foreign matter from the eyes, relaxes them and helps them to look sparklingly alive.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath), Triple Size (without eye bath) 3/6. For interesting booklet 'Sight—the Master Sense' full of vital information, write to Dept. B.E.47 Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

less than five minutes at a time, but the eruptions of others last for hours. The quiet interval between eruptions is usually very much longer than the active periods, though occasionally the relation may be reversed. The height of the erupted water varies from a few inches to nearly 300 feet. When you witness an eruption and the guide tells you that the water is being thrown up a hundred feet or so, as the case may be, you imagine it must be very much higher, due to the accompanying clouds of steam.

The most famous of the geysers is Old Faithful. When our car stopped some 150 yards from its white cone the guide took out his watch and said the eruption was due in three minutes. Around the base of the cone are scattered wooden benches where tourists can sit and watch the proceedings. There was a distinct growling, rumbling, and hissing noise, the prologue to the display. Then, when the three minutes had expired, there was a roar and a column of boiling water shot into the air enveloped in a cloud of steam. It was a startling sight, especially to anyone who had not seen a geyser in action before. Every sixty-five minutes Old Faithful sends a towering spray of boiling water and steam 120 to 170 feet into the air. The display lasts four minutes. The park wardens are said to tell the time by Old Faithful.

There are some 4,000 hot springs in the park as well as cold springs spouting Apollinaris and other mineral waters. For the first time scientists have recorded the temperature of the more important springs. In some the water issues at boiling point. At a depth of a few feet, however, the temperature of some of the springs was found to be as high as 250° to 300° Fahr. Some of the hot springs are in close proximity to the streams and lakes. It is possible to stand upon their banks, throw a line into the water, catch a fish, then jerk the line over into the boiling water, dip the fish in, and cook it. Campers in the park are fond of doing this.

Geologists are divided as to the cause of these hot springs. Some say that both water and heat are of volcanic origin; and others that the water is derived from surface rainfall and that the heat is acquired by conduction through rock from a deep-seated source. This is a point which scientists are now endeavouring to solve. At several of the hot springs they have sunk bore holes in connection with their investigations. They are also analysing the mineral contents of the water.

THE hot water ejected by the springs has resulted in the formation of wonderful terraces, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred feet and more in height. As the water is charged with mineral matter, these terraces present all the colours of the rainbow. The more famous of these terraces are those at Mammoth Hot Springs, close to the administration quarters of the park, near one of the entrances. The hot waters, heavily laden with carbonate of lime from subterranean sources, have built up a number of terraced eminences exquisitely carved and embossed. Algæ living in the cascades that pour down their slopes have painted the fretted basins and sculptured cornices with delicate tones of scarlet, orange, pink, yellow, and blue, while, where the waters have temporarily ceased flowing, the fluted columns and beaded terraces are snow-white. With the water pouring over their elaborate incrustations, the terraces glow with a matchless harmony of colour and seem like living organisms.

The history of the hot springs is that of constant change, making the permanency of their deposits much less than that of other spring formations in the park. In fact, the terraces grow and change so rapidly that in building up their dainty architecture full-grown trees have been engulfed by the deposits. The beauty of the individual terraces often varies from year to year with the flow of hot water, and this adds changing variety to the charm of the entire group.

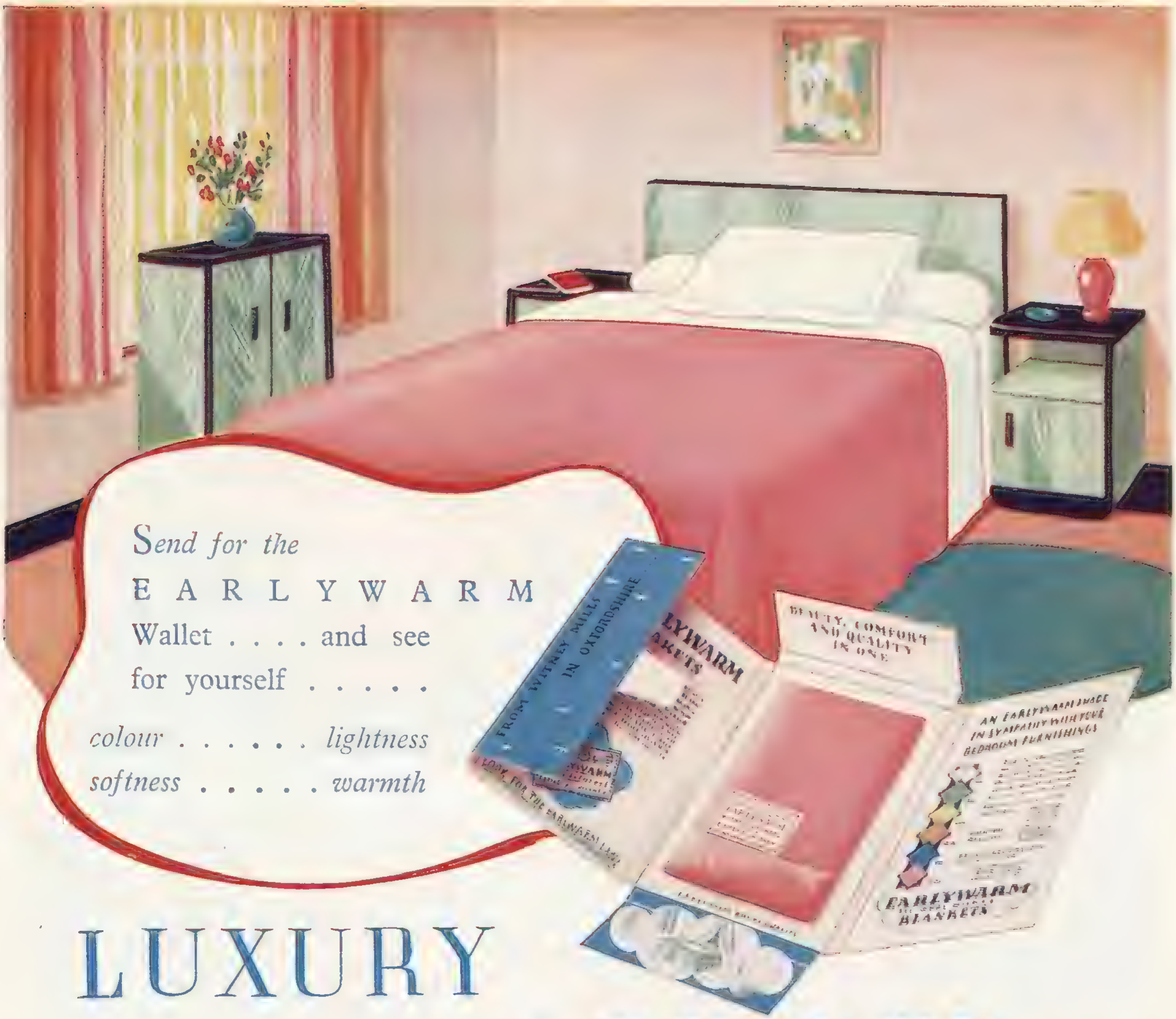
Fascinating as are the hot springs and geysers, equally impressive is the Grand Canyon.

Imagine, a river, 100 to 200 feet in width, winding its way, serpent-fashion, down a deep mountain gorge, tumbling over cataracts, and then plunging over deep recesses as it courses along, and whose banks rise at varying elevations to a height of 1,500 to 2,000 feet, portions of which are clothed in forest trees, while others are bare, and of the most gorgeous colouring, and you have a faint idea of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Here and there are trails that lead down to the water's edge, but it is impossible to ascend the valley along the river's brink for any great distance on account of the precipitous rocks and steep sides.

There are many places, however, from which magnificent views may be had of the gorge and its river. That from Point Lookout commands what is regarded as the best combined view of the Great Falls and the Canyon. It is fully 1,200 feet above the river and some half a mile below the falls. The latter have a drop of 360 feet. No photograph can give justice to the beauty of the scene, for the whole gorge is a flame of colours. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The underlying colour is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of colour.

THEN at every turn in the park one comes across strange natural phenomena, the like of which can be seen nowhere else. Near one of the entrances is Obsidian Cliff, a bald escarpment of volcanic glass, 250 feet in height. The greater part of this mineral glass is jet black and quite opaque, but variegated here and there with streaks of red and yellow. The construction of the roadway along its base was accomplished in a novel manner, and with considerable difficulty; the use of blasting powder being out of the question, great fires were built around the huge blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, resulting in shattering the blocks into small fragments. This process made possible the construction of this really wonderful roadway, probably the only piece of glass road in the world. There being no other exposed ridge of obsidian

(*Continued on page* 119)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BEAUTY, COMFORT AND QUALITY IN ONE
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White Blankets from **30/-** *a pair.*
Coloured Blankets from **17/6** *each.*
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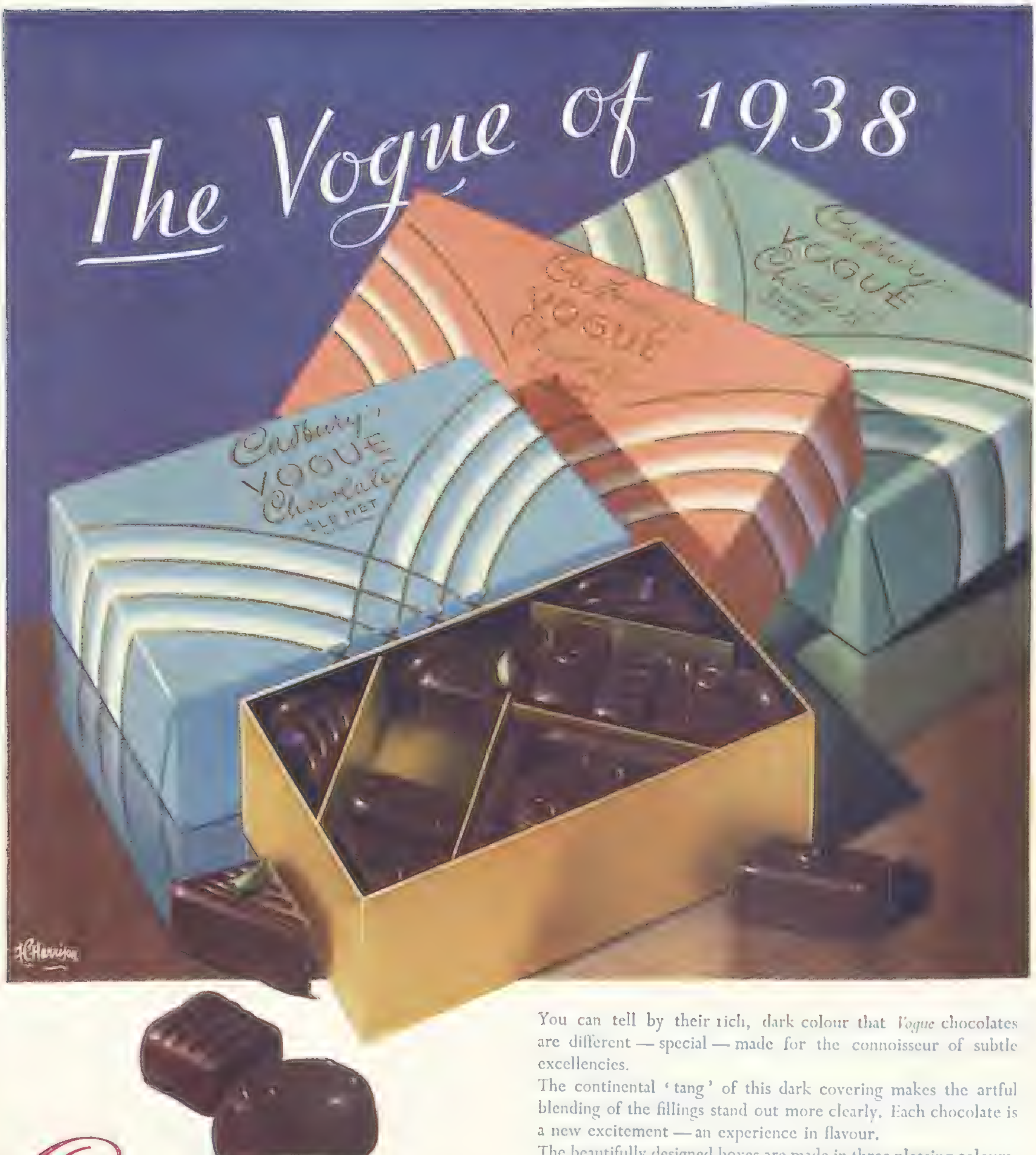
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You can tell by their rich, dark colour that *Vogue* chocolates are different — special — made for the connoisseur of subtle excellencies.

The continental 'tang' of this dark covering makes the artful blending of the fillings stand out more clearly. Each chocolate is a new excitement — an experience in flavour.

The beautifully designed boxes are made in three pleasing colours. The 'silent' non-rustling packing makes them ideal for cinema and theatre. The price? Only 1/6 for a half-pound box.

Cadbury's VOGUE CHOCOLATES

½ lb. box 1/6 . . . 1 lb. box 3/-

in the Rocky Mountains, and this material being more desirable than flint for the manufacture of arrow-heads, it was once a famous resort for all tribes of Indians, who congregated here in great numbers. Obsidian Cliff was "neutral ground" to all the Rocky Mountain Indians. Chips of obsidian and specimens of partly finished arrow-heads have been found in all parts of the park. Then there are the petrified trees, many of which are still standing, as well as mountains of almost pure sulphur. Indeed, there would appear to be no end to the natural wonders of this reservation.

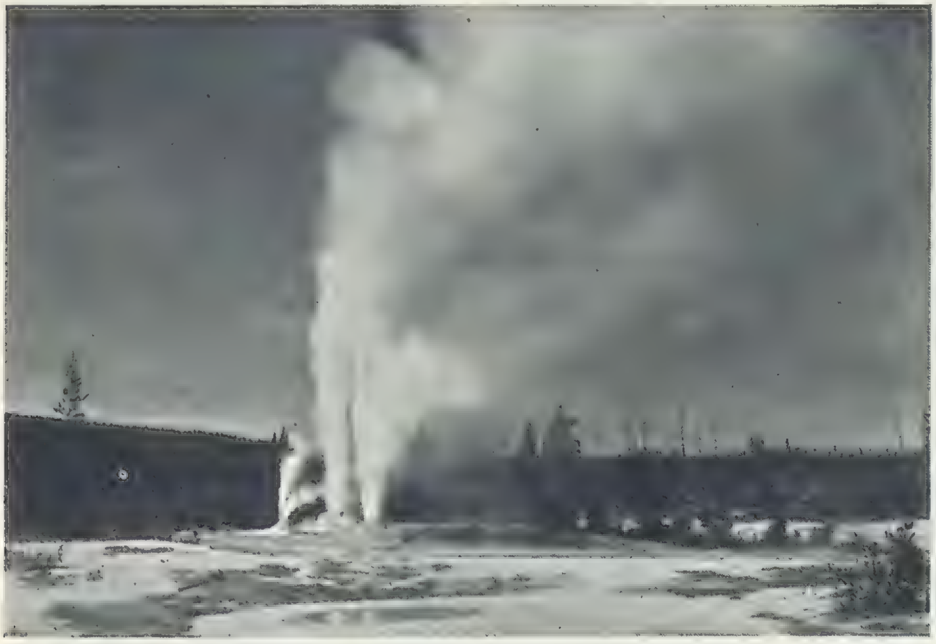
The setting of these natural wonders is a land of vast evergreen forests, immense lakes and noble streams. Yellowstone Lake, the source of many rivers and on which a fleet of motor boats operate, has an area of 139 square miles. Not least, this primeval wilderness is one of the largest animal refuges on earth. Every species of big game for which America is noted is to be found here. The list includes buffalo, moose, elk, big-horn (mountain sheep), deer, antelope, bear, mountain lion, wolf, fox, coyote, beaver, otter, mink, marten, sable, muskrat, ermine, rabbit, badger, porcupine, hare, squirrel, chipmunk, ground hog, wolverine, and skunk. Among the birds (principally migratory) are the grouse, owl, hawk, eagle, vulture, duck, geese, pelican, swan, crane, crow, raven, magpie, lark, bluejay and blackbird. Its streams are full of fish, principally trout, of which there are some six varieties. Indeed, the park can boast of over 250 miles of trout streams. All this varied life is jealously preserved, only fishing at certain periods of the year being allowed. The result is the animals, even those that are by nature wild, have realised their protection under the park management, and have consequently become almost indifferent to the presence of man.

The grizzly bear is an example in point. A few years ago no grizzly or black bear could be seen near the hotels in daylight. But now they are looked upon as one of the sights of the park. During the summer months they come in large numbers to all the hotels, usually appearing in the late afternoon or evening. They look upon the garbage heaps outside the hotel buildings as exclusively their own, and in the evening may be seen by the dozen eating the refuse, apparently unconscious of the spectators looking on. When they have finished their meal, they walk quietly away. Sometimes a bear will get a tin can stuck on its paws and commence howling with pain. Before now the scouts of the park, under the direction of Buffalo Jones—the individual who looks after the buffalo—have thrown ropes over a screaming bear, tied it to a tree, and cut the tin can away.

SO long as the visitor takes reasonable precaution, the bears are as harmless as the domestic bull. Indeed, it is surprising what these black-coated monsters take from the inquisitive tourist. You can easily frighten them away, and if you chase them they will make their escape up a tree. Visitors are very fond of doing this, and it is very rarely indeed that the bears resent it.

The herd of buffaloes in the park number forty-two, and are rapidly increasing. Then over 15,000 elk, with their fine antlers, find a home in the reservation. They are very tame, and you can stand on a high cliff and watch a herd of 1,000, and even 2,000 and more of them, quietly feeding below you. Occasionally they will glance up and look at the stranger, that is all. Antelopes roam over the park in bands of from 20 to 150, travelling as a rule in single file. You can approach very near to them without frightening them. Other deer are equally tame. The mountain sheep, that love to climb the steepest precipice, are as tame as the bears. Even the cougas (mountain lions) seem to recognise that man will not interfere with them. The various species of wild duck, which swarm upon the waters of the lakes and streams of the enclosures, are also remarkably tame. Truly, this great reservation with its geysers, hot springs, and other natural and scenic beauties, and its tame wild-life, has well earned the title of the world's wonder park.

END



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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth gleam.

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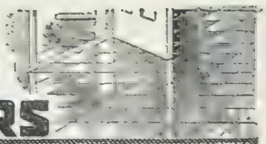

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CARDINAL POLISH

Large Tins 6d & 1/-

CP.O.3

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

The Unsleeping Regiment

(Continued from page 67)

Regiment had a rifle stolen. Through the long night hours picked men stood guard upon that record. It was a family tradition as much as a regimental one, and the Kuttucks, men who held *izzat* (honour) dearer than life, needed no orders to uphold what their fathers had won.

In the tents within the perimeter the sepoys slept like the spokes of a wheel, their feet to the centre-pole. Some regiments chain their rifles, but the Unsleeping Regiment scorned that clumsy device, which in the event of an alarm is apt to cause delay and confusion. Each man had his rifle by his side ready to his hand. The ultra-cautious and those who were unusually sound sleepers took the precaution of fastening the sling round their wrists as an additional safeguard.

Sepoy Fazal Ali was one who did so. He was excused all guard duties, not on account of his tender years but because of his inexperience, but the long marches were as much as his strength could manage, and at night he slept like the proverbial log.

On the tenth night of the march, when even the old hands were beginning to feel stiff and the neophytes to limp, they arrived thankfully at the Gilgat camping-ground. It was a spot that had both advantages and disadvantages. On the one hand it was sandy and level, with a well, but on the other it was close to the mouth of the Gilgat Ravine and ringed about by rough nullahs where camel-bush and scattered boulders afforded excellent cover for a rifle-thief—for, say, Raisul Makmud, were the Fox rash enough to attempt to fulfil his threat.

Betting in the Unsleeping Regiment was that he would not be rash enough. In case, however, that he might be lurking in the vicinity, a patrol went out at dusk with orders to make a search. They came back at the end of the prescribed two hours empty-handed and in a bad temper. They had neither caught nor seen the Mohmand, but they had heard him.

He'd mocked them like a safely hidden fox barking at the hounds. From the darkness of the ravine he had shouted queries about their ancestry and the virtue of their mothers. And he'd advised them to go back and have a rifle inspection, for at dawn there would be one missing.

For a long time after the return of that patrol with its tale of insult, the camp seethed like a nest of angry bees. Kuttuck Pathans have their own brand of humour, but they don't like jibes from a Mohmand rifle-thief. A deputation to the colonel sahib requested that another patrol—this time composed of the best trackers in the regiment—might go out and avenge their *izzat*.

That patrol had no better fortune than its predecessor. Raisul Makmud told them they were spindle-legged sons of basely born camels. He shouted to them to take his *salaams* to the colonel sahib and tell him he'd be visiting the camp that night.

To catch or shoot him in the rocky fastness of the Gilgat Ravine was beyond the powers of even the Kuttucks. The havildar in command of the patrol called a halt.

"Useless to pursue the cur further," he said. "Anyway, he's only yelping out of spite. He will not dare to come within a *koss* of our camp this night."

The patrol returned with its report. Most of the regiment agreed with the havildar—that the Mohmand had realised the impossibility of taking a rifle and was only venting his baffled spite. But the colonel sahib was an old hand and wiser in the ways of Mohmands than the Kuttucks themselves. By the advice, or rather orders, of the Englishman, the sentries were doubled, the barbed wire perimeter intensified and the roaming patrols warned to be extra vigilant.

But the rank and file were quite decided that the Mohmand was only bluffing. To add to their feeling of security, a brilliant moon arose, making the *maidan* and the heights above the ravine appear as if coated with snow. It was an intensely quiet night, a night on which the clink of the smallest pebble could be heard.

The patrols, picked men every one, scattered soundlessly across the moonlit *maidan*. The sentries stood with every sense strained to the uttermost. In the eighty-pounders the excited Kuttucks boasted of what they would do if they caught Raisul Makmud, and in the big E.P. that was the British officers' mess subalterns laid odds of fifty to one against the Mohmand.

The hours passed. The "lights out" sounded, and silence fell upon the camp of the Unsleeping Regiment.

EARLY to bed and early to rise is the rule when marching on the N.W.F. Half an hour before dawn the shrill crowing of the bugles aroused the camp. Some men were already astir. Cooking-fires had been lighted and in the transport lines cold, hungry sepoys fought with protesting mules and camels in the grey half-light.

All was orderly and as usual. No sign of Raisul the Fox had been seen; no shot had been fired at a suspicious shadow. Suddenly peace was shattered. A half-dressed havildar, his face a picture of consternation, rushed howling from one of the "B" Coy. tents.

He was shouting in his excitement as he raced for the guard-tent.

"Look to your rifles! One has been taken from our tent. That of Fazal Ali is gone! The sling was cut while he slept and the rifle taken!"

And then there was an uproar that might have heralded a mutiny.

The Unsleeping Regiment left the camping-ground three hours later than they should have done. All the gear, and in particular the ammunition, had had to be checked; also there had been the rifle inspection Raisul Makmud had kindly recommended. But all that could be established was that Fazal Ali's rifle only had been taken, and that that had disappeared as mysteriously as if it had evaporated into thin air.

No one could cast any light on the mystery, least of all Fazal Ali himself. He wept when giving evidence to his company commander. He had gone to sleep as usual with the rifle at his side. The sling had been fastened securely round his wrist. Then all he knew was that in the morning the sling had been cut by a knife and the rifle was nowhere to be seen.

His company commander was excusably angry. He promised Fazal Ali a court-martial directly they had reached the depot. For the remainder of the march he was to walk rifleless among the camp-followers, a keen disgrace for a Kuttuck of a fighting clan. His words cut Fazal Ali to the heart.

"There was some carelessness or else the rifle could not have been taken. When we reach the depot the matter will be probed thoroughly and your lies exposed. You have blackened the *izzat* of your regiment and shown yourself unfit to be a soldier of the Raj."

To himself he thought "Poor little beggar! He looks heart-broken," and he was sorry, for he had considered the boy had the making of a good soldier.

To recover the rifle was impossible. At last the angry, disgruntled regiment left the scene of its disgrace. There were no songs, no cheerful tootlings on the native pipes.

The colonel, his face like thunder, gave the word for the main body to form fours. As he did so a low mutter that could not be repressed ran down the sullen ranks. He turned and saw what they had seen. From a hill-top, clearly silhouetted against the sky, a figure in Mohmand dress was waving farewell with a rifle.

It was too far for his words to be heard, but his impolite gestures needed no explanation.

WHEN the regiment had gone, and to wave longer would have been pointless, Raisul Makmud dropped the old Martini-Henry he had been waving, rolled on the ground and laughed till his sides were sore. What tickled his Mohmand sense of humour was that the rifle had not yet been stolen. It was still in the camping-ground, hidden beneath a few inches of sand.

For there was a traitor in the ranks of the Unsleeping Regiment. Sepoy Amir Din, that low-caste Kuttuck, was a friend of Raisul Makmud. For a bribe he had consented to help him to get a rifle.

He had selected Fazal Ali, as the youngest and rawest, to be his victim. They were in the same section; that night Amir Din had lain on his left-hand side. While all slept he had cut the sling, pulled the rifle off Fazal Ali's ground sheet and buried it a foot deep in the soft sand. He had done it all without sound and without even moving his body.

Eager as he was to handle the rifle, Raisul the Fox waited until evening before descending to the open ground. When the Indian night rolled across the hills and plains as if the setting sun were pulling a blanket over the world, the rifle-thief arose and swung himself down the rocks. He knew he could find the rifle without difficulty. Amir Din had promised to leave, as if by accident, an empty tin that would mark the spot where it lay.

But Raisul Makmud was not the only person in the vicinity of the camping-ground that night. In a cave close by the mouth of the ravine there was a deserter. Fazal Ali had not gone with the camp-followers. In the bustle of departure he had slipped away and hidden in a cave.

When evening came he would make expiation. A Kuttuck is a proud man, and he belonged to the proudest clan of all. Now that he had lost his *izzat* there was only one honourable path to go.

All day he had been praying in the cave. He watched the sun set for the last time. Then he rose and went out. He had his knife. When men found him in the open with his throat *hallal'd* men would know that a Kuttuck had kept the Law.

Just as he reached the edge of the camping-ground a cloud passed from the face of the moon and the sand became like silver. Fazal Ali stopped and gasped. For a moment he thought the tall figure in Mohmand dress must be some evil djinn.

It was moving about, peering at the sand. Then he saw it stop, go down on its knees and begin to burrow in the sand with its hands. Now it was lifting something out. A rifle! And at the same instant a very human laugh of triumph came to the watcher's ears.

And then Fazal Ali understood all. The rifle-thief had taken the rifle from the spot where he had slept; he remembered Amir Din, whom he distrusted, had been beside him. And he no longer thought about the expiation of disgrace.

His knife would *hallal* a throat other than his own! There was a path by which the Mohmand must return to the ravine. He had time to cut him off and lie in wait. In a flash he became a black serpent creeping among the moonlit rocks.

Perhaps it was the coldness of the night that had rendered Raisul Makmud less alert than usual; perhaps it was his joy at the possession of the rifle. He hurried up the path like a fox with a chicken in its jaws. And when he reached the appointed spot the Kuttuck sprang and struck with all his strength, and his knife sped true.

HOURS later a sentry of the Unsleeping Regiment heard approaching footsteps. They were tired feet that stumbled. He whipped up his rifle; his stentorian challenge startled the night.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Sepoy Fazal Ali answered in a voice choked by emotion and weariness:

"It is Fazal Ali, who has brought back the *izzat* of the regiment."

Then he staggered forward holding the rifle proudly like a flag.

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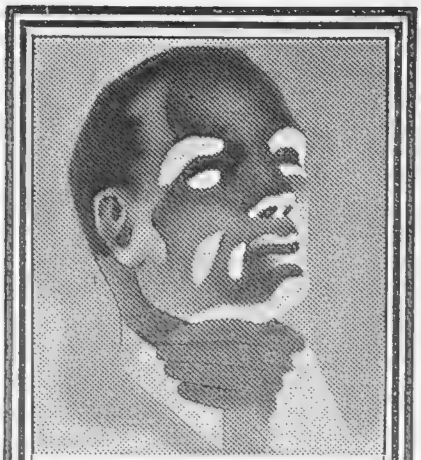

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“Devil's Island” to Die

(*Continued from page* 31)

If one wished to flay France—" play " the Foreign Legion and Cayenne! A state of affairs for which, in relation at any rate to the second, the French were and still are conspicuously responsible. Progressively ever since Dreyfus returned to face his accusers in 1899, "*Bagne*" has been featured in the French Press, which every few years has been wont to send out its star reporters to write series after series monopolising the front page for perhaps a whole month on end. Ostensibly this would be done with a view to drawing the Government's attention to a ghastly situation cryingly unbecoming a civilised country. But usually the real reason was to pander to the public's morbid taste, increase circulation by causing every few years to parade in print a veritable living chamber of horrors.

No wax here, but living—or existing—flesh and blood! The French would read again of notorious criminals, their dreadful past crimes and present vices, hear these " aces " who cheated the guillotine now raving in their madness, read about them rotting from disease, of their being made to do their stunts " là-bas," their poor, tragic, horrible stunts. Such a penetration of, and soaking in, the later lives and dissolution of the criminal dregs can never have been witnessed before.

But good-bye to all that hereafter, for "*Bagne*" is to be allowed to fade out—die.

Several considerations militate against its being closed down right away: expense, lack of prison accommodation in France, fear of contamination if the supremely vicious " bagnards " were brought home. But no more criminals are to be shipped overseas—and, herewith, a parenthesis. What the public has long known as " Devil's Island " is, in the fact, the smallest sector of the whole penal colony. Not more than twenty convicts, at most, are ever located on the tiny isle rendered world-famous by Dreyfus's five-year vigil. The penal colony it is proposed to extinguish is spread over eight different localities, as follows :—

Cayenne, capital of French Guiana, seat of government and headquarters of penal administration. The colony counts about 50,000 inhabitants of whom some 15,000 are whites or " near," the latter figure including officials and their families, 600 warders and their families, whites in commerce, industry and exploitation. The entire territory measures about one-fifth the size of Germany, and is made impossible of colonisation from a combination of natural handicaps, chief among which are the sapping damp heat, impenetrable jungle and unpassable swamp or " mush " (only about 20 miles of real road have been made in all these years), fever, every form of biting insect, including terrible mosquitoes, to say nothing of deadly snakes. The song of beautiful birds, chatter of monkeys, gorgeous butterflies without end, are the main signs of life in otherwise moribund surroundings.

Cayenne is reserved for two classes of convict, and for the pick of those men who have served their sentences but have still to spend the rest of their days in the colony. " The pick " is hardly the term, since the selected ones are mostly ruins, going by ordinary standards. Such as are fit may earn up to 2s. a day, as coolies, but most are too weak from the climate or the effects of the local firewater, " tafia," it being a common sight to see seven or eight jointly carrying a rare tourist's trunk. Regarding the capital's serving convicts, half are employed in building, engineering, etc., because that was their job in civil life. These men have to re-enter prison hutments each evening. Luckier is the element known as " garçons de famille." These are educated men or specialists who find jobs in the houses of officials. Thus, the present Governor has a former chef from Fouquet's, and a former maître d'hôtel from the Jockey Club, both convicts.

Cayenne even boasts a tawdry night life, with women shipped from the dregs of French ports. The last woman convict died in 1901.

Saint-Laurent-du-Maroni is the main penal camp, across the river Maroni, from Cayenne. There are 2,000 serving convicts usually here, out of a grand total of 3,000 odd. Eighty to a hut, the men live quite cut off from the town, behind high walls and massive gates. By day, they file out to work in all kinds of pressed labour. Their fare, if they get it, is composed of coffee out of pails, with black bread, and bean and meat soup, likewise out of pails, with more black bread.

Ile Royale.
Ile St. Joseph.
Ile du Diable.

To this group, lying off the mainland, are sent two types of convict: the already notorious, before they left France, and those who try to escape. Just now, 900 of the toughest cases are being guarded by 44 warders, 40 of whom have their wives with them. These guards will not leave the islands (" les Iles du Salut ") for two whole years, when their local term is up. They are relatively few, because ever-circling sharks and treacherous currents are the main " warders." On Royale are the notorious. On Joseph, the caught or sent-back fugitives, who have to do almost solitary confinement for anything up to ten years. On Devil's, just a sprinkling of the notorious and the political prisoners.

Charvein. This takes us back to the mainland again, and up into the worst jungle-swamp, at that. This is the punishment camp for what are known as the " incos " or incorrigibles. Convicts die and disappear from many different things. They are mostly human skeletons, chained, whipped on, often fired on. It is usually certain death after months of torture from climate and insects, as well as that inflicted by the dreaded Arab turnkeys.

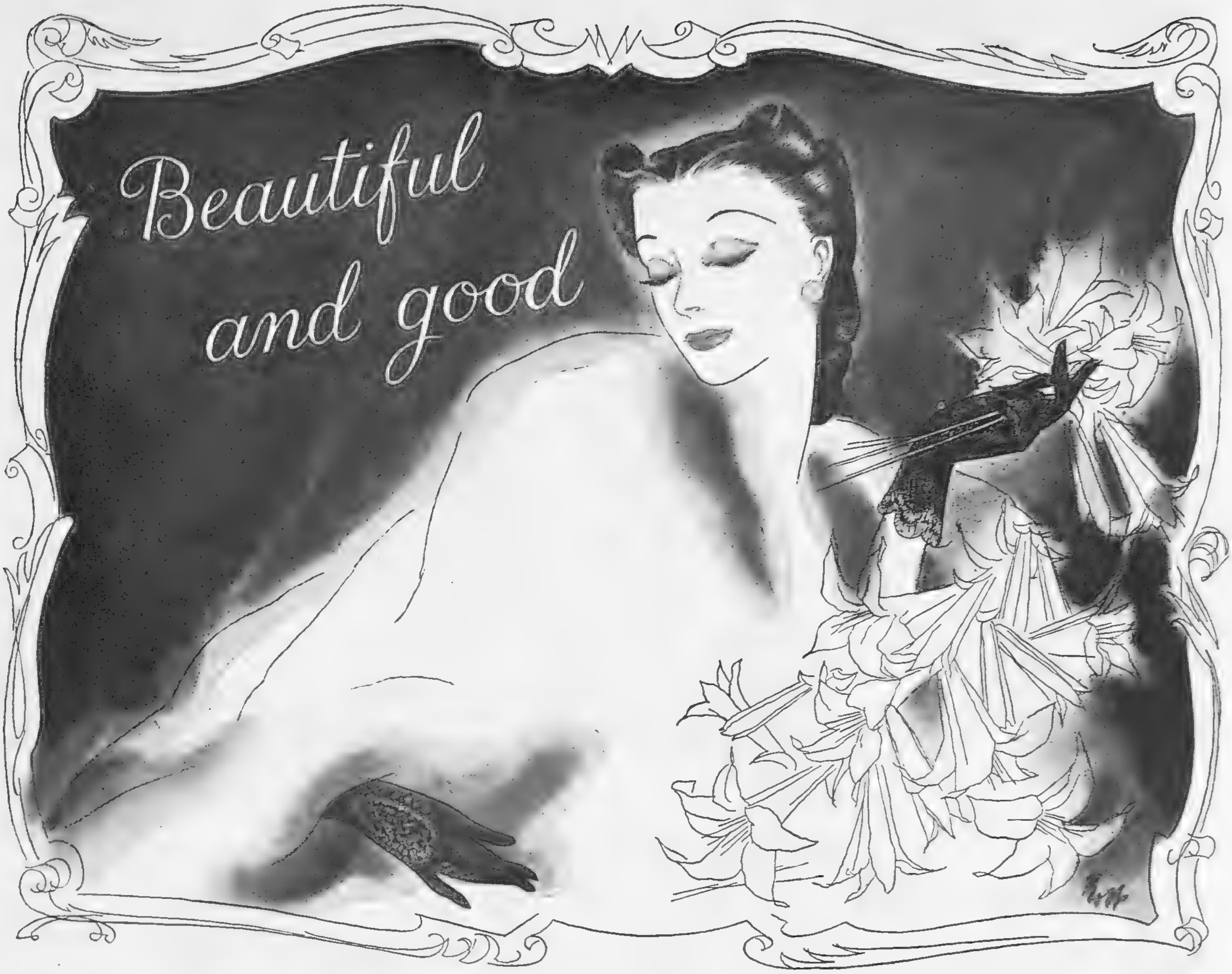
Nouveau Camp Hatte. This is where the insane, paralysed, and generally dying cases spend their ultimate days · many hundreds.

Saint-Jean-du-Maroni, finally, harbours the great bulk of the former prisoners who, having served their terms, must make out as best they can for the remainder of their lives. Perhaps 2,000 in number, they are for the most part in a dreadful state of depravity and disease; drop down to sleep in their tracks, and feed on a wash made from the scourings of the dustbins and market-place. Toothless, skulls and faces shaved, skeletons, they wear enormous straw hats, but do not have to don the glaring red and white striped pyjama garb of the serving convicts. That is their one consolation. Their morals may be gauged from their having an all-male ballet, with star, a young fellow called " La Coronella."

I fear it has been a fearfully long parenthesis, yet it was no doubt time to depart from precedent and not just write of " Devil's Island," but to give the true picture of the colony. What I have compressed, above, will also go to explain or fill out a good deal of that which follows.

I was saying that no more criminals are to be shipped overseas. It is even hoped to bring back to France a small percentage who have not succumbed irretrievably. As for the residue the average life of a convict *là-bas* has been put at five years. So that, within a decade or so, there should scarcely be more than a few hundred left. At present there are 6,000. Yet (as I have mentioned) only about half of these are serving sentences. By a law unknown in any other latitude, Frenchmen who receive a sentence up to eight years' penal servitude must, on completion of their term, remain a like spell in the colony, where they are free but are required to fend

(*Continued on page* 124)



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for themselves. Those with a longer sentence, the great majority, must remain for ever.

It will no doubt surprise many to learn that a man can get *Bagne* for ever, for such a thing as burglary. Any transgression to do with property inevitably finds the French law at its grimmest. They guillotine only about 20 murderers a year out of 1,500 murders, including a regular two or three hundred that should bring the death penalty, but if a man is found guilty of a crime of *intérêt* . . . . Dr. Rousseau, late medical chief of *Bagne*, points out that not more than 20 per cent. of the convicts are murderers, an important majority being burglars or resembling cases, with a five per cent. fraction made up of sadists, coiners, incendiaries, and so on. (None the less, even on this reckoning there must be some 1,200 murderers *là-bas* !)

The follow-up period after terms have been served is called *doublage* and can pan out worse for its victims, the *libérés*, than the actual convict years when men are at least nourished, after a fashion, and roofed. The *libérés* are neither, and may linger on for ten, fifteen, twenty years, till death ends a brutish existence. Of course the idea in keeping the men on after their sentences had expired was that they should settle down as colonisers, even bring out wives and families. When that ideal was shattered fifty years ago the French Government did not cancel the decree, clinging to a *laisser-aller* policy. "Let the canaille stew in its juice ! "

Not one in a thousand of the canaille ever saw, or see, France again : only a handful of those with sentences of eight years or under, who manage to survive their subsequent enforced spell as *libérés*, and who come by enough money to return to France. Unless their relations send out this money for the fare home, which many grasping peasant families do not, thereby snatching the inheritance of the banished one, the liberated have perforce to stay put. A benevolent administration gives each man 142 francs on his release, but the third single passage to Havre is 1,800 francs ! The inhumanity of this aspect is accentuated by reason of a special convict ship, *La Martinière*, having all these years been allowed to return empty to France each time she would bring out a fresh batch of convicts.

In passing, the *Martinière* was almost the foulest thing in the whole of this foul chapter, which is saying a mouthful. Once every 18 months, between 700 and 900 of the worst criminals in France would converge by road and rail on the fortress of Ile de Ré, where they might remain incarcerated a whole year before the convict ship took them aboard. There followed a three-weeks voyage, often in terrible weather, with the convicts battened down in steel cages—80 to a cage—under conditions of filth, promiscuity and perversion that cannot be written. In each cage were pipes from which scalding steam could be turned on in the event of trouble, while warders continuously observed from above, holding automatic rifles. But we shall draw the thickest veil over those cages.

The *Martinière* has now been put out of commission, will sail the South Atlantic no more, and—believe it or not—a young woman has been mainly the cause of it or, at least, has provided the final push that has knocked the edifice of *Bagne* to the ground. The business was begun by the great reporter Albert Londres 14 years ago. As a result of his awful revelations, the Herriot Government of that day decided to close down the penal colony. But French Cabinets rose and fell in bewildering sequence for many years thereafter, the plan to do away with *Bagne* was forgotten, sidetracked, lost, and only now has it been resurrected and passed into law. For this the Blum Ministers of Justice and of the Colonies were responsible—the latter making a typically Gallic effort in proclaiming that " Above all, a great innocent has been condemned : our old, our rich, our very faithful Guyane ! " The project now is to make the colony really go, once its terrible scum has faded out in death.

But the real heroine—meet her, Maître Mireille Maroger, Avocat à la Cour.

Young Mme. Maroger had frequently defended prisoners destined for banishment, and she thought it would be a good thing to go and see under what conditions her unhappy former clients were serving their terms. Could things really be so dreadful as was made out ? Had not there been beneficent reforms after the Londres revelations—did not the convicts, for instance, now have separate hammocks where formerly they lay by night, twenty or thirty in a row, each chained by the leg to a common steel pole ? Had not " moral effect " pay been introduced—only a penny a day, true (tuppence if the convicts were engaged in agriculture and industry)—still, it was something. A higher *Bagne* budget had also been voted in the Paris Chamber : £260,000 a year, enabling the penal administration to provide improved rations, quarters, clothing, and medical stores.

Maître Mireille went, saw and shuddered. Then she returned home and wrote it all for a great daily newspaper, but where she differed from professional writers who had preceded her, Mme. Maroger so fashioned *her* revelations that these read as one terrific broadside on the 600 warders or military guards who have convicts and *libérés* totally in their keeping, literally the say of life or death over them. She piled charge upon charge—

> That they trafficked shockingly with the convicts' already meagre rations, keeping back so much for resale through intermediaries that as a rule the convicts only received a third of the amount of nourishment set as a minimum for prisons in France.
>
> That they systematically helped convicts come by money to prepare escapes, afterwards shooting down the fugitives from whom they had obtained considerable sums in advance, in return for turning a blind eye on the " attempts." (Rewards came from the shooting down.)
>
> That they were guilty of the grossest cruelty, even murder, but that the worst was their invention of charges against innocent convicts on whom they happened to have a " down," a warder's word being accepted against any and all evidence available to the contrary.
>
> That they habitually exacted fifty-fifty of the money smuggled through to convicts and took a like percentage on the tiny sums earned by the latter in their fashioning of all sorts of objects, from baskets and kitchen utensils to bookbinding and souvenirs for rare tourists, such as butterfly collections.
>
> That the one idea of these men, mostly ex Foreign Legionaries, was to make as much money by every means in the shortest space of time in order then to retire to France on a pension ; that their brutality, drunkenness, immorality, ignorance, were notorious ; and that many of the married ones did not hesitate to use their wives in various ways calculated to increase their hoards.

It was mention of the wives that did it. Maître Mireille claims she did not mean to infer that among other things warders leased out their connubial partners to temporarily " wealthy " convicts, but that is how the warders on the spot read it, with the sequel that 118 of their total 600—presumably the married contingent—took proceedings for gravest defamation, in the Paris Courts.

" All right," decided Mme. Maroger, after reflection. " It is better so. Thus the whole dreadful scandal can be laid bare in public court." And the defendant proceeded to collect witnesses of no mean order, including Dr. Rousseau, who would tell perhaps the most damning story of all : how the infirmary assistants trafficked in vital medicinal supplies, such as quinine, with the result that convicts and *libérés* would die like flies in epidemics.

But it was not to be " all right." On the eve of what promised to be a *cause célèbre*, the Blum

(*Continued on page* 126)

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Government passed a general amnesty Act and, willy-nilly, the offence with which Maître Mireille was charged came under it! The case was struck out.

Whereupon this purposeful woman lawyer sat down and turned out a book containing the evidence and charges that would have supervened in Court. Whereupon the Government re-awoke to the whole horrid business and this time passed to action through the Ministers of Justice and the Colonies.

Bagne has been sentenced. Ten, fifteen, maybe twenty years before the last survivor dies “out there,” yet the writing is on the wall. Even to the extent of an initial substitute prison already being sanctioned for Belle Isle, off the coast of Vendée.

First to fill the seventeenth-century fortress on Belle Isle, now being transformed, will be the 700 convicts who should have sailed soon for Cayenne but remain incarcerated on Ile de Ré, where they attempted to mutiny and gave much trouble upon hearing that *Bagne* was doomed. Nearly all of them stood “definitely” for *Bagne*, horrors and all, the reason being the constant chance of escape to neighbouring Trinidad, Dutch Guiana, Venezuela, Brazil. We have all read of such escapes: how parties of convicts paddle away in slender canoes, braving sharks, hurricanes, becalming and a waterless end, to say nothing of armed pursuit; how a fair percentage manage to reach foreign shores after anything from two to eight weeks; how some are returned direct to Cayenne, others pressed into native semi-slavery on plantations, under threat of notifying the French authorities, made by their captors; how more are temporarily succoured by the Salvation Army, on Trinidad, to be set adrift again after a month's recuperation. Here is a recent message:—

“Another half-dozen escaped French convicts have arrived at Port of Spain, bringing to eighteen the number landing in the last ten days and to forty-one the total of fugitives on the island, largest yet at any one time. There is speculation as to whether greater laxity has not set in among warders and, if so, why.”

We need scarcely ask. Seeing their jobs slowly slipping from them, with little doubt, the penal guard is “treading on it” in an all-round push for more shekels within an inexorable time limit—that is, warders are looking more blindly than usual on escape preparations. For naturally the staff will henceforth be gradually reduced. It is here, in fact, that one encounters the unique circumstance capable of holding up the progressive extinction of *Bagne*. The suppression of the settlement will mean the transfer of the large administrative staff to billets in the homeland, where no such special pay and pensions and chances of gain in less worthy directions will prevail. Also grievously touched will be local importers, employers of convict labour, concessionaries, and middlemen who have battened greedily for so long on the wretched prisoners. It is a safe bet that many will obstruct and seek to pull strings, to the end that *Bagne* shall *not* close in our time, and that such efforts are likely to expand if citizens of the Republic continue to react as they are currently doing.

On the assumption that the Government will go through with its plan, who are cast to be the last successors of Dreyfus on Devil's Isle? I have been delving into past and present. Dreyfus was not really the most remarkable inhabitant of “Diable.” He spent his time in his little hut and garden, writing, hoping, and had a few companions, if he felt sociable. A more remarkable character was the ex naval officer Ullmo, who did fifteen years on “Devil's,” including the whole war period, absolutely alone there. Twice a week, a boat just called with food. More remarkable still, when Ullmo, who had sold Toulon secrets on account of a woman and dope, was uniquely allowed to return on leave to France from the shipping office, in Cayenne, to which he had been transferred as a *libéré*, he was so shocked by the speeded up transformation of life on this side, since 1908, that he took very nearly the next boat back to Cayenne! Actually, it was tacitly understood he might settle in France, if he wanted to; and he had a woman waiting for him, whom he had never met, but who had taken pity on him for twenty long years. But, whatever happened, the devout Ullmo, who turned Catholic from Jewry, fled western civilisation and remains to this day at his ledger *là-bas*.

The other most famous convicts were Dieudonné, Duez, Bougrat, Chabaud. The first was thought to be the direction brain of the Bonnot motor bandit gang. He made two escapes during fifteen years, once getting to Brazil and, a second time, to Marseilles, where he was recognised. Some years ago, upon his innocence being conclusively proved, a generous State permitted him to return to Paris and—gave him 400 francs reparation.

Duez was a sort of Jabez Balfour who became a multi-millionaire during his *libéré* days by going plumb into business in Cayenne. In the end he had most of the catering in his hands, and retained a summer villa on Royale Island! He had his wife with him, and would receive guests from Paris, high finance friends of the past.

Dr. Bougrat became the idol of *Bagne*, for his devoted medical services, before escaping to Venezuela, where he is now a leading practitioner, married, with a new family. Venezuela absolutely refused to give up so good a doctor, even if Bougrat did kill a bank messenger and keep him months locked in a cupboard, in unregenerate days.

Chabaud, still alive, is the man they can't kill. He has done over twenty years of every form of the worst punishment, in connection with baulked escapes.

On “Diable,” in its last phase, the most interesting are convicts Renier, Klems, Nourric and Duquesne. Renier is an old man who spied both for Allies and Central Powers. He has written ten incomprehensible volumes on the subject of—Renier. He has his own little villa now, down by the shore. Klems is an ex-German officer who joined the Foreign Legion, deserted, and became one of Abd-el-Krim's right-hand men. He is in demand, by the warders, as a first-rate master of ceremonies, when guards and wives organise soirées. Nourric and Duquesne, strongly believed to be innocent victims of the Paris police, are on “Devil's” because they are considered capable of trying to emulate the recent effort of two other hearties, Lanio and Houppin, formerly of adjacent “Royale.” These got to within two hours of zero time in a plot to murder all warders and families, prior to leaving the island. A stool-pigeon gave them away, and they were shot out of hand.

Three others, on “Royale,” may be mentioned. Dr. Laget, multiple wife poisoner, now in charge of the island's chemist store; somewhat perilously so, maybe. Guyot, who killed his young friend and tried to burn her in a stack, and who is in charge of the commissariat on “Royale,” where he works sixteen hours a day, in the hope that he may get a reprieve. Finally, a young patricide named Legas. Legas is an expert engineer, so good that he at once got a job in Cayenne and was allowed to have his wife and child out, solitary known case. What supervened could not be invented. A warder pursued Mme. Legas. Rebuffed, he dangled that hope of hopes—escape. Yes, if she were kind, he would organise the joint escape of herself and her husband.

In due course this was done. And the Legas were allowed to get just one hour on their way up river before that warder, at the head of a posse, laid the fugitives by the heels.

Legas was banished to Isle Royale. Mme. Legas, what of her? The warder's plan was to monopolise her, now that her husband had been taken from her for ever. But Madame Legas preferred another way out, and her little girl was shipped back to France.

END

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Strangers in Our Midst

(Continued from page 37)

entailed the remaking of the notes—another half-hour or so in each other's society.

"Do you mean to say those kids are stopping here—spending the night?"

"Well, of course they are, James," said Mrs. Fortt, in the pitying tone one adopts towards a deficient. "How would we fill their Christmas stockings if they didn't?"

"A real English Christmas, old man!" Putt's hand fell heavily on Mr. Fortt's shoulder. "The sort of thing that's never forgotten! An eternal entente between England and the Basque country; no Basque ever forgets," said Mr. Putt, in a deep, emotional tone; the tone he used when addressing the women's luncheon clubs at which he obtained free, although perhaps not epicurean, food five days out of the seven. He gave his boyish laugh, which set every tooth in Mr. Fortt's head on edge. "That's all right, old man; we understand. It's British nature to make the noble gesture and then belittle it by grousing. The drawing-room will make a mahv'lous recreation room for them!" he added, turning to Mrs. Fortt with boyish eagerness.

"Like hell it will!" exploded Mr. Fortt, as his wife drew a deep breath and glanced at her cherished *famille vert.* Mr. Putt laughed merrily.

"We'll put away all the breakables, won't we? One must be prepared for youthful high spirits on such an occasion."

"I thought," put in Mr. Fortt vitriolically, "these children were inundated with grief."

"Poor little beggars; they're taking it hard, very hard—some of them. The Basque nature is very profound; the boys—particularly—have an almost mature conception of the ruin of their country," said Mr. Putt solemnly. "Peace talk means nothing to them; it is an army in the making. Noble little fellows! You'll see; many are already little men, splendid little patriots. As I said this morning in my 'Gazebo,' we have to raise the banner of peace and goodwill this Christmas tide! Peace and gaiety and the love of all men to each other."

"I find," said Mr. Fortt, "that I have a luncheon engagement I had completely forgotten."

"Don't apologise, old man," said Mr. Putt warmly. "Linda and I have plenty to discuss; I'm afraid we'd bore you horribly!"

"Not *bore,*" corrected Mr. Fortt softly. "Not *bore.* Oh no. I'll be back about four—by which time," he added, turning to Mr. Putt, "you also may have remembered an engagement you have forgotten!"

"James!" cried Mrs. Fortt indignantly to her husband's retreating back.

"Dear old James; he hasn't really got the team spirit, has he? But now we can get on with our plans."

The team spirit might have received a notable acceleration had Mr. Fortt been present to see how many of these plans included sitting upon sofas and the warm (although doubtless fraternal) clasping of Mrs. Fortt's fair hand.

"OH, Osmund, it's the first *true* Christmas I have ever known! How can I ever thank you for showing me that service is happiness, and selfish enjoyment a mere narcotic to our discontent?"

"I'll show you other things beside that, little girl! Only give me time, give me time."

For a moment Mr. Fortt hovered on the edge of recantation; then the idea of passing Christmas under the same roof as Osmund Putt became to him so utterly nauseous that he slammed the lid of his suitcase, gave it a kick and bawled for the housemaid to come and strap it up for him. Mrs. Fortt cried out from below: "Can't you manage without Crump for once, James? She's so busy doing things for Osmund."

While James foamed at the mouth, unable to formulate a suitable reply, Osmund came leaping up the stairs like a stag in flight, crying out joyfully,

"Let me do it for you, old man! I'm an ace with straps!"

"If you don't clear out," hissed Mr. Fortt through his teeth, "I'll show you I'm an ace with straps as well!"

Mr. Putt laughed merrily.

"That's right, old fellow," was his bright rejoinder. "Each man for himself, eh?"—and he tripped lightly down again to discuss with Mrs. Fortt at the bend of the stairs the best *venue* for the Press photographer who was coming to record "the beautiful Mrs. James Fortt with her little Basque guests" for the "Gazebo" page of the *Daily Scene.*

Am I mad, thought Mr. Fortt, to leave them together? The thought plagued him throughout the long drive down to Fortt Magna. He still found it difficult to believe that he and his wife had parted with the tersest of farewells on the eve of Christmas, and that they were spending Christmas apart for the first time in their wedded lives. Although he pretended a modern indifference, Mr. Fortt was as chock-a-block with the superstitions of the season as the rest of his family, and the shock he expected to administer to his parents, elderly relatives and cousins (all collected at Fortt Magna for the usual festivities) by arriving without Mrs. Fortt was a small matter compared with the deep sense of outrage he felt in this untimely separation of husband and wife at a season when all the traditions of sentiment and seemliness demanded that they should be together.

Moreover, his earlier suspicions that Mrs. Fortt was infatuated with the loathsome Putt had received ample confirmation during the past few weeks. She seemed unable to utter without introducing his name into her remarks: "Osmund says this"—"Osmund says that"; Osmund was apparently the last authority on all subjects, including all political, social and moral problems that arose in the course of conversation. When Mr. Fortt remonstrated, she remarked plaintively that if a person who was intimately connected with a great newspaper didn't know those things, she couldn't think who would. She had completely adopted Putt's slushy world-philosophy—as he called it—which, astutely blended with publicity—for himself—had gained him so formidable a precedence with the weaker sex.

Having got over the preliminary explanations and excuses—which he had postponed for his arrival, feeling utterly unequal to explaining on paper that Linda had "chucked" the family house-party for a wild-cat charity scheme organised by Osmund Putt—and tried not to see the looks of meaning that sped between uncle Lysander and cousin Felicia; having ignored the shocked sympathy of his mother and the knowing winks of a brother-in-law he particularly disliked, Mr. Fortt went to bed, and tried to forget the whole business.

But after lunch on the following day—which was the Eve—anxiety drove him to the telephone, and, as he had expected, Osmund Putt answered it.

"Nice of you to ring up!" he said heartily, on recognising Mr. Fortt's voice.

"Don't mention it," returned Mr. Fortt acidly. "Not unnaturally, I have a little interest in my own property."

"Of course, of course! Well, we're all here—all here!" boomed Mr. Putt rejoicefully. "Wonderful material for a book, old man! Ah, I forgot you aren't a writer. Real human stuff—the same all the world over! The tragedies of youth—so real, yet so transient! Tears turned to laughter—sunshine after rain."

"Would it be asking too much to speak to my wife?" Mr. Fortt interrupted this disquisition.

"Why, of course not, my dear chap! I've just left her superintending the luncheon-table——"

"At this hour?"—It was getting on for four.

"A slight domestic contretemps—quite unimportant—it's all *(Continued on page 130)*

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right now—quite all right," said Mr. Putt, with what seemed to his listener overdone emphasis.

Mrs. Fortt spoke coldly, as to a comparative stranger.

"Yes, James; was there anything you wanted?"

"Only to know how things were going on."

"Indeed! In view of your conduct I find such interest a little surprising."

"You know as well as I do," said Mr. Fortt, controlling himself with an effort, "that anything which concerns you concerns me too."

"Oh, really!" said Mrs. Fortt. There was an icy pause. "I hope everyone is quite well at Fortt Magna."

"Thank you, the family is in the pink, as usual. We've just eaten a thundering good lunch."

He heard her catch her breath.

"What have you had, Linda?" he wheedled.

"I—we—Osmund and I decided that Spanish food would be better for the children than English things to which they are not accustomed. Paget has made a paella."

"Um. That stuff with rice and sea fruit and prawns. I thought you didn't much care for it when we ate it at Malaga."

"It is excellent," she said stiffly. "The children are simply gulping it."

"What—now?"

He heard her whisper "*Damn!*" before she added hastily:

"We are a little late because a few more turned up than we expected, and it put them out in the kitchen."

"Well, I call that pretty cool!" cried Mr. Fortt.

"Not at all," was the cold reply. "Osmund said it's quite a usual thing, in Spain, to take your friends with you when you are invited out to lunch. Naturally the poor little things didn't want their friends to miss the treat—"

"How many friends?"

"I—I'm not quite sure, yet," came Mrs. Fortt's voice, faintly. "We haven't counted."

"But, holy Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Fortt. "Do you mean to say——"

"I can't stop gossiping with you on the telephone, James," she interrupted him shortly. "Osmund has some people here who are waiting to take a flashlight of the dining-room, with him and me and the children——". She rang off, and Mr. Fortt struggled with sinful pleasure, that she had evidently bitten off more than she could chew, and with indignation against Osmund Putt for letting her in for a party of this kind.

At the end of an unpleasant day, during which most of his relatives had rushed him into corners, and begged him to tell them, in confidence, the truth about him and Linda, Mr. Fortt rang up again. It was after eleven; he took it for granted that Putt would have departed and that he might hope for a more intimate talk with his wife.

Her voice came to him faintly through a volume of sound that suggested an inexpert person's manipulation of the radio.

"What the devil's going on?"

"It's only the children playing," piped Mrs. Fortt.

"At this hour of the night?"

Her reply to this was inaudible, but a temporary lull enabled him to roar at her.

"Send them to bed this moment! I insist upon it!"

"Kindly don't interfere, James," was the frigid retort. "Since you refused to share the responsibility, the least you can do is not to criticise our arrangements. Osmund is *perfectly* at home with the children—although—" she lowered her voice, obviously so as not to be overheard—"his Spanish isn't *quite* as good as we thought—in spite of Carmelita and Maria Teresa. He says it's only a matter of their getting used to us, and Spanish children are allowed much more latitude than English ones about things like going to bed. And, anyhow, several of the boys are quite big—fourteen or fifteen at least; and they're divinely picturesque," she added defiantly.

"Do you mean to say you're sleeping in the house with boys of fourteen and fifteen?" roared Mr. Fortt.

"What *do* you mean? Osmund offered to stay, but I assured him it wasn't at all necessary; and now I've got to go and see to the beds."

"Where's Crump?"

She had replaced the receiver.

He tried twice more to get his own number; he could hear the bell ringing, and guessed she had given orders for no one to answer it. The telephone operator reminded him sharply that it was Christmas Eve and the lines were jammed; he gave up the effort, wondered whether to make a bolt for town, decided that it would raise a hurricane of gossip in the family, and did not sleep a wink. Early next morning he tried again, for he wanted to wish Mrs. Fortt a happy Christmas, and tell her where to find her present, which he had hidden for her in one of the seldom-used drawers of her bureau. But he was told he could have only a deferred call—probably round about lunch time.

He was called from the table to take it.

"No answer to your deferred call," said the operator tersely.

"No answer?" yelled James. "You're mad; there's a houseful of people!"

"I've tried several times and changed the lines," explained the operator patiently. "There's no answer."

HALF an hour later, Mr. Fortt, in his 16 h.p. Humber, was shooting across the wintry landscape at a speed which would surely have involved him in awkward consequences had not the traffic police, like most other people, been engaged in celebrating their Christmas.

Through the deserted spaces of the suburbs he shot at sixty m.p.h., and lurched into his own street shortly before four o'clock. A few cats slunk about with a furtive air, and an obvious spinster hurried by with short, chilly steps, clasping a little parcel of tissue paper in her hand. Otherwise, the paralysis of Christmas afternoon lay upon the scene—when the gorged lunchers seek reinforcement in slumber for the riot of the night.

Taking out his latchkey with a trembling hand, Mr. Fortt opened his front door—upon a grisly scene.

The hammer and the sickle, executed in rough outline by some crude implement—Mr. Fortt suspected a piece of coal—upon his admired walls of soft, velvety cream, and reinforced by short pungent sentences which his ignorance of Spanish left him free only to guess at, presented, no doubt, the homely touch to the Basque mind, which had further expressed its native instincts by festooning, down and along the banisters, a number of obviously damp and quite unæsthetic garments. Many of the decorations which Osmund and Mrs. Fortt had so thoughtfully put up were pulled down and hung in broken streamers from the picture rails, and a number of wholly inappropriate objects, including a large partly emptied dish of unpleasant-looking food, some odd shoes and—to his horror—a couple of walking-sticks out of his valuable collection, were scattered about the scene.

Pandemonium also rang in his ears, and, feeling as though he had walked into a particularly horrid nightmare, Mr. Fortt opened the drawing-room door to receive confirmation of his worst expectations.

At opposite ends of the room the furniture was piled in such a way as to form a couple of hefty barricades, behind which, respectively, a few very young Basques conducted mimic warfare with ear-splitting yells of defiance, contempt and triumph. The weapons employed were mainly fireirons and umbrellas, but some master-mind had commandeered from the kitchen various canisters, which were heaved clattering into the enemy ranks at intervals with (doubtless) devastating results. There was a good deal of food scattered vaguely about, as though the combatants had been hurriedly called from a meal to defend their positions, and had put it down haphazard to await a more propitious moment; the greater part of it—it seemed mainly to consist

(*Continued on page 132*)

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of eggs—was trampled into Mrs. Fortt's ice-blue Wilton-pile carpet.

As Mr. Fortt appeared in the doorway, the two fronts united to make a rush at him, with yells of "*Enemigo! Enemigo! Abajo los enemigos de Viscaya!*" The demented faces of the children, their hysterically vicious attack upon a stranger advised him to retreat for the present; he stepped nimbly outside the door, locking it behind him, and the next moment the house resounded with the yells and thuds of the little Basques, who, believing themselves to be imprisoned, set up a dreary howling.

Mopping his brow, Mr. Fortt thought: "At this rate we'll have the police in next!" Where the devil were Linda and Putt? Where were the servants?

Striding to the domestic quarters he flung open the door that led, by the usual flight of stairs, down to the basement, and received another surprise. Disposed on the stairs in attitudes of snoring abandon, were a number of other young Basques. At a loss to account for their somnolence, Mr. Fortt, descending a few steps, cautiously stirred the nearest with his toe.

"Get up, you little beast! What the devil do you think you are doing on my stairs?"

No flicker disturbed the unconscious peace of an olive countenance, or raised the black lashes that left visible a glimmer of milk-blue eyeball between their fringes. The only thing disturbed by Mr. Fortt's action was some solid object that, detaching itself from the youth's person, thudded solidly down the treads to shatter on the stone below. A wine bottle!

A fearful enlightenment broke upon Mr. Fortt as, spanning with a few mad leaps the rest of the bodies, he bent to examine the label. "My 1923 Chambertin!" Rushing like a maniac to the wine-cellar door he discovered it standing wide; chaos upon the shelves, a little of splintered glass and pools of crimson here and there testifying to some past, unspeakable orgy.

It takes but that to transform a man into a lion. Roaring like the king of the forest, plunging up the stairs, Mr. Fortt cared not where nor upon whom he trod as he rushed back into the hall, now reverberant with the shrieks and hammerings of the imprisoned Basques, whose female kind had come to their call. Five or six little girls, like Maenads, with silver and coloured tinsel in their hair, hammered and shrieked upon their side of the locked door, which was giving visibly under the children's attack. They glared wildly at Mr. Fortt as he appeared, but never for a moment abated their bloodcurdling yells.

"My God, we'll all be had up for murder!—Linda!" bawled Mr. Fortt, his adult lungs dominating for a second the unholy uproar.

She appeared, incredulous, at the head of the stairs. Her hair was wild, her dress disordered; she seemed as though infected by the prevalent madness. Recognising Mr. Fortt, she gave a shriek like the children's and precipitated herself down the stairs. Fickle as the wind, the little Basque girls deserted their unhappy boy friends to gather round this new centre of interest, touching, tweaking, chattering and screaming the few words of English they seemed to have picked up: "Choc'lit" "Pennee!" "Seegaret!"

"Shut up, you little beasts!" roared Mr. Fortt, pushing them aside. "Linda, for God's sake, what's happened? What are you doing? Where's Putt? Where are the servants?"

"Gone, gone!" she shrieked, almost collapsing in his arms. "Oh James, James, take me away! These aren't children—they're wild beasts!"

"Where's Putt?" yelled Mr. Fortt, again.

"Juanito's knifed him!" sobbed Mrs. Fortt. "He's lying on my bed in the most horrible mess"

"Knifed him!" Horror that such a thing could happen under his blameless roof was mingled with admiration for the unknown Juanito, who so practically expressed his dislike for Osmund Putt.

"Of course they were all drunk!" wailed Mrs. Fortt.

"So I've observed," said her husband grimly. "Who on earth was such a criminal idiot and vandal as to let them loose among my wines?"

"No one!" He had practically carried her into the dining-room and by dint of physical violence had forced the little girls to stay outside. Unperturbed, they returned to their former amusement of serenading with passionate shrieks of sympathy their imprisoned friends.

"But the servants: couldn't you and them between you have stopped their taking my priceless Chambertin?"

"Paget and Crump went yesterday afternoon," she sobbed, "and Timpany got out of bed about midnight and said she couldn't stand any more of it, and we had to ring up a taxi for her."

"We! So Putt stayed."

"Of course he stayed. The children were so late in going to bed—and we had to find more rooms for them—James, there are fifteen!" she gasped. "They all insisted upon bringing their special friends with them, and the nun who brought them couldn't do a thing; she seemed to think it was only reasonable we should take the lot."

"So Osmund Putt spent the night here," repeated Mr. Fortt. His eyes met his wife's, and she gave, suddenly, a hysterical gasp of laughter.

"Oh, if you think we had time to think of making love! I wasn't in bed until three, because some of the little girls were homesick and wanted to go back to their hostel; and they all got hungry after staying up so late, and we had to make some more supper for them."

"And what about this Juanito, or whoever he is? How did he and Putt come to grips?"

"Of course," she said, allowing herself to drop into a chair and her head to sink into her hands, "that's the maddest part of all! Juanito's the eldest of the lot: I suppose he's about fifteen. He's petrifyingly handsome, even in those awful clothes; and from the minute he set eyes on me, he started following me round, making a curious sort of quacking noise."

"'*Guapa, guapa*': like that?" suggested Mr. Fortt, who had a foreigner's idea of Spanish.

"That's it! Oh, James, you never told me you knew Spanish; if you had been here how different it might have been! Osmund utterly misled me about his Spanish, and he was a *fool* with the children. He was as baffled as I was by Juanito's quacking, and I only gathered he was trying to make love to me."

"Who?—Osmund?"

"No, Juanito—silly! He came to my door after the others were in bed and asked if he could spend the night with me! At least, that's what I understood from his gestures."

"The confounded young cad!"

"Wasn't it grim? Just a kid like that! Well, of course I spoke to him very sharply, and he looked awfully depressed and went back to his room; but next day he started glaring at Osmund in the most lethal fashion, and positively haunted the pair of us wherever we went. It was much worse, of course, after he had had two bottles of Chambertin."

"Two bottles of *my* Chambertin!" groaned James. "Go on."

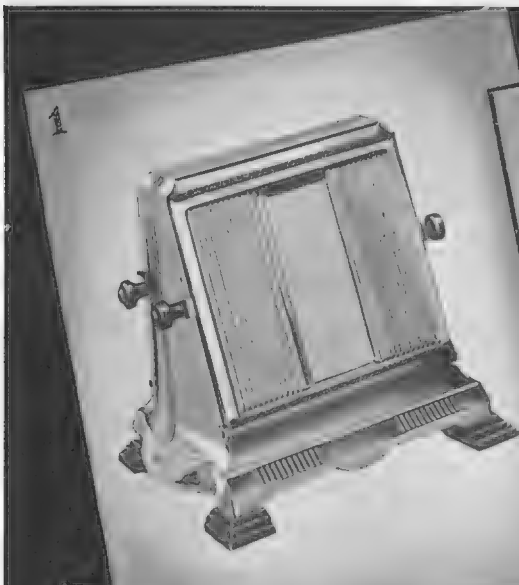
"Well, then one of the little girls had hysterics—I imagine she was Juanito's sweetie—and at breakfast—no, it was lunch: they all behaved very well at breakfast, considering——"

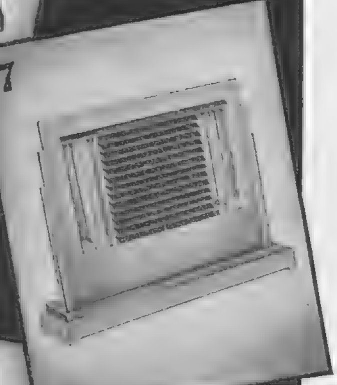
"Considering what?"

"Well, considering that there was nobody but me to do breakfast for them. I put simply pounds of coffee into a fish-kettle, which was the only thing I could find that was big enough."

"Where was Putt?"

"Well, it seems he had rather an awful night with Juanito creeping in at intervals to glower at him and make threatening signs—we couldn't find the key of his door—so he woke up (*Continued on page 134*)





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with a frightful head and couldn't do a thing but lie and groan and take aspirin."

"The dirty worm! Leaving you to do all the work."

"Well, the children were sweet about it; they seemed better when Osmund wasn't there. We all had breakfast in the kitchen and most of them helped to wash up; Juanito especially. He was rather tiresome, though, making sentimental gestures and quacking all the time, and I suppose it got thoroughly on his sweetie's nerves, for at lunch—when Osmund had more or less recovered, and come down—she suddenly shrieked, grabbed up a knife and tried to do something to herself. So Juanito—who had insisted upon sitting between Osmund and me, and spent practically the whole of the meal glaring at one or the other of us, until I was ready to scream myself—tore it out of her hand and put it in his pocket; then he slapped her face and there was a terrific scene, with all the children shrieking, and Osmund, who was quite, quite useless, making matters worse by smacking a child here and there—which of course no one was used to—because children never get smacked by their elders in Spain—and then suddenly the bigger boys started yelling for *Vino!*"

"What had you given them?"

"Lemonade and cider; we both thought it was better not to risk wine. They obviously didn't like either, and now the big boys started to act very rudely, spitting the cider out on the floor."

"Have you seen the drawing-room carpet?" asked Mr. Fortt, incautiously. She gave a moan of anguish.

"My lovely, lovely, ice-blue! Well, before we had the least idea what they were up to, they leaped up from the table and all surged out of the dining-room, shouting: '*Vino, vino!*' and rushed in an avalanche down the cellar stairs and simply swarmed over the kitchen and pantries, and getting madder and madder every minute they found no wine; I suppose they just guessed that the locked door was the wine-cellar!"

"And you mean to say Putt let them? I'm dam' well sorry Juanito didn't kill him, while he was about it!" said Mr. Fortt, savagely.

"Osmund was feeling sick again, or something. They broke open the door with horrid ease; you know what a bad lock it had; we were always saying we would get a new one. Then they just surged upstairs again, bringing bottles with them! My dear, it was like a Dutch drinking scene, or something! They wouldn't wait for corkscrews; they just knocked the necks off the bottles with whatever came handy.

"I was distracted and Osmund had gone utterly to pulp; so I tried to make a diversion by saying—signing—I mean—that we had something to show them. You see, we had kept the Christmas tree locked up in your study."

"You didn't let 'em in there?" roared Mr. Fortt; he kept his first editions in the study, and some Sickert drawings he was fond of.

"Wait!" She paused to suppress a giggle. "We managed to marshal them into the hall, and Osmund tried to make them understand about the Christmas decorations, which they seemed to like very much, but all the little girls wanted the stars and things to put in their hair; so we got a few down, and one of the children pointed at the mistletoe, and asked what that was for."

"Well?"

"Well, it wasn't so easy to put that into Spanish—at least, not Osmund's Spanish. So we gave them a demonstration."

"Well . . . What happened?"

"All the little boys started yelling and whistling, like they do in the movies; and Juanito let a sort of howl out of himself, leapt at Osmund, and planted the knife, which, of course, he still had in his pocket, right in Osmund's shoulder."

"After that," said Mrs. Fortt, "all is a blank, at least, to me. Osmund nearly fainted, and I had to get him upstairs and pull his things off and do the best I could with cold water and pads of cottonwool and handkerchiefs. We daren't send for the doctor because of the awful scandal there'd have been; and the wound wasn't very deep, though it bled—goodness, how it bled! And all the children gloated round, saying: '*Sangre, sangre!*' as if we'd put up a special treat for them. Then they got bored and the little boys started playing a game downstairs and the big ones went back to the wine cellar, and the girls, I simply can't imagine why, insisted upon starting a washing day of all their things and the bathrooms were flooded out. Osmund was utterly reduced by Juanito's attack and did nothing but lie on the bed, moaning faintly, and I just gave up. Have you seen the horrible drawings they've done all over the hall?"

"My poor darling!" Mr. Fortt was prompted, by his good angel, to exclaim.

With a howl more pitiful than those of the little Basques, Mrs. Fortt flung herself on her husband's bosom.

"Oh, James, James, thank God you've come home! Thank God for a man in the house!" she sobbed.

"Leave all to me," said James, when he had done his full duty in comforting Mrs. Fortt.

For the sake of those who object to corporal punishment for the young, we will draw a veil over the remainder of this scene. Juanito—who descended tardily from the bathroom to which he had adjourned, on his own responsibility, to expiate his sin against a famous vintage—has no notion to this day why he alone escaped the thrashing meted out to his fellow countrymen, or why he left the house with two half-crowns clasped in his hot and unsteady hand! The officials of the hostel who, summoned by telephone, came to collect their charges, were inclined at first to be petulant.

"People shouldn't take on these responsibilities unless they are capable of carrying them through. The children are perfectly amenable, when properly handled."

"You're telling me," said Mr. Fortt. "I've found out how to handle them. Look at my property! It would give me much pleasure to handle them daily until such time as their grateful country assumes its own responsibilities again."

A little later the house was at peace; taking advantage of the stir caused by the children's departure, Mr. Osmund Putt had risen from his bed of sickness and silently stolen away—presumably to compose his "Gazebo" for the post-Christmas issue of *The Daily Scene*. "Mrs. James Fortt, the beautiful Society hostess who gave up her Christmas to create peace and goodwill for the little Basques . . ."

"Get your hat, my poppet," commanded Mr. Fortt, tenderly. "Never mind the mess; they'll see to that later. Let's step on it, and rescue something of—what was it?—the self-indulgence, the bogus sentimentality and the crass selfishness of an English family Christmas!"

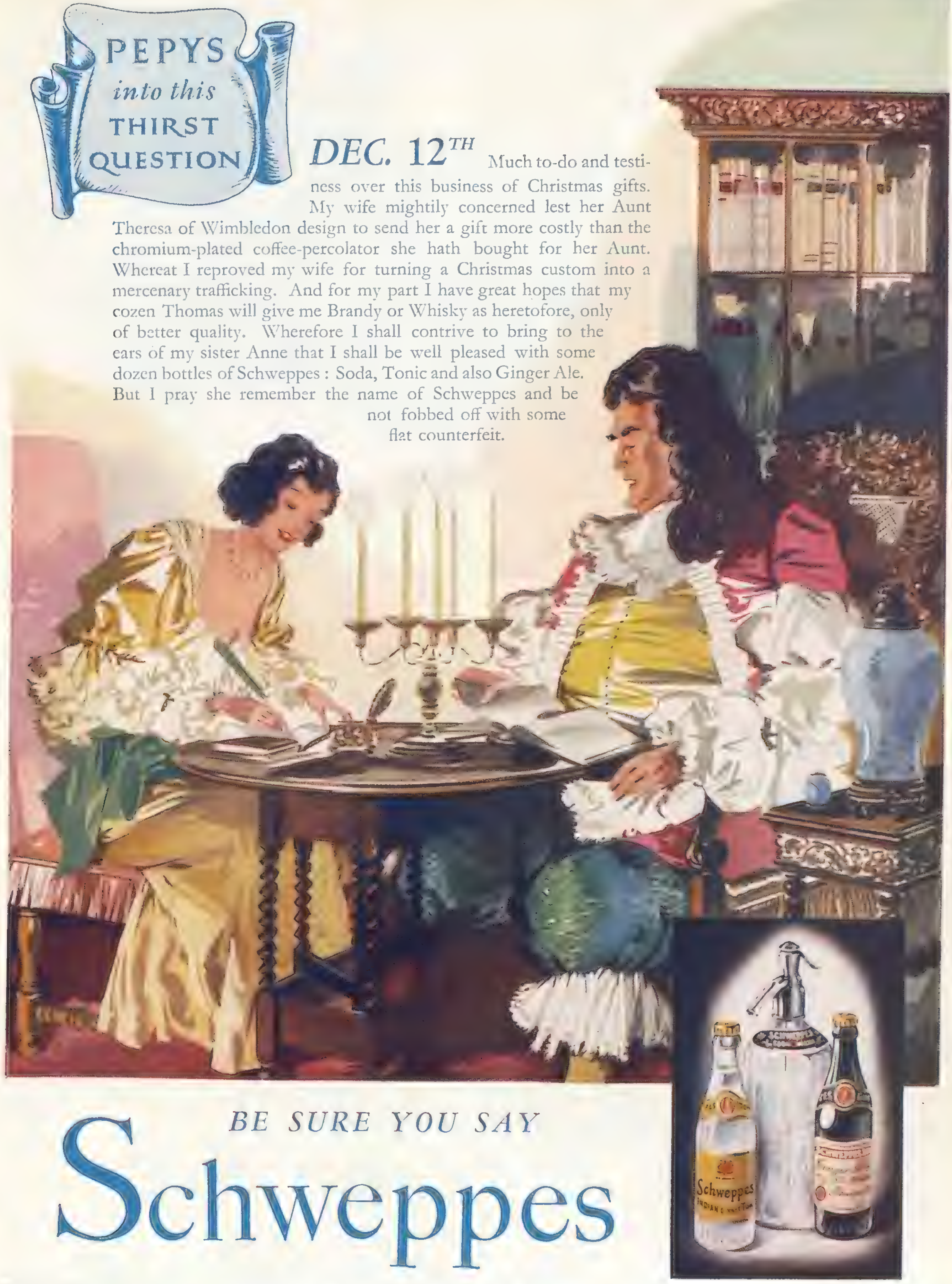
Sit Down in Comfort

(*Continued from page 71*)

appearance of the chairs is the main issue (a lounge hall, for instance, such as the one photographed) hide in one of the new pastel colourings is the perfect choice and practicable.

Tweed in one of its many guises can hardly be bettered for the type of chair that sees a lot of wear. Tweed is tough, pleasant to the eye and soft to the touch. Moreover, loose covers have reached such a stage of perfection that even the heavier materials can be made detachable and still retain the slickly tailored appearance of upholstered furniture. The advantage is, of course, that frequent cleaning is possible.

Cretonne remains in favour for loose covers, but is largely superseded for hard wear by the rougher textures. Plain colours and rough surfaces are the most popular choice, the covers themselves being severely tailored and heavily trimmed with contrasting piping, fringe or "tufting."



PEPYS into this THIRST QUESTION

DEC. 12TH Much to-do and testiness over this business of Christmas gifts. My wife mightily concerned lest her Aunt Theresa of Wimbledon design to send her a gift more costly than the chromium-plated coffee-percolator she hath bought for her Aunt. Whereat I reproved my wife for turning a Christmas custom into a mercenary trafficking. And for my part I have great hopes that my cozen Thomas will give me Brandy or Whisky as heretofore, only of better quality. Wherefore I shall contrive to bring to the ears of my sister Anne that I shall be well pleased with some dozen bottles of Schweppes : Soda, Tonic and also Ginger Ale. But I pray she remember the name of Schweppes and be not fobbed off with some flat counterfeit.

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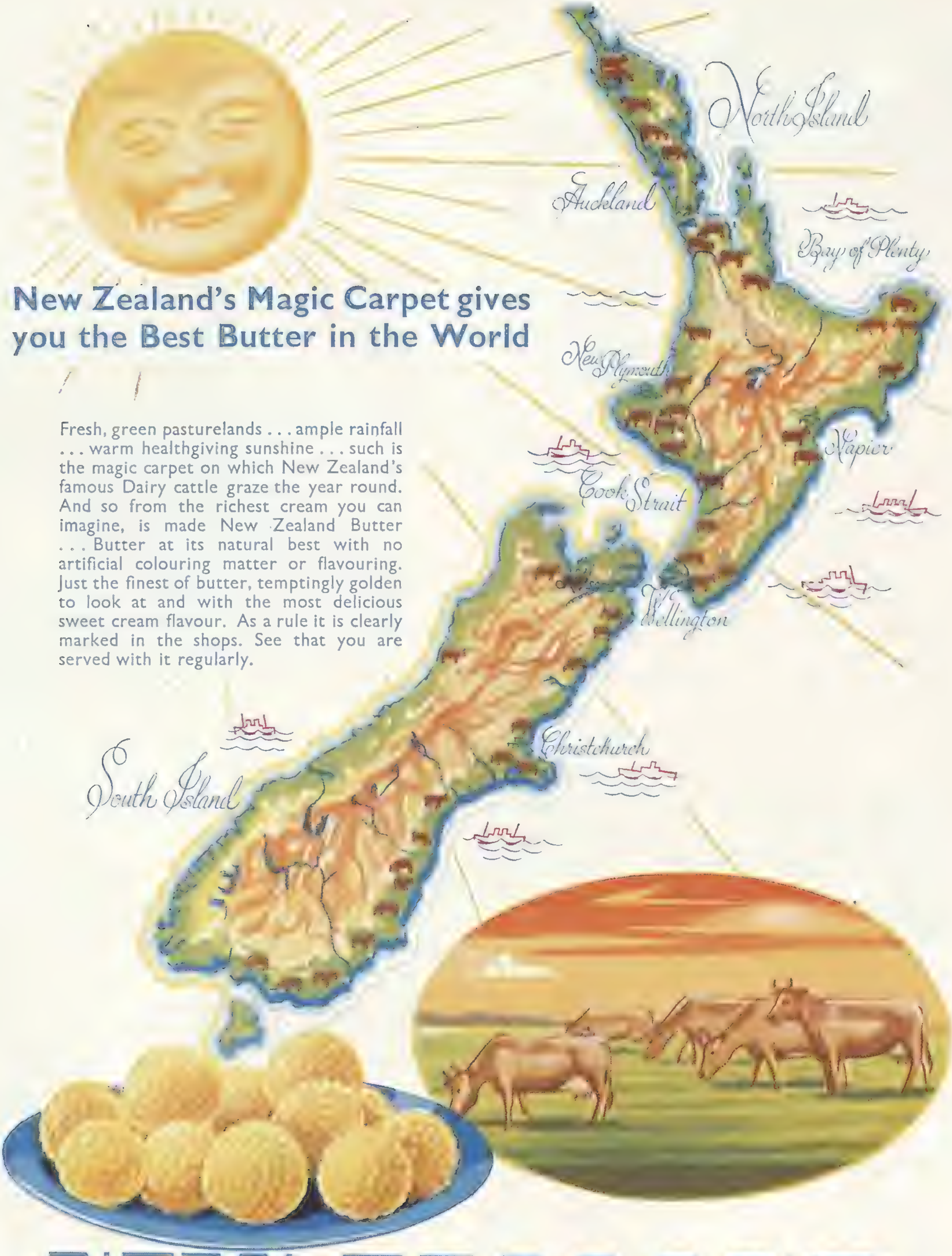
North Island
Auckland
Bay of Plenty
New Plymouth
Napier
Cook Strait
Wellington
Christchurch
South Island

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

Gas-lit London *(Continued from page 19)*

cabs ("penny a minute while it goes"). Their humbler imitations adored sitting next to the bus driver on what was known as the "knife-board." At Christmas time the Rothschilds gave all London omnibus drivers and conductors game and poultry, and the drivers' whips and bell cords sported ribbons with the Rothschilds' racing colours.

Lunch was as heavy as breakfast: soup and a joint and vegetables, a sweet and cheese. Then tea, with thick slabs of toast or muffins or crumpets. Then home to dinner; once again soup and fish and joint, vegetables, sweets, savoury, fruit. How was it done? Can you remember those long dreary meals, three a day, plus tea; the rubbers of whist, and sleep, sleep, sleep?

Women's millinery was modelled on the hats the Princess of Wales (later Queen Alexandra) wore. No lady ever thought of copying the style of an actress, unless the actress was Mrs. Langtry or Olga Nethersole; these two stood somewhere between Society and Stage. It was the picture postcard craze which made women actress-conscious. Lily Elsie and her Merry Widow hat, Marie Studholme and Gabrielle Ray, they were the pioneers, but that was almost at the end of the gas-lit period, when London streets stank with the smell of petrol from the first experiments in motorised vehicles, clumsy motor omnibuses called Vanguards, and strange vanguards they were. The "Tuppenny Tube" appeared, a striking contrast to the murky, foggy Metropolitan. Londoners hooted with laughter over whiskies and soda. It was all a fad, all this electricity and petrol. Couldn't possibly last.

London went in rocky four-wheelers, smelling of the stables, or in dashingly dangerous hansoms, to the theatre; 10s. 6d. a stall or a shilling high in the gallery. Musical comedy or drawing-room comedy or farce, and a little Ibsen occasionally, what would you? Mr. John Toole or Mr. Willie Edouin supplied the farce, Mrs. Patrick Campbell the drama, and Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Charles Wyndham the drawing-room comedy. Theatre-going in the gas-lit days was all of a pattern. Every September Drury Lane produced its spectacular melodrama by Cecil Raleigh. That ran until "panto" time.

Every year Mr. George Alexander gave us a Pinero piece at the St. James's. Mr. Bernard Shaw was not yet; he was writing music criticisms in the *Star*. The newspapers were, of course, a halfpenny in those days, and the evening papers—there were five of them—were printed on coloured newsprint.

Mr. George Edwardes was London's purveyor of musical comedy. Each of his theatres had its own cast; changes were few and far between. At Daly's Marie Tempest was the leading lady, for years and years. How she trilled and thrilled—saucy, piquante Marie Tempest! How she sang the Gold Fish song when she was Mimosa San in "The Geisha"! And Hayden Coffin, how handsome and dashing, and what a darling was Letty Lind! A show at Daly's ran for an unbroken two years.

The Gaiety, the old Gaiety, opposite the present one, was more sporty. To be a Gaiety girl meant supper at Romano's, pearl necklaces, and sometimes marriage into the peerage. Seymour Hicks sang and more or less danced; his wife, Ellaline Terriss, daughter of William Terriss, over at the Adelphi, danced into our hearts. Every show at the Gaiety was cast in the same mould, safe for a two-year run. The same stars: Teddy Payne, the low comedian, playing opposite to the low comedienne, Katie Seymour; and Kate Cutler, the delightful Queenie Leighton and Herbert Clayton — what a crowd of Gaiety mummers!

Then the one and only George Edwardes gave us "Floradora" ("Tell me, pretty maiden"), and made a star out of Evie Greene. In those days New York used to import *our* musical shows, but the tables were turned when "The Belle of New York" arrived at the Shaftesbury Theatre. London, gas-lit London, fell in love with Edna May, who stayed on this side ever since. What a galaxy of talent was in that show—Phyllis Rankin and Whistling Frank Lawton, and all!

SOMEHOW one is apt to think of gas-lit London in terms of winter, snow and fog, and naphtha lights over coster barrows, and the smell of oranges, and fog round the lamps; but we had our summers too, when the lamp-lighters came round as a peachy glow was on the sky. Yes, we had our springs and our summers.

Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday; the Lock "looking like a living flower garden," as the newspapers used to say on the Monday morning. Then Tagg's Island, and Bushey Park on Chestnut Sunday, and the trees, burning yellow and pale mauve, along Maida Vale; quite a journey it was "out to Maida Vale"; a long summer Sunday afternoon drive to the Bald Face Stag at Edgware.

Of course the public-houses stayed open all day, and it was not a pretty sight when women with children in their arms swayed over their glasses of stout. The seamy side of gas-lit London: raucous voices and drunken Bank Holidays, sinister fights at street corners, and all that.

It was the period of beer, of chops and steaks, and tripe and onions, and pigs' trotters, and black pudding for the lower classes, and not such exceptionally good eating for the upper classes. The two classes met, as it were, over oysters, which were not expensive when the gas lamps flickered. One could toy with a dozen oysters and a glass of Chablis at, say, Driver's, or find a barrow in a quiet street; oysters and cockles and winkles, "all alive, all alive, all alive-o," as they used to call.

And the hot-potato stalls trundled along the streets, and the jellied eel shops—I suppose all that is dying fast, although it is not as dead as the Jack-in-the-Greens who used to come round on May Days. Does anybody ever see a Jack-in-the-Green nowadays? I would like to know. I have them mixed up in a memory of a greyhound snatching a sponge cake out of my left hand—Oh vivid memory!—as I was being wheeled in my perambulator along Brighton front.

All those street scenes, the Punch and Judy, the Breton onion sellers with the long poles over their shoulders, and the Jack-in-the-Greens, men covered in green creeper who used to dance on the corner, and the milk sellers (Milk below-o) with a wooden yoke across their backs, and heavy milk cans suspended from chains—that belongs to the period before electric street lamps spluttered and flickered. It belongs to the time when soldiers wore close-fitting red tunics, and "pill box" caps jauntily on the side of the head, and in the mind of the present writer it is jumbled with the smell of warm flannel and camphor when we had a cold, and a night-light flickering in the nursery, and looking out of a barred window from the top floor, waiting for the clop-clop of a horse's feet and the tinkling of a harness bell when a hansom came slithering round the corner, announcing the return of one's mother.

But—Kipling *was* right; I can recall that sticky smell of Noah's Ark toys, and the faint perfume of the pink and violet sweets the dentist used to give. No modern style dentists when there were hazy golden rings round the gas lamps. Visits to the dentist meant pain for grown-ups and children. And there was much pain in those days when a telegram meant trouble: the sight of the orange envelope tugged at the heart-strings. There were no telephones.

LOOKING back, I realise how we really have progressed, even though my generation laughs at the Jazz Age. Englishmen were said to take their pleasures sadly. That is not true; there was more boisterous fun, but they took their pleasures badly; they ate too much, and they drank too much. But just let us look at a (*Continued on page* 138)

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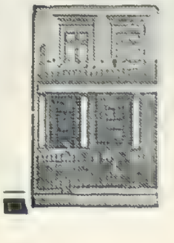

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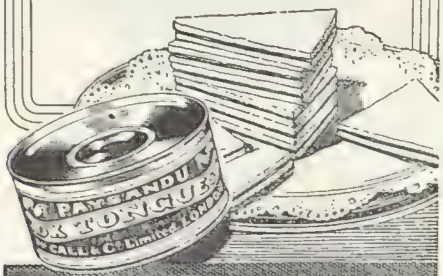

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CHANGING PLACES

Will you try, in imagination, to change places with a poor family this Christmas? Think of yourself and your own family with no traditional fare or festivities. Many thousands of poor families will have just such a Christmas, **unless . . . .**

£5 would give a Christmas Parcel each to **Ten Poor Families.**

Please send a gift now to
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THE CHURCH ARMY

Saturday night in London after the lamplighters had gone round. I write of the days before the local music-halls and their two houses a night. Saturday night meant, for those who could afford it, a night " up West," the places of which Vesta Tilley used to sing, the land of what she called " the Midnight Sun." the Piccadilly Johnny, for " Johnnies " were but another name for the stage-door mashers.

Up West, in a hansom if you could, or in a slow-moving omnibus if you could not. Evening dress in the promenade of the Empire or the Alhambra. Beautiful ballet, but not yet the ballet of Russia or the " Old Vic," but the stories of " Faust " and " Les Cloches de Corneville " told in music, in dance, and in rhythmic movement. When they " did " " Faust " at the Empire, Constance Collier, a dashing brunette, " walked on."

If you could not " run to " evening dress and a hansom and the Empire (and a visit to the Continental or " Jimmy's " to wind up the evening), you waited for the gallery or the pit, paid your shilling or half a crown, and liked it. I know I did. And then the rush for the last bus, before a gentleman from America built the " Tube " for us. Then we ran for the last Tube.

Sundays in winter, dull, awfully dull. A Sunday League concert, and nothing else to offer ourselves, but too much roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and cabbage and roast potatoes and apple pie and cheese. Then dozing in front of the fire until tea-time. The call of the muffin man, the bell tinkling in the fog, the haze round the lamps.

No week-ends, because train journeys were expensive and very uncomfortable. An oil lamp in the middle of the carriage roof, and eyes strained trying to read. No, gas-lit London might not have been too bad for the rich, but it was not good for those who were outside looking in.

Of course there were broughams and barouches drawn by fine horses; they looked beautiful in the Park and when they drove down to Richmond, but those who could not afford a carriage had to fall back on " a bicycle made for two "—pretty expensive—or " Shanks's pony." Those were decidedly not the days for the masses.

The wise man has no regrets; he can imagine himself up in a balloon, seeing the past and the present in one picture. I myself can see London lit both by gas and electricity. I like both those worlds. I liked Oxford Street and its John Bull atmosphere; I had fun in the gallery; I enjoyed my oysters from the barrow. I admired the carriages and horses of the rich, but did I envy them? No.

But, let me be truthful, when I switch on the electric light, I do sometimes sigh a sigh of regret for the ghosts of Gas-lit London.

END

Children's Party Politics

(*Continued from page* 45)

made decorative with jellies, creams, trifles, and jugs of orange and lemonade.

The great thing is to introduce something different. Even sausages on sticks will give the older child that superior grown-up feeling.

If the supper is a buffet one, try not to have anything too difficult to manage. Growing children are sensitive and they hate doing the wrong thing.

If you have individual egg salads, for instance, make sure that the egg is sliced in such a way that it can be tackled easily with a fork. Other popular " eats " are patty cases with savoury fillings, stuffed tomatoes, small sausage rolls, and again small sausages on sticks.

Adorn the buffet with sparkling jellies and creams, with the extra attraction of a centre trifle. A simple fruit salad is also a popular sweet, as are meringues filled with cream.

Just towards the end of the evening remember to serve soup hot in cups.

For the younger folks, serve tea almost immediately they arrive, as it is a wonderful ice-breaker. Have someone who thoroughly understands children, to whom you can delegate responsibility. Treasure hunts, lucky dips, Santa Claus in whiskers and red flannel, all give a thrill to the average child, and the gifts need not be too costly.

The rest of the time can be spent in music and games. One good game will suggest another. Make up your mind for a strenuous time and enjoy the rough-and-tumble with the children. It is a good idea to have a sit-down game now and again, so that everyone may catch their breath.

A surprise stunt, such as a conjurer or a cinema show, will please them all, especially the boys.

A programme of dancing or progressive games with small prizes is best for the older children. A good hostess is essential, as children of this age are inclined to look foolish if introductions are not tactfully done.

Useful Quantities for 50 Children

Sandwiches

Tomato : 1½ lb. tomatoes, half-loaf—60 sandwiches.

Egg and Cress : 6 eggs, 3d. cress, half-loaf—60 sandwiches.

Meat and Ham : 1 lb. cooked steak, ½ lb. cooked ham, half-loaf—60 sandwiches.

Cakes

100 small cakes (various).
2 lb. plain cut cake.
3 lb. fancy biscuits.
3 sponge cream or chocolate sandwiches.

Jellies

Lemon jelly—2 pints.
Fruit in jelly—2 pints.
Lemon snow—2 pints.
Apricot snow—2 pints.
Vanilla cream—2 pints.

American Icing

18 oz. sugar.
1¾ gills water.
3 whites of eggs.

Dissolve the sugar in the water and boil without stirring until the syrup will make a thread when dropped from the end of a skewer (240 degrees F.). Pour the syrup over the stiffly beaten whites, then beat until thick and pour over the cake, pulling into points with the end of a teaspoon.

Genoese Slab

4 oz. sugar (castor).
3 oz. flour.
3 oz. butter (clarified).
4 eggs.

Beat the sugar and eggs in a basin over hot water till it is fluffy and leaves the trail of the whisk, beat till cool, then add the clarified butter gently, and fold in the heated and sieved flour. Turn into a greased and papered tray, having the paper about an inch above the edge of the tray and spread evenly. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes, when it should be firm, look wrinkled on top and come away easily from the paper. Turn on to a wire tray and allow to cool.

To clarify the butter, put it into a saucepan, melt it, and let it boil gently until the salt is precipitated. Skim and strain through muslin into a basin.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 53)

succeeded in reaching the summit and caught hold of the best-looking defender. The girl, laughing and panting with the exertion, gave up any thought of further resistance, and when at last the king gave her the chance she produced a white flag and waved it furiously in sign of surrender. The roar of applause was deafening. At several doors the servants and those who were not admitted to the big hall were piling themselves on one another to gain a glimpse of the rare revelry. As the heralds sounded the " Cease fire " the bridge was lowered. Immediately the studded door was flung open and the six ladies stepped out, only to fall into the arms of the conquering knights. The noise and laughter were terrific, and then the gay rhythm of a well-known dance carried everyone away, the courtiers beating time by clapping their hands.

The six knights danced with the six ladies round and round the castle until they were breathless. One by one the couples disappeared within the fortress. When the last pair had passed within, the door closed, the bridge was drawn and the curtain was pulled over the scene. But that only for a few seconds. As soon as it was once more drawn aside it showed to the astonished guests that everything had disappeared. The castle, many times bigger than the doors, had vanished like a dream, leaving the hall free for a general dance.

And so the long list of those magnificent performances could go on for many a page, revealing new ideas and new schemes full of imagination, colour and good taste.

How strangely incongruous is the fact that this man who loved every form of joy and repulsed from him every sign of sadness, to the point of ordering from his presence anyone who appeared dressed in mourning, was at the same time such a callous dispenser of anguish, pain and death!

How true are the words contained in the fragment of the dilapidated old Italian book!

Glass Houses

(Continued from page 63)

Coloured plate glass, used mostly silvered for decorative effects and tinted. Borders, door architraves, table tops and shelves look well in this type of glass. Further decoration is sometimes introduced with sandblasting, acid or brilliant cutting and silvering.

Vita glass, pretty well known now, transmits a large proportion of the health-giving ultra violet rays of the sun. It is ideal for nursery windows, sun rooms and any place where the sun falls.

After that you can take your choice from Prismatic glass, a rolled glass with ribs forming prisms for the deflection of light into dark rooms; Maximum Daylight glass with lenses on the outside and prisms inside.

If you're still interested, Calorex, a glass which combines the property of transmitting sixty per cent. of the sun's light whilst *excluding* seventy-five per cent. of its heat. You've guessed, of course, that Calorex cannot be improved upon for larder windows and similar places where heat is not wanted.

Glass furniture, circa 1938, will go down to history with a reputation for elegance and fine craftsmanship that rivals some of the classic periods. I am not now referring to the simple modern chromium and glass pieces, well enough in their way, but to such pieces as the cabinet which we illustrate, to tables and screens exquisitely wrought, antiques of the future.

The new consciousness of glass as a practical medium of decoration is exemplified in the Glass House Exhibit at Olympia in April. The Glass Age Exhibition train now on view is another pointer.

In this train, which is going up and down the country to demonstrate the new uses for glass, 100,000 miniature mirrors have been used to cover the panelling of the coaches. Inside the train, walls ceiling and floors consist entirely of glass.

If it sounds like a mirror maze to you, that's merely because you've still got to learn about glass.

Christmas Gifts

Right: BLUE GRASS LIPSTICK and PERFUME. Lipstick delicately scented. with Elizabeth Arden's inimitable Blue Grass 12/6

Left: JEWEL COMPACT with gold squares 18/6. Double 21/-. Lipstick 10/6

Right: PINK and GOLD TREASURETTE BOX containing Essential Preparations. Powder Foundation and Ardena and Japonica Powders 30/-

Left: BATH LUXURY BOX, including Soap, Dusting Powder, Bath Cubes and a Velva Bath Mit 15/6.

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In Search of Food

(Continued from page 21)

slept. I said that was interesting—but what was this fish on the menu whose name I didn't know?

"It is a species of trout," he said glibly.

As a matter of fact it was a pike.

His other contribution was the statement that when he returned to England he knew the secret of a good and successful restaurant. "It is Neon lights," he said. "They want lights, lots of lights . . . that always brings them in."

This was during the days of the hotel strike against the 40-hour week that the Blum Government was trying to establish for hotel employees. The other Englishman, serving at Rouen, said that they had to work alternately fifteen and seventeen hours a day—with half a day off every month.

INSTEAD of coming back to England with ideas that might replace the cold mutton, Brussels sprouts and "Railway-fish" that a traveller must face up and down the length and breadth of your charming islands—all these two Englishmen seemed to have got out of France was the idea of Neon lights. To me they sounded the death-knell of British cooking.

THE smoked raw ham that M. Croisier and I ate in the mountains of Haute-Savoie brought out an odd similarity about mountain food. In the high Pyrenees in Spain and in the Republic of Andorra they have exactly the same way of treating pig. The ham is so solid that you can cut it in any direction with a pen-knife—like a cheese. And it is just as pungent.

Also mountain sheep. In the valley of Roncal—next to the pass of Roland's Sword—I lived for weeks with a Basque family, dining on wine, walnuts and mountain sheep. These hardy little mountain sheep are as sweet as a nut. In the Caucasus they had precisely the same succulence.

When Alexander Wicksteed (who has just died in Moscow) and I were trying to cross the snows of the Khlukor Pass to get down to the Black Sea, we rode four weeks on horseback, during three of which weeks we never saw a road. To live on, we bought a sheep from these Caucasian tribesmen every three days.

This was always a wrangle. Finally, when a price was agreed upon, the head of the tribe brought in the sheep in his arms. Just the way a London maître d'hôtel will show you a live trout. Then the old man of the tribe cut its throat and drained its blood into a wooden bowl. The sheep was then crucified on a tree trunk (strange pillar which is in every one of these stone Caucasian igloos) and its skin was removed like a shirt. Its head was chopped off and given to the children, who, pushing a stick up its nostrils, toasted it over the communal fire. With an axe (usually wiped on his boots) the old man dissected the sheep into cookable sections.

These we toasted, by turning them on sticks, over the fires inside the stone huts. When the fat was rich and crackling we dipped the pieces into a bowl of sour cream. Then we toasted them again until they were sweet and crisp as a nut. M. Escoffier himself could not have bettered the way that gallant old Englishman and I cooked our mountain sheep.

I AM quite convinced that certain food frenzies are hereditary. Otherwise, why should I have been so completely satisfied, in my first sight of Norway, when our ship's line broke a barrel of fish-oil at Stavanger, and all the way across the mountains to Christiania, up through snow-clad Sweden and into Old Russia, I ate all the smoked fish and goat's cheese in sight? Simply because deep back in my ancestry lurks some Scandinavian blood—and I was home again. On the other hand, why should I be so deeply affected by Frankfurters and goose liver?

FOOD is a frontier. And I nearly lost my son, aged ten, to a Swedish smörgesbord. This gargantuan *hors-d'œuvre*, spread on a table before him, nearly destroyed him. Entirely the opposite from the correct, regulated English meals he was used to, here he could eat anything and almost everything in any order he liked.

When we caught him he had prepared himself a dish of hot steak and onions. On the top of this he had built a little mound of fried potatoes. Resting on this were five sardines in a row and a piece of smoked salmon. Some goat's cheese sat meditatively aside. Over all he had spread a thick layer of raspberry jam.

QUEERLY enough, both the lowest and highest food spots in my life were in the week I had to live on nothing but caviar in Bessarabia. It was during the terror of the Tartar Bunar massacres, when the Roumanian secret police had caught twelve Communists trying to incite an uprising and had taken them out on a barge into the Black Sea and tortured them to death. The sight of a soldier's uniform during these days was enough to make any Bessarabian turn pale. All the wheat had been commandeered by the Government; all the fish were taken by the Government fish monopoly. I was in there to get a story—which I got—and was arrested for it. My wife and I were sleeping on the top of a peasant's clay stove.

There was nothing to eat in that Lipovane hut except some tea in a pot out of which the leaves were never taken, and to which apple peelings were added to bring up its strength.

Then Eve found a little Jewish merchant down by the fish market who had two jars of caviar. It was fresh, unwashed, full of blood and serum. But we ate it. For a week we had that caviar for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, without bread, butter or lemon. It was nauseating.

Then, trying to escape the secret police, Eve and I went down into the marshes on the pretext that we were going to write an article about the sturgeon fishers. There we slept again on the top of a clay stove with the Tarshinka family. They had a black skiff (in which we went down the Black Sea afterwards), and every dawn I went out with the Tarshinka brothers to catch the great sturgeon.

The sturgeon come up the Danube to spawn. But off the mouths of the river these Bessarabian fishermen hang nets of unbaited hooks, like rakes. When the great sturgeon, nosing his way into the river, feels these hooks he gives a flip and is impaled.

One day we got two: one about six feet long, as big and heavy as a man, the other about three feet. The big one was too big to smuggle past the sentries that stand on the islands in the marsh. But the Tarshinka brothers and I cut up the little one, and they put the pieces down inside their boots.

That night, after we had delivered the big sturgeon to the Government fish-control at Wilkowo, we sailed back to the marshes and had the little sturgeon made into soup. They cooked the sturgeon with paprikas and sour cream. A red steaming mass—all placed in a communal wooden bowl. One of the Tarshinkas had been (Continued on page 142)

A SNAPSHOT taken whilst on safari by Captain Roy Whittet. Pa, Ma, and son and heir are of the Waboni tribe and live on the Tana River, in the Tellemugger district. Ma seems to be enjoying the pictures in "Britannia and Eve"

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Green fireproof ware Casserole Dish, in Regent Plate Holder.
Diameter 7½ inches
£1.10.0
Diameter 8½ inches
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Pewter Tankard with glass bottom.
Capacity 1 pint
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Capacity ½ pint
12.6

Regent Plate Syphon Holder ... **£1.2.6**

Sterling Silver Cocktail Biscuit or Bon-Bon Tray, with ivory handles.
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Pair Sterling Silver-mounted Grape Scissors...**£1.6.6**

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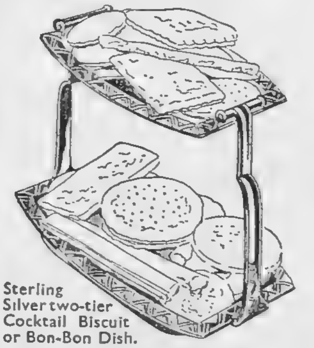

Sterling Silver two-tier Cocktail Biscuit or Bon-Bon Dish.
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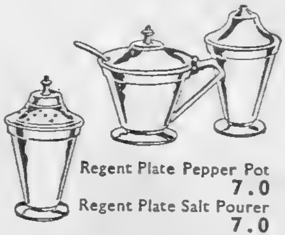

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Regent Plate Salt Pourer
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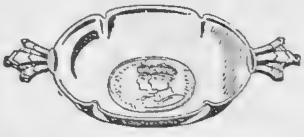

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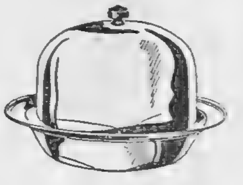
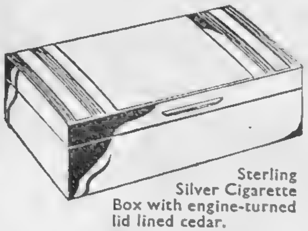


Regent Plate Muffin Dish with hot water division and cover.
£1.2.6



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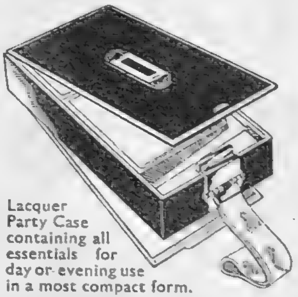

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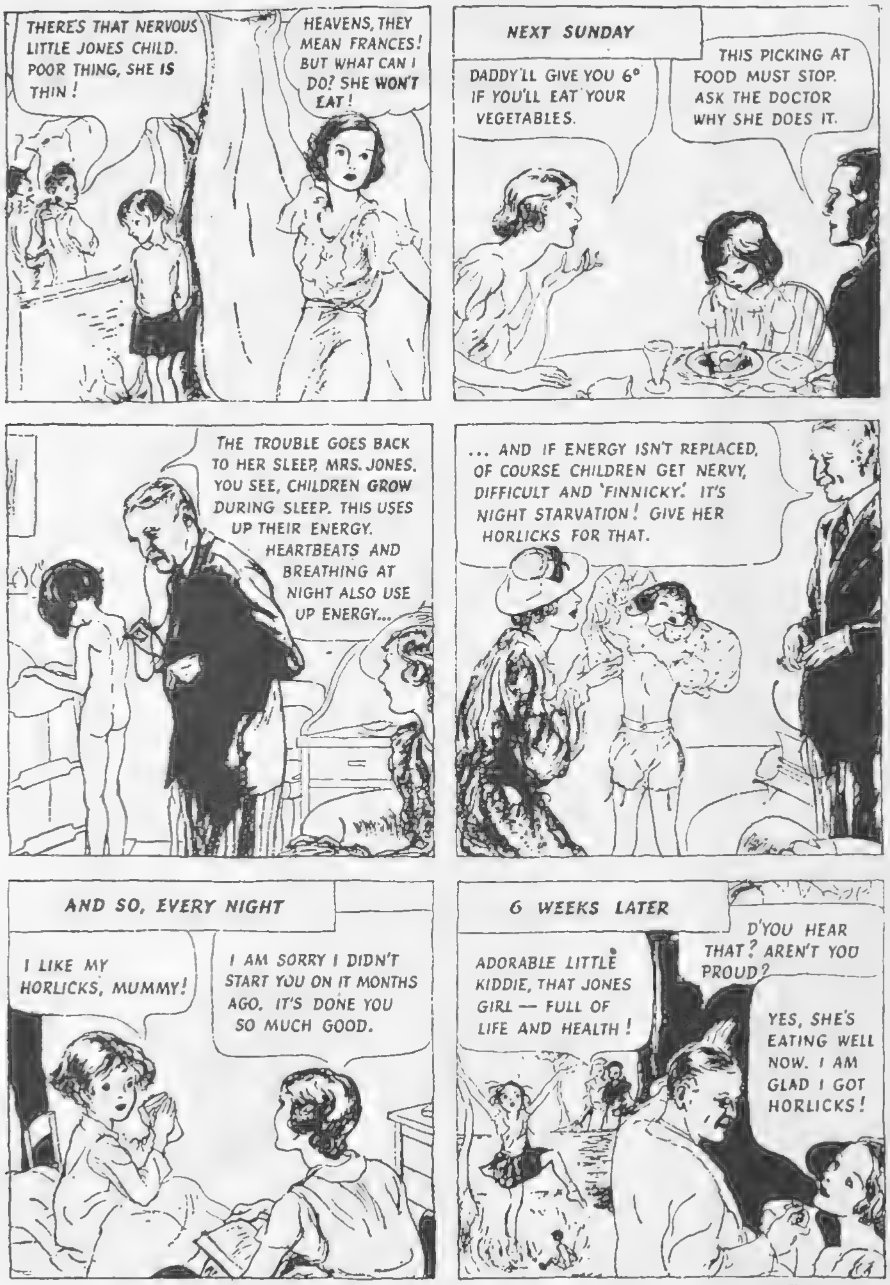
Thin, Nervy Frances

Frances was thin and nervy and wouldn't eat. Doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep.


THERE'S THAT NERVOUS LITTLE JONES CHILD. POOR THING, SHE IS THIN!
HEAVENS, THEY MEAN FRANCES! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? SHE WON'T EAT!
NEXT SUNDAY
DADDY'LL GIVE YOU 6d IF YOU'LL EAT YOUR VEGETABLES.
THIS PICKING AT FOOD MUST STOP. ASK THE DOCTOR WHY SHE DOES IT.
THE TROUBLE GOES BACK TO HER SLEEP, MRS. JONES. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY. HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY...
... AND IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, OF COURSE CHILDREN GET NERVY, DIFFICULT AND 'FINNICKY.' IT'S NIGHT STARVATION! GIVE HER HORLICKS FOR THAT.
AND SO, EVERY NIGHT
I LIKE MY HORLICKS, MUMMY!
I AM SORRY I DIDN'T START YOU ON IT MONTHS AGO. IT'S DONE YOU SO MUCH GOOD.
6 WEEKS LATER
ADORABLE LITTLE KIDDIE, THAT JONES GIRL — FULL OF LIFE AND HEALTH!
D'YOU HEAR THAT? AREN'T YOU PROUD?
YES, SHE'S EATING WELL NOW. I AM GLAD I GOT HORLICKS!

When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

in Odessa and was quite a man of the world: he always licked his wooden spoon clean before he handed it to my wife to have her dip.

On that cold winter evening the hot sturgeon soup was a gift from Heaven. And that night we all slept luxuriously, lying on the stove, dreaming of the great sturgeon nosing their way up the Danube with their cold moonstone eyes.

IN India you travel with an ice-chest and a servant—the ice-chest being full of mangoes, melons, tins of Canadian salmon and bottles of Johnny Walker. The servant always sleeps in a little compartment, with a peep-hole, just behind yours. I had a Mohammedan who had only two teeth, both stained blood red, as he was always chewing betel nut. Faithful creature, I nearly lost him at Sholapur.

This was during the riots. Everything in the railway station (where all the British had forgathered to resist being slaughtered) had been eaten. I had run out of salmon and I asked Abdul if he thought he could get me a tin from the shop across the street.

He returned empty-handed. "Sahib," said Abdul, "there is big trouble—all the shops are shut. Why is it, Sahib, that wherever you and I go there is trouble?"

There were 70,000 Indians in Sholapur bazaar who had threatened to murder the lot of us. I told the faithful Abdul that we would go without dinner that night.

IN Budva, in Southern Dalmatia, on the border of Albania, I was reduced to eating sea-urchins. Reason being that a Czechoslovakian prosperity boom had landed eight hundred tourists in the little walled city that was accustomed to catering for about half a hundred foreigners, at most, every year. Like a plague of locusts they ate everything within sight. What meat there was left had a blue, iridescent gleam upon it. We didn't even dare eat the eggs after what we saw the scrawny chickens eating from the gutters, and the only lobster I managed to capture they boiled—and served lukewarm.

It was then that I came upon Danda Ivo—Uncle John—the Grand Old Man of this Dalmatian village. He had been a Suez Canal employee, serving under the British and French for over thirty years. His first act upon returning to his native land had been to pour petrol into the latrines to kill the mosquitoes. From then on he seems to have done nothing but eat sea-urchins.

I saw him wading in the shoal water, every now and then fishing something up from the bottom with a hook he had on the end of a stick. Then Uncle John would eat it.

"Bon pour la santé!" he explained, and also "Bon pour l'amour!"

He was a grand old man. He and I ate nearly all the sea-urchins along that coast. The last time I ate sea-urchins was at Vina del Mar, in Chile—about twice the size of the Adriatic species—and they served them with vinegar and chopped-up onions. They were very good for *la santé*—in Chile.

In Chile, which has some of the finest fish-food in the world, they get their langoustes from the island of Juan Fernandez—500 miles out in the Pacific. They are brought in alive in the holds of sailing ships. Then some of them are flown at 14,000 feet over the snows of the Andes and across the pampas of the Argentine to Buenos Aires.

Until you have eaten steak in Buenos Aires you simply cannot know what meat can be. They have plenty of practice down there; during the slump meat was so cheap that they let the cattle rot on the plains after they had removed their hides.

But the tenderness and sweetness of a Chateaubriand with Sauce Béarnaise—even in any ordinary restaurant—is a rival to M. Burtin at Mâcon.

In South America a European's taste becomes jaded and flatulent, and it requires something very exciting indeed to arouse enough energy in you to eat it. The Country Club outside Lima, in Peru, has a dish which you could eat even on your deathbed. It is a mayonnaise of prawns done in alligator pear. The pear is chopped up with the prawns. Most delectable combination.

DURING the days of my youth I was often hard up for food from sheerly financial reasons. This was when I was away from home, cruising in one of my small boats. Any money I had at the beginning of a voyage was usually squandered in the first few days out. After that I trusted to the ravens to provide.

For a week on the Chesapeake I lived once on nothing but crabs. If you have ever had crabs, lukewarm, for breakfast, you will know what I had to endure. There was nothing else. Then, one night, we caught a twelve-pound carp.

My brother and I cut him into steaks at first and grilled him over a small portable grate we had in our skiff. We were sleeping on shore, camping wherever night caught us; and then we thought we would boil the rest of him to last for the next two days.

We wrapped him in a bath towel and put him into the pot over our wood fire. Then, watching him cook, we fell asleep. When we woke up the next morning, carp and towel had become one. We put him back into the water from which we had taken him. And we were hungry for two days.

WHEN I set out to see the world, I made up my mind that I would do everything and eat everything at least once, and I have carried this out pretty faithfully. The one time I broke down was when Eve and I were sailing across Europe in our small boat, the "Flame." It was up on the Hungarian Puszta, where for a time we had left our comfortable little cabin and were living with the cowboys on the great Hungarian plains. We had been shooting partridges at Gödöllö with Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, and at his suggestion the city of Debreczen made us its guests on that desolate strip of plain through which the Mongols and Magyars first came into Europe. The descendants of these early raiders live there to-day, with hardly a change of feature and the same barbaric ideas about food.

Our first night on the Puszta there was a great *tamasha* at the little inn. The captain of the Puszta, an ex-Hussar, sat at the head of the table and ladled out the soup. On his first dip he brought up three chicken heads, and it seemed to me about every part of the chicken that one generally throws away, and with great courtesy he passed this to my wife, who, brave soul, tried to eat it. But she overdid it, and the captain of the Puszta, thinking that she liked this horrible dish, showed her the ultimate courtesy of gouging out the chickens' eyes, which, to show her how they should be eaten, he popped into his mouth like grapes. About this time Eve, who had stood quite a few things since she married me, was ready to pass out. But I was to have the final horror.

This was the next night, our first night out on the plain with the Magyar cowboys. This plain, which at first seems nothing but a straight line drawn across the sky, is a coloured carpet of green grass and dappled flowers, among which a wading stork stands out as prominently as a lighthouse. To shield themselves from the fierce winds that sweep across this vast emptiness, the cowboys camp behind little wind-brakes made of rushes. Their sparse food is mostly the fat of that hard, woolly haired pig the Mongolitza, who has a layer of solid fat about two inches thick all around him. The "chicos" carry slabs of this fat inside their saddlebags, toast it on sticks over their little dung fires and drip it on to black bread until a layer of white lard is formed. Then they eat it.

An old Mongol, whose sharp cheek-bones in the firelight looked like the face of Ghenghiz Khan himself, had been munching his piece of bread and lard for a minute or two with no success. He had no teeth. Then—he handed this mangled piece to me, the guest, to eat.

And I could not eat it.

END

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That Old-Fashioned Christmas

(Continued from page 29)

not the less photographic for being labelled as fiction. In one respect, however, a traditionally more leisurely age failed to live up to its tradition. We read in the Christmas chapter of *Pickwick* that "At dinner they met again, after a twenty-five mile walk, undertaken by the males at Wardle's recommendation, to get rid of the effects of the wine at breakfast." What twentieth-century male would, or could, take a twenty-five-mile walk at anybody's recommendation? And, for that matter, how many twentieth-century males drink wine for breakfast? Such exercise was manifestly necessary a hundred years ago, since customs in food and drink differed from our own in both quantity and quality. Dickens elsewhere writes of a horrible meal of "pork-chops and brandy luke." To be able to move at all after pork-chops washed down with brandy and tepid water surely connotes men of heroic mould and cast-iron interiors. And the periodicals of the day may be searched in vain for mention of those remedies for indigestion which form so considerable a part of advertisement revenues to-day. Twenty-five-mile walks alone must have preserved the health of those demi-gods of the day, the three-bottle men who, what is more, took their rest each night in a hermetically sealed four-poster bed. Yet, barring a touch of the gout, they seem always to have been fit—until they eventually fell down in one.

The spirit for such celebration remains willing enough, even if the flesh is weaker. Only the very young and the very intellectual, the bearded little Scrooges of Bloomsbury and Chelsea, sneer at the old-fashioned Christmas and at Dickens's pictures of it.

"Christmas," he writes, "was close at hand, in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open-heartedness: the old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amidst the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away . . . Numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and are scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual goodwill!"

Sincerity breathes in every line of that. Let us turn (since members of large families in this new and enlightened era meet, when they meet at all, in anything but a happy state of companionship, and goodwill is no more mutual on December 25th than on any other day of the year) to a less controversial passage. In hundreds of Dingley Dells in the year 1827 did hundreds of Mr. Pickwicks dance a country dance after dinner, to the sound of fiddles and harp—"away—hands across—down the middle to the very end of the room and half-way up the chimney, back again to the door—loud stamp on the floor—ready for the next couple—off again"—and awake next morning "with a confused recollection of having, severally and confidentially, invited about five-and-forty people to dine with him at the George and Vulture—which he rightly considered a pretty certain indication of his having taken something besides exercise on the previous night."

In thousands of Manor Farms was followed Mr. Wardle's invariable custom—"Everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, servants and all: and here we wait, until the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in, and beguile the time with forfeits and old stories." Thus saying, "the merry old gentleman, in a good, round, sturdy voice," sang a Christmas carol.

The words of Mr. Wardle's carol do not, truth to tell, amount to much, and what the tune was we do not know. It was at least sung in a warm room and comfortable surroundings. Carol-singers, as a body, had, on the other hand, a poor time in those days, as did their fellow sufferers (and sometimes pain-inflicters), the waits. For some centuries their lot had been much the same, one of the few accepted jokes at the Merry Season being that of throwing missiles at musicians beneath one's windows and emptying upon them jugs of icy water. They were treated as strolling players—that is to say, as rogues and vagabonds. When some mediæval lord of the manor asked them in out of the cold to perform in the great hall, they were given food and wine if he was in a good temper. If he was in a bad temper, he and his friends at the high table pelted them with bones and pots and thought it no end of fun. Actors were treated in the same way, though their plays were no worse than some of those seen in London theatres to-day—in certain respects rather better. Barons no longer lorded it in that fashion in the eighteen-thirties; but the waits and carol-singers remained. If mid-Victorian and late-Victorian artists can be trusted, their lot had not improved. Of course, those artists were usually being funny, in a gentle and pretty-pretty way redolent of the period. In one's mind's eye (and sometimes on a nicely coloured page) can be seen a shivering man in tattered hose playing a clarionet with frost-bitten fingers and a doleful expression. Always do these sorry entertainers stand in the snow, puce with the cold. Comfortable citizens pour forth abuse, and often something else, from opened diamond-paned windows above.

It is not to-day the fashion to endure such discomfort in the cause of Christmas music. Besides, anyone who emptied a jug of water on the head of a carol-singer would probably be summoned and fined. Carol-singing in 1937 is none the less a scrappy and shabby business, for the most part. A few enthusiastic clergymen and organists take their choir-boys from house to house, sometimes preserving the mediæval touch by providing lanterns, cloaks, and a banner inscribed "Ye lytel syngynge boyes." The "Carol Singers of Mayfair" made an abortive appearance a year or two ago in order to collect money for hospitals. They were fashionable folk and it was a new game. And, being fashionable folk, they soon tired of it.

Contemporary carols, when Dickens was a young man, were not of much account musically, for the art was then at a low ebb. British composers in the early part of the nineteenth century were very minor. But the fine old carols of a former age were sung then, as they are to-day—songs of triumphant gladness—"In dulci jubilo," "Dies est laetitiae," "God rest you merry, gentlemen" (a phrase so often wrongly punctuated), and, best of all, "Good King Wenceslas." Dickens certainly knew one of these. We learn that "the owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry ever as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's key-hole to regale him with a Christmas carol, but at the first sound of

'God bless you, merry gentleman,
May nothing you dismay,'

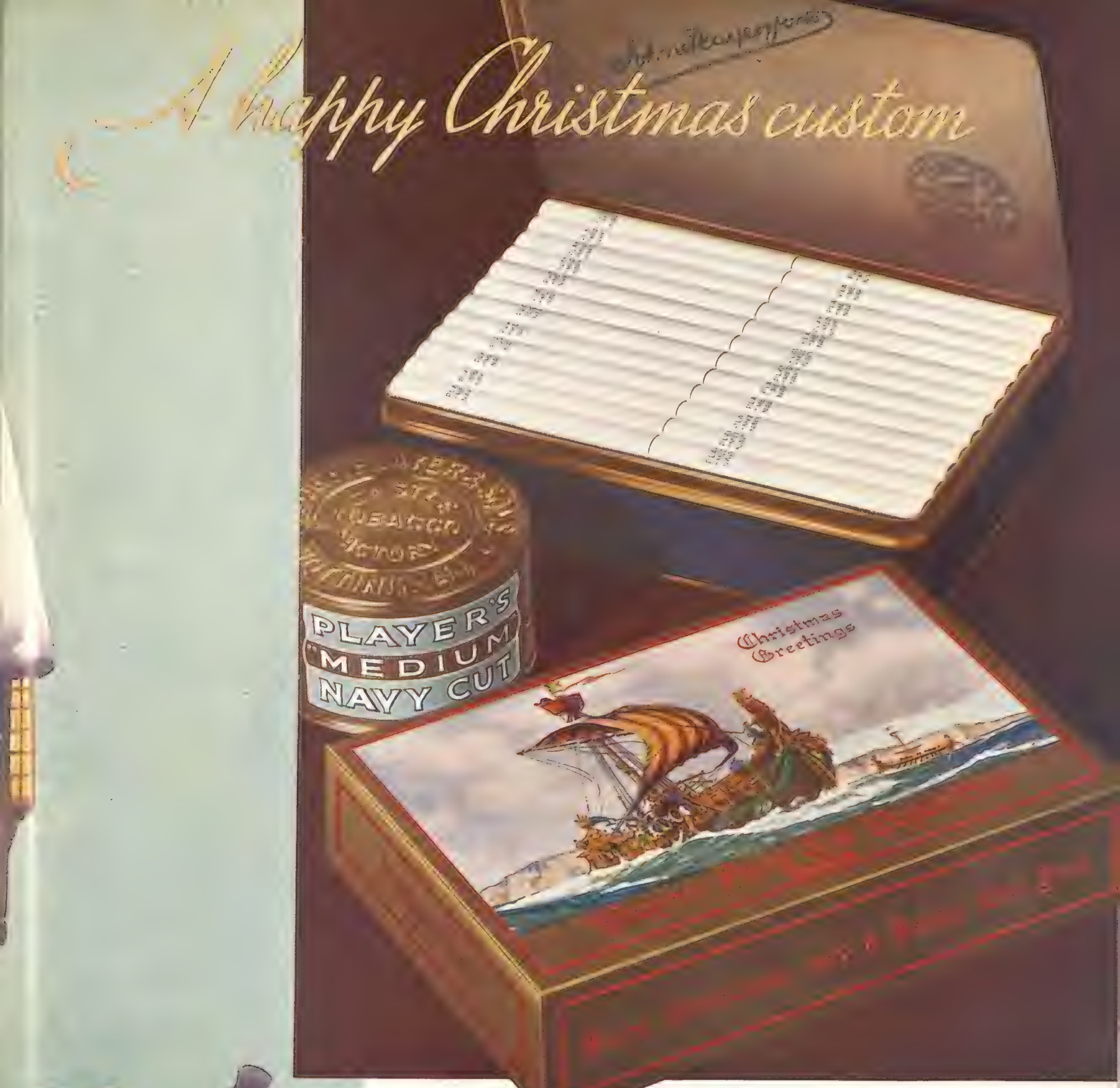
Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy that the singer fled in terror." Dickens managed to get both the words and the punctuation wrong, but the situation is sufficiently vivid.

Old Scrooge paid Bob Cratchit, his clerk, only fifteen shillings a week. Yet for their Christmas dinner Bob and his family had a goose. The goose (now eaten at Michaelmas, if at all) was the bird for the old-fashioned Christmas, and not the turkey.

. . . "Such a bustle ensued you might have thought the goose the rarest of birds. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates . . . at last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. . . . There never was such

(Continued on page 147)

A happy Christmas custom



What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself—Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

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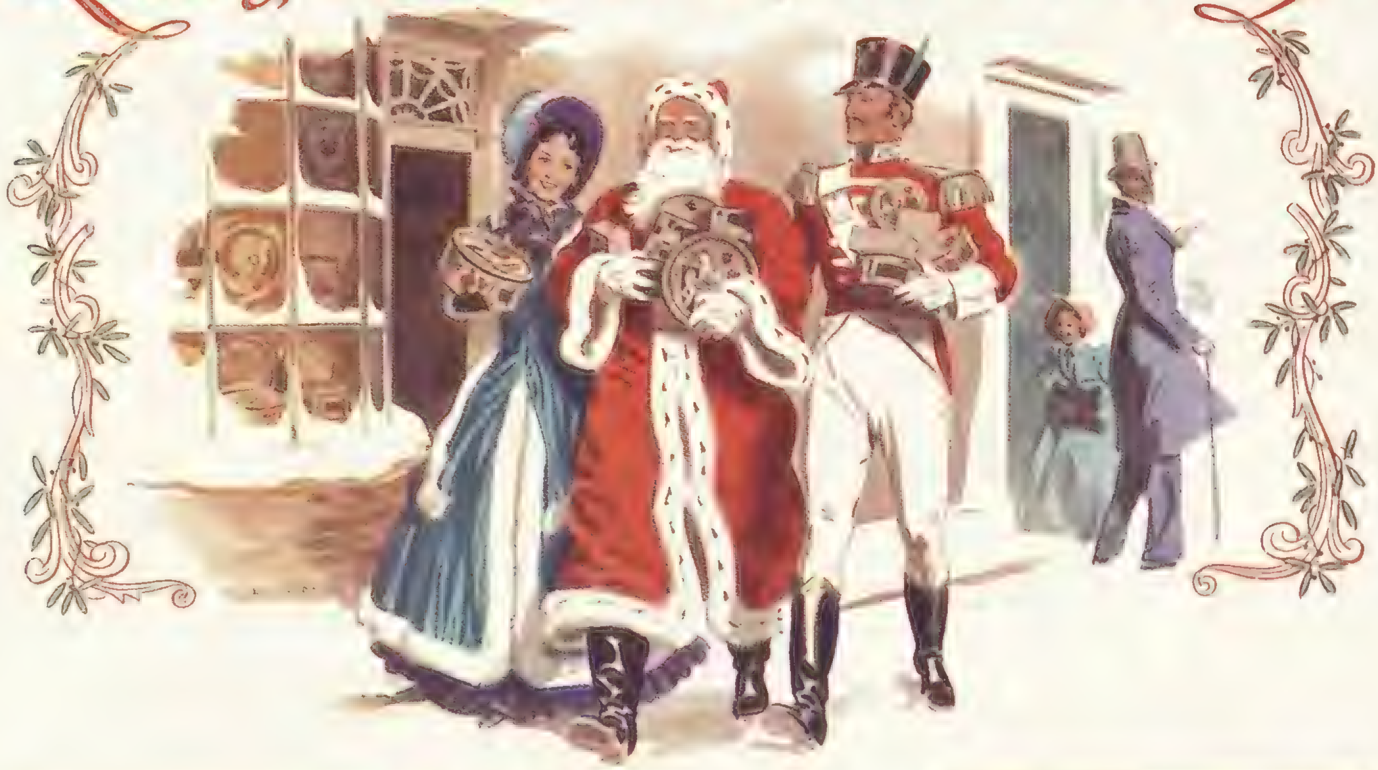
Quality Street at Christmas time



Santa Claus: "*This great demand for Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' has simplified my job for me this year.*"

Major Quality: "*How has it done that, Santa?*"

Santa Claus: "*Why! All I've had to do is to appoint every Confectioner my special Agent and just see he has lots and lots of Mackintosh's and the job's done.*"

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Here are illustrated just a few of the many delightful Boxes, Caskets and Fancy Tins in which Mackintosh's "Quality Street" and other famous Assortments of Toffees and Chocolates are specially packed for Christmas — in all sizes and at all prices.

Complete Illustrated List will be sent on request.

Here is a small selection of Caskets and Fancy Boxes filled with "Quality Street"; "Carnival" and other famous Mackintosh Toffees and Chocolates

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'Quality Street'

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JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX, ENGLAND a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration." And the pudding. . . . "Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedecked with Christmas holly stuck into the top."

Christmas holly, be it noted. And a *Christmas* goose and a *Christmas* pudding for a *Christmas* dinner! Far distant then was the detestable modern abbreviation "Xmas." Why should a not unbeautiful word be mutilated in this fashion? The mutilators are not even consistent. They do not talk of "Xians"; and no one has as yet, fortunately, ventured to allude to the Founder of Christianity as "X." Christmas Dinner still remains, however, essentially a home feast, whether materfamilias brings in the pudding, as did Mrs. Cratchit, with her own work-worn hands, or whether it is served by a platoon of menservants. Even those who pay three guineas a head to dine in a fashionable restaurant on New Year's Eve, and to throw toy balloons about and to sing "Auld Lang Syne" hand in hand with complete strangers as the hour strikes, dine at home, for the most part, on Christmas night. Only the Scrooges will dine, alone, at their clubs—and like it.

It is doubtful whether Bob Cratchit, on fifteen shillings a week, could have taken his family to a Christmas pantomime—even in the gallery. But there was no lack of pantomimes in Dickens's day, with the clown a far more important person than he is now. Indeed, Dickens himself wrote a life of the great Grimaldi. This very season the British public are being persuaded to go to many an "old-fashioned pantomime," its most persistently advertised virtue being that it *is* old-fashioned. And with some truth. Pantomimes are conservative institutions, because they are primarily (though by no means exclusively) intended for the children, and children are conservative little creatures. They know what they like in the way of entertainment and they insist on having it. The pantomime of a century ago differed in that clown and harlequin and pantaloon and columbine had not then fallen from grace and were, in fact, vastly important people. Also, the "bill" was a formidable one, the pantomime, with its Harlequinade, forming only a portion of it; the evening often started with a drama or even some Shakespeare, and ended with "a side-splitting, mirth-provoking extravaganza, in which the whole strength of the company will positively appear." However, if the fare was considered too ample, one could come into the theatre at half-time for half the price. Which was easier on the dramatic digestion—and cheaper.

Drury Lane, Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden were the principal purveyors of pantomime. The little boy depicted in the first of the two pictures reproduced—they were painted by the late Fred Barnard and copies of them hang in the foyer of the Lyceum Theatre, the originals being the property of Sir Seymour Hicks—is enjoying his first pantomime at Sadler's Wells. "The Wells" then was not the modern temple of uplift and ballet which is now so important a factor in the still further education of London's *intelligentsia*. It was a pleasant old theatre, none the less, which was standing until fairly recently, though it had fallen on evil days. Its stage had been trod by Grimaldi himself, and it may well be imagined that it was Grimaldi's antics which were causing that youngster's obvious delight. The scene of the second picture is Covent Garden, and since boredom has sent the erstwhile youngster, now a grandfather, into a doze, it is better not to speculate which pantomime was being played on that occasion. There were occasionally pantomimes in the august home of opera in mid-Victorian days, and even one since the Great War (this was the Drury Lane pantomime transferred owing to the success of "The Garden of Allah"); but when the nineteenth century was very young they were a regular attraction. "Mother Goose," "Dick Whittington," "Gulliver's Travels" (that has been dropped out of the pantomime list) and "Aladdin" were produced, Grimaldi singing, as Kasrac in "Aladdin," his famous song "Hot Codlins." Why this song, which those interested in theatrical history can still obtain and inspect, should have become famous is something of a mystery. "Harlequin and Fortunio" and "Harlequin and Mother Bunch" were both produced in the early 'thirties, and a little later there was a "monster Christmas programme" which included Balfe's opera "Satanella," followed by "Red Riding Hood," followed in turn by a Harlequinade, in which the pantomime principals played the leading parts, Red Riding Hood appearing as Columbine.

Always were there fairies and much tumbling down, and a green baize curtain and hot, flaring footlights, and a smell of oranges. The oranges and the green curtain have gone, and much of the heat. But the fairies and the knock-about fun are still with us, and jokes that are introduced to-day did good service in 1837 (and, for that matter, in 1737). The political allusion is said to be a feature only of modern pantomime. It is not. Lord Baldwin's pipe and Mr. Winston Churchill's hat had their predecessors in not very sly digs at Melbourne and the Reform Bill. In a topical pantomime song of 1832 can be found:

> "*A health let us sing*
> *To Billy the King*
> *For bating the tax upon beer.*"

Yes, old-fashioned pantomime changes very little. The late Harry Pelissier, of "The Follies," realised this when in his burlesque pantomime he sang:

> "*I play the part they call the 'Dame'*
> *In Christmas pantomime.*
> *My part is always just the same*
> *At every Christmas time*" (Dance and fall).
> "*You're bound to get a laugh for that,*
> *You're bound to get a laugh for that.*
> *Put some red upon your nose,*
> *Wear your very oldest clothes,*
> *The reason why Lord only knows,*
> *You're bound to get a laugh for that.*"

And then the Baron:

> "*I am the Baron, the Baron Stoneybroke,*
> *My part does not contain a single joke.*
> *Each Christmas time I earn large sums of money*
> *By being superhumanly unfunny.*"

Some, at least, of the spirit of Ye Olde-Fashioned Christmas will always remain in England. Those who do not enjoy it can, if they can afford to do so, take Ye Olde Blue Traine to lands where there is less Peace and Goodwill.

End

Books

(*Continued from page 33*)

almost unbelievably full memory, have made a very full book. It lacks repose, but never incident.

A public ready made and waiting, all the readers of *The Way of a Transgressor* will doubtless be less interested in an account of its sequel than in the news of its publication. But since even the best of sellers is not read by everyone, I may be forgiven for mentioning that in *Transgressor in the Tropics* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Negley Farson visits South America. It is written in the same racy style as its predecessor, but there is this difference—whereas the fun of the first book lay in Mr. Farson's personal adventures, the interest of the second depends upon his remarkable knack of acquiring information, in this case about the South American Republics. The second book is thus rather less amusing than the first, but even more interesting. (N.B.—I observe that Mr. Gollancz announces the

(*Continued on page 148*)

SEIZED BY LUMBAGO IN VENICE!
Mud Packs, Plasters, Liniments Proved Useless

An artist, she was painting in Venice when lumbago attacked her. She 'tried everything,' but it wouldn't budge. Then, in Paris, she saw a Kruschen advertisement! Her letter tells the story:—

'I am an artist, and three years ago I was painting in St. Mark's Square, Venice. There was a current of air swirling round my back, which I failed to notice until I found myself chilled to the bone. When I got up, I was literally doubled in two with lumbago.

'I tried all the usual remedies—plasters, rubbing liniments, etc.—all to no effect. Then I took mud packs, etc., and still I had lumbago. I went to Paris on business, and there I saw a Kruschen advertisement. I took Kruschen, and in three weeks I was practically free from pain. In two months, I was cured completely.'—(Mrs.) S. F.

Why do lumbago, backache, and allied rheumatic complaints yield to Kruschen—even after every form of local application has failed? Because Kruschen is a scientific combination of mineral salts, every one of which has an action of its own. Where one cannot penetrate, another can—*and does*.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists at 6d., 1/- and 1/9 per bottle.

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PREVENT IT WHILE STILL IN THE "SNEEZY" STAGE

Doctors have proved that 3 out of 4 colds start in the nose and upper throat. So that is the place to *prevent* them. At the first warning sneeze, put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril.

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden nasal passages. Their tingling medication soothes irritation, stimulates Nature's own defences to throw off the cold.

Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too

Even when the head is all stuffed-up by a head-cold or nasal catarrh, Vick-Vatronol clears it instantly, makes every breath cool and delightful. Keep a bottle handy. 1/6d.

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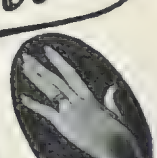

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● For many years Society have entrusted the health and beauty of their nails to the unfailing attention and unique method of Coralie. You may have a personal interview and advice from this famous specialist by telephoning Regent 7561 for an appointment. Breaking nails, bad cuticles and all nail troubles are especially cared for.

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Evarts Seelye Scudder, whose book "Prince of the Blood" is a pleasure to read

author of this book as Farson, just as Messrs. Hutchinson announce a new novel by Frankau. For a moment, I thought that a grateful Sovereign had raised these two writers to the Peerage. Lest other readers should make my mistake and suffer my disappointment, I must point out that this is not so, and that the publishers are merely indicating that they have reached the Prescott-Dostoievski class.)

Mr. Patrick Balfour's *Lords of the Equdtor* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) contains the fruits of experiences gained during a journey of 10,000 miles through Central Africa, undertaken "with the especial object of studying the ex-German mandates." In the course of his journey he was enabled to see how mandates are administered by France, Belgium, and Great Britain. I do not pretend to say how deep he goes, but his investigations took him over a wide territory, and his book is extremely timely. Easy to read, and adorned by some fifty reproductions of snapshots, it will help the ordinary reader to make up his mind on a subject of growing urgency and discussion.

THE *Scrapbook* (Batsford, 21s.) of Mr. Cecil Beaton, the photographer, clearly proves that, if you know enough celebrities, you may become celebrated. Ignoring this danger, Mr. Beaton has dogged famous people all round the world, and from their principal sanatorium, at Hollywood, he has brought back some dreadful evidence of the results of the contagion. It seems that in bad cases the victims lose all privacy and all sense of privacy, gladly placing their hands, feet, eyebrows, children, nostrils, stomachs, clothes, underclothes, voices, husbands and hair, their S.A., their B.O., and even their D.T. (if any), out on the doorstep for their fellow patients to examine as they pass by. Fortunately, if ordinary care is used, the healthy subject can still be reasonably sure of preserving obscurity, and no one of Mr. Beaton's readers will ever be likely to jeopardise so precious a possession.

Appropriately, with that prayer of thankfulness on my lips, I take my departure; I bid you, most gentle of readers, good-bye. Your gentleness is such that, for eight short years, you have suffered me without a murmur—or almost without a murmur, for such letters as have come to me at the office of BRITANNIA AND EVE have been, for the most part, not from you, but from authors I have not sufficiently recommended to your notice. Whether your silence has meant consent or disgust I (like all reviewers) have small means of knowing. When "Books" and my own name made their first appearance in these pages, the magazine was an infant, a rather delicate infant, just six months old. To-day it is a very lusty person indeed, and my successor's public, so many times larger than the one I began with, will grow much larger still.

P.S.—Elsewhere in this article will be found a list of new fiction. But I want to make separate reference to two novels which have given me more than usual pleasure. These are Mr. John Masefield's *The Square Peg* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) and *The Man Who Started Clean*, by T. O. Beachcroft (Boriswood, 7s. 6d.). Both these stories are of men out of sympathy with their surroundings, but in other respects there is little resemblance between them. Mr. Beachcroft's impulse was an idea rather than a character or a clash of characters, whereas the Poet Laureate's interest seems to have lain in mass, rather than in individual, psychology. So neither novelist has created any very strong or independent character. But each has written an arresting story and invested it with an atmosphere and flavour of his own—made of it, in short, something original and new, something to be experienced.

Diana Ridley, who has just had published her second novel, "Youth is Wild." The characters depicted in her novels have sympathy and understanding. Her previous novel (both published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.), was entitled "And After April"

Christmas Books for the Children

IN this era of copious publishing, children's books are more than ever in evidence, many of them superbly produced examples of the printer's and binder's art, and, it may be said, a far greater proportion of them containing worth-while reading matter than is often the case with works intended for adult consumption. At any rate, the reviewer would seem to have far less weeding out to do, far less trash to discard.

This Christmas there are some really first-class books for children of all ages, from the very young, still in the being-read-to-stage, to those well on in the teens and eager for something with which to get to grips. Here is a representative selection of good things.

South with Scott, by Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans, K.C.B., D.S.O. (Collins, 5s.). Some stories will never die, and as long as history continues to be written the epic of Captain Scott's last tragic Polar journey will excite wonder, pity and admiration. Admiral Evans, who as a young naval lieutenant went out on the great adventure, tells the story of what happened simply and movingly, and it is little wonder that the book has sold a hundred thousand copies since it first saw the light of day. This edition is a particularly fine one in that it contains 31 of the illustrations by the late Herbert Ponting, the official photographer to the party, who as a camera artist has had very few if any equals. This is a work that every boy will treasure.

Achievement, edited by Jocelyn Oliver (Collins, 6s.). Here is another first-class adventure book, with thirty or more thrilling chapters, each telling of some great enterprise or some wonder of the modern world. C. W. A. Scott, for instance, describes how he won both the Melbourne and Johannesburg air races; Colonel P. T. Etherton deals with the historic flight over Mount Everest; Captain Kingdon Ward, the renowned explorer, describes his discovery of a hitherto unknown range of mountains in Tibet; while the drivers of three of Britain's crack railway engines give their experiences of life and work on these "monsters of the iron road." Here is a volume enthralling from beginning to end and provided with a wealth of illustration to give further colour to the vividly written text.

Winged Might, by Percy F. Westerman (Blackie and Son, Ltd., 5s.). Here an old hand in the art of schoolboy fiction tells a first-rate story of two young men employed in an aerial research department who devise an aerial torpedo propelled by a motor taking its power from the electrons of the ether. The attempt of foreign agents to wrest their secret, a shipwreck, and the astonishing success of the experiment are just a few of the highlights in a book as packed with thrills as the proverbial Christmas hamper.

Another book in much the same style and issued by the same publishing house is Caleb Hawker's *The Great Peril* (Blackie and Son, Ltd., 3s. 6d.). The theme is the invasion of England by a mysterious foe and its eventual defeat by a secret organisation. Two good stories for girls also come from Blackie's, one being *The Mysterious Term*, by J. P. Milne (2s.), and the other *Lucy Brown's Schooldays*, by Dorothy Vicary (3s. 6d.), a tale of a girl's emergence from "the stodgy stage."

Tales from Grimm, translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag (Faber and Faber, 5s.). A new translation of Grimm is a comparative rarity, and this one, beautifully printed and presented, has much to commend it both by reason of its flowing style and of the fact that the translator has not only included the old favourites such as "Cinderella" and "Hansel and Gretel," but some of the less well-known stories, such as "The Musicians of Bremen" and "Cat and Mouse Keep House," and also some of the best tales that have never before been rendered adequately in English. The full-page line drawings are really excellent.

In the picture book style particular reference should be made to Gilbert Cousland's *What My Camera Saw Beyond the Farm Gate* (Collins, 5s.). This should make a fine present for youngsters between the ages of 4 and 6, the delightful series of photographs it contains giving a rare insight into farm work and farm life. Simple captions go with each picture, explaining what is happening, and the original front cover is in the form of a five-bar gate.

The Story of Horace, by Alice Coats (Faber and Faber, 3s. 6d.). This is supposed to be a classic among children's tales, but many will aver that it appeals essentially to grown-ups. How Horace the bear, at the risk of his digestion, was allowed to eat up Great Grandpa, Great Grandma, Grandpa, Grandma, Pa, Ma, Paul, and Little Lulu with impunity is absolutely incredible, and is only partially explained by the way the remnants of the family "took on so" every time Pa threatened to kill Horace. At any rate, the bear got away with it, and a delightful series of pictures, accompanied by brief but telling text, shows how he did it.

Two more to note are *I Spy Rhymes* (John Lane, 2s. 6d.), a book that will teach youngsters the art of rhyming at the same time as entertaining them, and *The Knot Squirrel Tied*, by Alison Uttley (Collins, 2s. 6d.), an illustrated book for boys and girls round about four years old.

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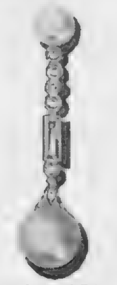

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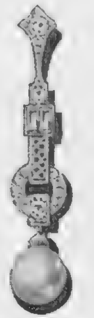

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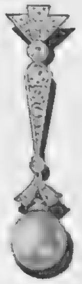

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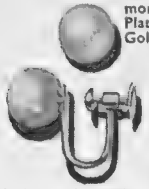

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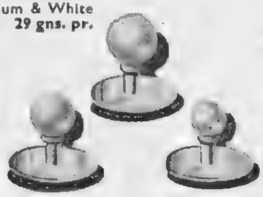

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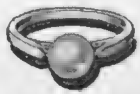

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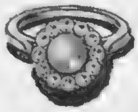

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"Britons Never . . ."

(*Continued from page* 17)

authorities must be informed at once, and they would have to do something. But even as he decided that, Tom Maladice knew that long before he could get word through it might be too late.

So he pleaded with her as he had never pleaded with any woman, and he might as well have saved his breath.

"You can tell them I'm remaining here," said Miss Parrot, "and if they do kill me, I wouldn't bother. There are far too many old women in the world."

What could he do? He departed, almost weeping. She was not fit to look after herself, and she would not let him look after her. When he had gone, rattling out of sight and hearing, Miss Parrot put the finishing touches to her party and sent the children home, and slept soundly all that night, untroubled by Tom Maladice's forebodings. And she dreamed, again, of Alec. There he was, along with the other good angels, and as usual she got the impression he was getting her ready for something. She was a little surprised to find it was her Santa Claus kit he was helping her into. She could feel his fingers, clumsy and gentle and fumbling, tucking the grey hair up inside the red hood and fastening on her beard. She laughed when she awoke and remembered that. It was better to awake laughing than remembering the white fields of Melton Bolding, and the church bells ringing on Christmas morning, calling folks to prayer through the frosty sunshine.

PARTIES at the back of beyond begin early. Though the festivities were scheduled to commence at noon, there was already quite a crowd waiting in the school yard when Miss Parrot arose, and out of pity she let them in. The wind was so bitter and their clothing so poor. They were a great nuisance, wandering about, staring, fingering everything, getting in her way, but Miss Parrot had gone through it all before, and knew exactly what she was in for.

At midday she donned her Santa Claus outfit. They had sent it three years ago from Melton Bolding. It had had a huge success. At the beginning they had all been frightened and had run away, but now they knew all about it. They crowded round her, excited, laughing, feeling the sack she carried that contained their toys . . . . It struck Miss Parrot that this was the sole occasion on which she ever heard them really laugh.

"Really, I am becoming a very ridiculous old woman," said Miss Parrot, but she had to laugh as she caught sight of her little eyes twinkling through the slits in the mask. She made a convincing Santa Claus on account of being so tall.

She had dumped her sack and gone through the usual performance of lining up the children, and weeding out the fathers and grandfathers who would try so manfully to worm their way into the ranks of those to receive presents—when the bomb burst in the school yard. It blew a hole in the wall, letting in an icy blast that extinguished some of the candles on the tree. A piece of splintered wood made a hole in an old man's head. He sat on the floor, looking at the blood, helpless and frightened. It was as if, with one accord, the entire company turned and looked at Miss Parrot for succour, for help.

Miss Parrot was not frightened. She was furiously angry. Forgetting her Santa Claus kit, she tore open the door and ran out.

The school yard was full of soldiers—ragged-looking men in blue clothes, with shabby hats, and badges on their arms. And every man had a gun.

Miss Parrot stopped short.

"Tom was right," she thought, surprised. "They've come. But they've no business spoiling the party. After all the trouble I've taken. . . ."

She opened her mouth to address them in her most official manner. But she got no further. A soldier came up to her and seized her by the beard rudely.

He was as unprepared for what happened as she was. It wasn't only the beard that came away in his hand, it was the entire face. He stood for an instant looking at it, appalled, then flung it away with a scream and fled. And his horror spread to his companions, as fire runs through dried grass, and they fled also, and now there was only one man left in the school yard—and Miss Parrot, still dressed as Santa Claus, but wearing her own face.

A short square figure, carrying a gun, the inevitable knife at his belt, he stood peering up at Miss Parrot, and she peered down at him, and suddenly she remembered.

"Chai Shan! I might have known. I *might* have known. Well, you always said you'd kill me, didn't you? I suppose you've come back to do it, but you must wait until after the party. . . . You remember the Christmas party. . . . It's going on. You've blown some of the candles out. . . ."

He stared at her; his jaw dropped. It had never for a moment dawned on him, in a world where everything changed so rapidly, that she could still be there, and still the same. He peered into the schoolhouse, memory returning, and saw the children there, and saw the lights. He had once got a water pistol off that tree, and a tin helmet out of the sack. They were the only presents he had ever had in his life, given without condition. Everything else he had had to steal.

He looked at her, suddenly ashamed. He swallowed hard.

"Well, I can't stand here talking to you all day. You'd better come along in," said Miss Parrot tartly, since evidently she was not to die yet awhile. The company gave a gasp of terror and huddled together, like frightened sheep on a moorside road, thought Miss Parrot, when they saw who returned with her. Chai Shan stood for a moment, his little fierce eyes regarding the company.

Then he leaned his gun in the porch, and removed his knife and stuck it in a crevice near the door. The company breathed loud with relief. He came in friendship, not war.

Miss Parrot clapped her hands, and returned to her present-giving, ignoring Chai Shan completely, except for an occasional glance stolen from the corner of her eye. He was mouching about. He was remembering other days. His hands behind him, he regarded Miss Parrot's Holy Family. They were old friends. Something tightened in Chai Shan's throat.

Miss Parrot, going on the principle that if you entirely ignore a troublesome child, he sometimes behaves better than might be expected, took no notice whatever of him beyond giving him a bowl of tea.

"You can't have a cake," she said. "There aren't enough to go round, and you never told me you were coming."

He stared at the hole in the schoolhouse wall.

"To-night will mend . . ." said Chai Shan.

"Yes, you might perhaps see to that," said Miss Parrot, in the ordinary voice of one giving instructions to a plumber. He needn't think she was frightened of him, if he was a bandit! He was too old to be turned over her knee and treated with a shoe, but there were ways of putting him into his place, for all that.

One by one, the ragged soldiers had crept back. Their yellow faces peered through the aperture made by the shell. They filled the doorway, and crowded into the already full room.

"I've had some strange Christmases," thought Miss Parrot. "But this beats them all."

And then, suddenly as they had come, they were gone. One moment the yard was full of them, and Chai Shan was mooning about amongst the children, fingering the toys, staring at the tree, where the candles were long since burned out. The next they had all disappeared, and the plain lay empty in the moonlight, and parents peered anxiously from the school gates, this way and that way, to see whether it was safe to go home.

"Well, at least

(*Continued on page* 152)

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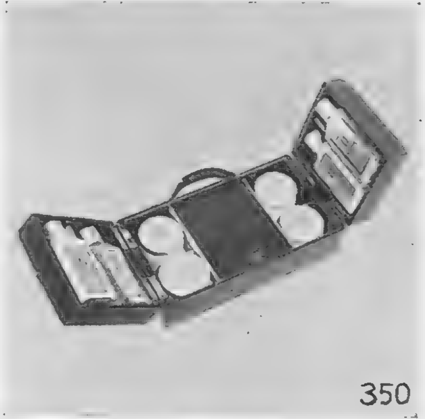
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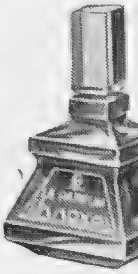

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I’ve taught Chai Shan something, if only that it’s not polite to murder people at parties,” said Miss Parrot. She wondered whether they would return and finish her off in the night, and was quite surprised to wake up and find herself still there, and the little Chinese maidens, singing about the house as usual, still there also.

She heard a noise, and looked out. Four men were boarding up the hole in the wall, skilfully enough to keep the weather out. They had gone before she got out to thank them, and she nearly fell over two sacks of rice, and a bag of beans, and some little red sugar cakes, laid in a neat row on the door-step.

“Well, really, bandits are not as black as they are painted,” said Miss Parrot. But when she went to look at her Holy Family, arranged in the straw about the cradle manger at one end of the entrance, she saw the Ox had gone. . . .

So like Chai Shan! Good at heart, but unable to keep his hands from picking and stealing. The child is father to the man indeed, thought Miss Parrot. But she had to laugh again. What did he think he was going to do with it, trekking about the unfriendly plains of China? Of all the unlikely things foolish men tell themselves they Must Have, this seemed the most hopeless of all.

She enjoyed penning her letter to Tom Maladice. It would show him she wasn’t the silly old woman, slave to a lot of sentimental fads, that she began to fear he thought her. She was somebody doing a job, and sticking to it, and refusing to quit when things got uncomfortable. As Alec had done, all those years ago.

“The Bandits came on Christmas night, as you said they might,” wrote Miss Parrot. “They made a hole in the wall, but no one was hurt much, and they mended it for me afterwards, and left me some rice and beans. Most welcome. I found the leader was one of my old pupils, grown out of all recognition. Rough, of course, but really good at heart. They stole nothing but the Ox belonging to my Holy Family. He was worn out, anyway.”

She licked up the envelope, thinking “Wouldn’t Alec laugh?”

END

Square and Even

(*Continued from page* 11)

“And what business had you, my lass, with a notorious rake like Sir Vincent Grex?”

She faltered. “He vowed again and again that he would marry me.”

“You *are* a silly girl indeed, Susie.”

“I know it now, Mr. Bottles. There was no Sir Vincent, only four dreadful men who carried me off in a coach to that strange house, and locked me up in a fine room all gilded over.”

“How did you get out?”

“Jumped out of a window. It was a long fall, and I was terribly shaken; but luckily I came down on the grass. I ran and hid behind the blackamoor with the bow and arrow. I saw them searching for me lower down the garden with lanthorns, and scrambled through a hedge—lor’, how I did scratch my hands to pieces—and then lay shaking in the ditch the other side till you came along.”

“Well, it’s lucky I had to go back to fetch this new horse of mine.”

“It’s Jimini, ain’t it, Mr. Bottles?”

“Why, what do you know about Jimini?”

“Tom Gregory knows him; he knows all the horses round about here. He says Jimini was a fine runner once, but he goes dead lame when they try to gallop him now.”

Mr. Bottles uttered an oath—a rare thing for him to do. “I thought I’d been done brown. I’d like to settle with Sir Vincent over this!”

“Tom Gregory says——”

“If you were a wise little maid you’d go to Tom and tell him you were sorry and ashamed of yourself for being such a silly.”

“Lord, Mr. Bottles!” She twisted one of her disordered strands of golden hair into place, and retied the cherry-coloured ribbon of her bodice. “That would never do. I’d have him for my master, then, all my life!”

“Would you, by gad? Then I suppose I must think of some other way to bring you two obstinate youngsters together again.”

IN the bar-parlour of the Castle Tavern at Brighton, the resort of all the racing fraternity, Mr. Bottles was just setting down a tankard of excellent bitter beer the following morning, when Sir Vincent Grex strode in and called for cherry-brandy. After draining two glasses, he beckoned the bookmaker into the bow of a secluded window.

“A word with you, Bottles!”

“I hope you mean to let me out of my bad bargain, Sir Vincent.”

“Certainly not; you did it with your eyes open. What I want is this. You have the *entrée* everywhere where wagering is done. Can you persuade the Prince of Wales to lay me 20,000 guineas to 5,000 against my Arbiter for the Plate?”

“That’s a tidy sum, Sir Vincent, even for a prince.”

“He proclaims that his Pegasus is a certainty. . . . Bottles, I tell you that he *must* be brought to lay this wager!”

The bookmaker eyed him keenly. His face was haggard, his forehead shining with little beads, his smile a caricature of joviality. “One would think,” said the bookmaker, “that you were set to ruin his Royal Highness. Is there a quarrel between you, may I ask?”

“What the hell is that to you?” Sir Vincent recovered himself and forced a laugh. “Anyhow, if I bore my social superior a grudge, the Turf is the place where I could meet him on even terms.”

“That’s true enough.” Mr. Bottles smiled shrewdly. “But, Sir Vincent”—he drew from his deep tail-pocket a vellum betting-book—“may I remind you that you are still owing me seven hundred guineas from Ascot?”

“I mean to settle all in good time, my man, all in good time.”

“But if,” persisted the bookmaker, “it gives you so much difficulty to settle even for that sum with me, how could you hope to pay his Royal Highness five thousand, should you lose?”

“I must not lose, Bottles.”

“There are no certainties in racing, Sir Vincent.”

The baronet glanced round and lowered his voice. “There must be one on this occasion. Do you understand me?”

The bookmaker shot him an icy glance from his straight grey eye. “Devil take me if I do, then, Sir Vincent!”

“Come, come, Bottles, don’t play the innocent! How many races have you ‘arranged’ in your time? You fee a man or a boy in every big stable, I am sure. You know—well, for instance, how a horse’s leg can be softly beaten into lameness. . . . There is no need to look at me like that. Hark ye, I am ready to make a side-wager with you of a thousand guineas to ten on Pegasus—my one danger. He has only to lose——”

“I will write that bet down, Sir Vincent.”

“Excellent! I knew we should understand one another. . . . Now, I wish to know and hear nothing more from you till after the race. Pheugh! This whispering makes a man dry and hot. Another cherry-brandy, barmaid, if you please.”

BY the light of a tallow-candle in the room with the sloping roof and the sea-shells on the chimney-piece above her oyster-shop old Mrs. Haymes sat weeping. Behind her stood Tom Gregory, sullen and restless. Before her bowed no less a personage than the Colonel, his pimpled face creased with solicitude.

“I can only implore, madam,” he was saying in a voice that seemed to glide over velvet, “that you will hold me guiltless of the infamy of two nights since. I would not have brought that seeming innocent message from Sir Vincent Grex had I dreamed that he cherished the ignoble purpose of abduction.”

“Is it sure,” growled Tom, “that Grex has run off with her?”

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders. “Can we doubt it? She has been missing from her home for two days now. We know Sir Vincent had designs on her.”

“Too true!” sobbed the widow. “I warned her!”

“I would like a word with you outside, if you please, young man,” said the Colonel to Tom Gregory.

Out in the dimly-lit little cobbled square he turned and thrust his face close to the boy’s. “I suppose,” he sneered, “you are not so tame-spirited as to let this fine buck elope with your sweetheart and come off scatheless?”

“The first thing is to find Susie——”

“D’you think she’d leave him now? No, all you can do is to see to it that the ravisher is made to smart, and I will tell you how. Sir Vincent runs his horse Arbiter for the August Plate six weeks hence. He has staked the remains of his fortune on it, and if the horse loses he must disappear from society, a ruined gambler. It should not be beyond the wits of a clever lad like you, who must be hail-fellow-well-met in every stable in Brighton, to put the defeat of Sir Vincent’s horse beyond doubt.”

“That’s dirty work you’re prompting, sir!”

“And a dirty hound, between ourselves, that would thus come by his deserts.”

“It is true,” said Tom irresolutely, “that they say there is no one with a better skill than mine at dosing or doctoring a horse in all Sussex.”

“Dosing or doctoring! Ha! ha! Excellent! Don’t tell me any more! We will meet after the race, and enjoy our triumph over a genteel blackguard who richly merits his punishment.”

Late the same night, the confidential Colonel was sorting and docketing private papers in the Prince’s dressing-room in the Pavilion. Through the folding-doors leading to the sumptuous bed-chamber a fruity voice with a grumble in it called out:—

“You heard me lay that heavy bet yesterday, didn’t you, against Grex’s horse? Damned if I know how I shall pay if I lose!”

“I do not think,” replied the secretary softly, “that your Royal Highness will be called upon to pay over Arbiter.”

“What’s that? What’s that? Have you heard something, Colonel? Well, keep it to yourself if you have. I wish to know nothing!”

IT was a brightly-coloured throng that ribboned over the downland racecourse outside Brighton on the day of the August Plate. The stand was crammed with gay muslins, feathers and frilled shirt-fronts, while the course was lined by bucks and fine ladies on horseback, and by carriages resplendent with armoured panels. Painted booths were loaded with ginger-beer and fruit, and a crowd of legs, touts, loafers and blackguards chattered, wagered and menaced fisticuffs round the rude wooden ring before the stand where the big bettors were waiting with their books.

“Come, Sir Vincent,” called “Crutch” Robinson, a rough-looking rogue with a lame leg, dressed with expensive vulgarity, as the baronet entered the ring. “Light the candle, sir! Set us agoing!”

“Well, sir,” replied Sir Vincent, smiling though his face was pale and drawn, “will you lay me four to one in hundreds against my Arbiter?”

“No bet, Sir Vincent!” answered Robinson, repulsing him rudely.

“Well, then,

(*Continued on page* 154)

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you, Mr. Cloves?" enquired Sir Vincent of the next on the rails, a smooth-faced fellow who had been a nobleman's valet.

"Veray sorray, Sir Vincent, my book's full for the Plate," was the reply.

"Curse you, are you all grown timid?" The baronet gave an uneasy laugh.

"I'll lay you, Sir Vincent," interposed Mr. Bottles coolly, and pencilled the bet in his book.

The baronet stared at him astounded; but before he could speak there was a roar of boisterous cheering, and a landau drawn by six grand black horses, with the famous amateur whip, Sir John Lade, handling the reins, came sweeping up the course, with a scarlet outrider before it. Inside sat a portly, florid gentleman, wearing a green coat and a tall white hat, which he raised with a stately gesture in answer to the acclamations, and beside him was a smiling lady with a cloud of lovely fair hair. Mingled with the welcome to the Prince of Wales were several cheers for Mrs. Fitzherbert.

As soon as the royal party was settled in its beflagged and velvet-draped box in the centre of the stand, Sir Vincent lent ear again to the shouts in the betting-ring. He could not imagine why Bottles should be betting against Arbiter, when it had been understood that he had secured the victory of the horse over its only possible rival, the Prince's Pegasus ... What was that they were calling? "Six to one against Pegasus!" Both "Crutch" and Jerry Cloves were joyfully entering wagers at this price. But the insatiable Bottles broke in again: "Seven to one against Pegasus! Seven to one, my lords, gentlemen and honourable Corinthians!" The ring went into a tumult at this unexpected deposition of the favourite, and Sir Vincent breathed again. It was all right! The bookmaker had probably only wanted to throw suspicion off his scent.

Sir Vincent was touched on the shoulder. "His Royal Highness," said the voice of the Colonel, "desires that you will watch the race for the Plate from his box."

"His Royal Highness honours me too much." Sir Vincent positively grinned.

"A strong field, Grex, curse me if it isn't!" observed the Prince, as the entrants for the Plate, some twenty in number, paraded, lean and fretfully keyed-up, before the stand.

"Yet I think, sir, there are only two horses in the race."

"Mine and yours, eh? Damme, I don't think you're far out. I see no danger in the rest of the bunch . . . There they go to the post!"

Considering the importance of the race, there was remarkably little scrimmaging or fighting down at the far-away starting-post, and Mr. Berkeley Craven quickly got them away to a stentorian roar of "Go!" They went soberly enough for the first time past the stand, for the race was a four-mile test.

"Your Pegasus seems in prime fettle, sir!" ejaculated Sir Vincent in a tone almost of surprise, tapping his lips with the lorgnette through which he had been watching the Prince's fine chestnut gelding with its jockey in the royal scarlet.

"Colonel," murmured the Prince, with a faint tremor in his voice, as he followed the field out into the country again through a small spy-glass, "Sir Vincent's Arbiter is pulling double . . . Damme if I don't think he has the race in hand!"

There was a tense silence for several minutes, during which Mrs. Fitzherbert felt she had made a *faux pas* by venturing the harmless remark that "Sir Vincent's horse looks a perfect picture, sir."

"Here they come! Here they come!" The crowd buzzed as the horses drew near again along the rim of the Down, the pace quickening at every stride. Arbiter's black head and his jockey's yellow jacket could be seen leading half a length from Pegasus, with the other runners bunched disorderly behind. As they came round the last corner into the straight the two leaders bumped together trying to seize the inside position, and the rider of Pegasus slashed Arbiter's jockey in the face with his whip. The Prince laughed—it was all in the game, and his horse had secured the lead. Now they could hear the jockeys bellowing at one another and exchanging threats, the hoofs thundering along the sunlit emerald of the turf.

"Pegasus! Pegasus!" roared the mob round the ring. "*Come on, Pegasus!*"

"He'll make it!" cried the Prince delightedly. "No! begad, he won't!"

"Arbiter wins, sir!" proclaimed Sir Vincent, exulting.

"I fear so . . . No! *Who the devil's that?*"

In the last thirty yards, shooting out of the ruck at the back, and running along alone at the outside of the field, came a tall bay horse, ridden by a hunched jockey in a cherry-coloured coat, and hurtled past the winning-post in a line, it seemed, with the two favourites.

Prince and commoner stood side by side panting and gripping the red edge of the box, while the judge opposite bent down from his rickety platform and shouted a name. It went rippling through the crowd, evoking shouts of consternation and anger. Sir Vincent, with a sickening drop of his heart, saw the bookmakers exchanging glances of triumph, and Robinson leaning against the rail to wave his crutch in the air. The Colonel, who had been leaning over to listen to a messenger, turned to the Prince and said, "I am sorry to have to tell you, sir, that a horse called Retaliation wins by a head. Mr. Mellish, the judge, has no doubt about it."

"Retaliation," murmured the Prince, as if struck. "Do you know anything about the horse, Grex?"

"Never set eyes on it in my life, sir!"

The Colonel, who had been consulting the messenger again, interposed to say, "It belongs, I am told, sir, to a Mrs. Weston. It was a post entrance at the last moment yesterday afternoon."

"We're both done brown, Grex, damme, if we aren't! I had a bet on Pegasus in every book. I shall want that five thousand from you!" said the Prince, with his eyes rolling.

"Your Royal Highness shall certainly be paid," answered the baronet in a suffocated voice. "There are others who will have to wait, I fear."

"Oh! come, Sir Vincent! Racing debts, even to a leg, are debts of honour, damme!" He fidgeted about the box for a few moments, and declared, "Racing grows tedious after a while on a hot day like this. Shall we return, Maria?"

"Certainly, sir," responded the amiable Mrs. Fitz. "The glare off the sea is extremely fatiguing."

As soon as the royal cortège had departed, Sir Vincent plucked Mr. Bottles out of the ring, and nearly laid hands upon him behind the stand. "You villain!" he panted. "This is some stratagem of yours! Do you know I am ruined? You promised to see that the race was made safe for my Arbiter!"

"Asking your pardon, Sir Vincent"—there was a steely flash from under Mr. Bottles's shaggy grey eyebrows—"I promised nothing of the sort. You made a certain proposal to me, and I abstained from knocking you down, because—well, because you are a gentleman and I am only a very illiterate man. So I simply took the bet you offered, hoping to circumvent you somehow; and now I insist upon being paid—every penny, Sir Vincent, every penny!"

"You admit you tricked me, you scoundrel! You scoured the country to find an unknown horse——"

"Oh! no, you know the horse very well, Sir Vincent. You yourself recommended it to me as a very fine racer—and it seems you were right after all. You sold it to me for 80 guineas."

"That's not my grey Jimini, you old fool!"

"Come and have another look at him." Mr. Bottles led the (*Continued on page* 156)

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way to a dip in the downs at a little distance from the course. "I certainly," he said, with a glance of amused guile over his shoulder, "have been long enough racing to have learnt how to fake the colour of a horse. There's no cheating in that—just a wash of dye!"

"It *is* Jimini, by God!" exclaimed Sir Vincent, after a moment's study of the tall bay, which was standing held by his jockey in the little hollow. "Then, this damned whipper-snapper who rode him—I fancied there was something familiar about him."

The little jockey pushed the peak of his cap off his brows. "Tom Gregory, Sir Vincent. . . . You see, sir, there was a ground where you and I could get even—and I beat you on it—square and even, Sir Vincent!"

"Yes; he's a grand horse-doctor, this lad," said Mr. Bottles. "He soon showed me there was nothing much amiss with Jimini but fever-feet, caused chiefly by overmuch heating grain."

Sir Vincent smiled ghastily. "You shall see how a gentleman loses," he said, and, tossing a guinea towards Tom, turned on his heel. He had only gone a little way when something bright spun through the air and fell at his feet. It was his guinea. He swore, strode on a few paces, then slunk back and picked up the coin.

"Let me present you, Tom, to the 'owner' of Jimini, 'Mrs. Weston,'" said Mr. Bottles a few minutes later as he marched the lad up to a shining barouche in which sat a lady exquisitely attired and wearing a white half-veil to her cherry-ribboned bonnet. She lifted this veil as Tom Gregory shyly approached, and disclosed the naughty face of Susie Haymes.

Tom recoiled. "You, Susie! What's all this play-acting? And who gave you all these grand things?"

"A man old enough to be her grandfather," answered Gentleman Bottles, tapping his shirt-frill, "and here he stands. I suppose you'll take my word that she has been safe under my protection ever since she left home?"

"If you say it, Mr. Bottles, there's none will doubt you." The lad had gone red with relief.

"Then make your own peace with her, while I go and look after Jimini." There was a silence as he walked away.

"Tom," said Susie demurely, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Get out of that fine carriage, Susie, and walk with me!"

"Oh! Tom, I couldn't walk in my beautiful grey kid shoes!"

"You'll have to wear 'em out all the same, so far as walking to your mother's goes. Then we'll make a bundle of your finery and send it back to Mr. Bottles, with thanks."

"What! Ain't I never to wear these lovely things again?"

"I like you better in your apron and old stuff gown."

"And suppose I don't care to be so plain again?"

He turned as if to leave her, but with a smile on his averted face. "I reckon," he said, "that I'll start to walk back to Brighton alone then—to find a gel who's plain enough to be a jockey's wife."

"Wait for me, Tom!" squeaked Susie. "I'm jumping out!"

END

Birthday Honours

(*Continued from page* 43)

"Well, then, isn't she a nice girl?"

"Um—er—yes; certainly she's a nice girl. . . . But there are other things to consider—a great many other things to consider. After all, broadminded as we are, we cannot blind ourselves to the difference in social position."

"Oh!"

"Surely you must see that, Laura?"

"Oh, yes, I see it," Laura answered in a low tone. She had bent her head over her work again.

Maxwell, feeling that the train of conversation had been hoisted on the rails again, now proceeded with more confidence.

"There has never been any word about marriage between us. She didn't expect it; she never proposed it. No one could possibly regret their conduct more than I do, but at least I have no cause to blame myself over that aspect of it."

"I am sure you have been the soul of honour," Laura said quietly. "All the same, she is going to have a baby, isn't she?"

"There appears to be no doubt about it," Maxwell informed her heavily.

"Well, then?"

"I shall have to make a suitable provision for it and for her. I think you would like me to be generous, wouldn't you, Laura?"

"Yes, I'd like you to be very generous."

"Good. I hoped you'd feel like that about it. I shall take all the necessary measures."

"And then?"

"Then that will be the end of the whole affair."

"Have you told her that that is going to be the end?"

"Um—er—not exactly. Not yet. But I shall do so. And if you'll only forgive me, Laura, I swear that there will never be any lapse like this on my part again."

He was looking at her earnestly, waiting for the promise of forgiveness which he hoped for and, in fact, expected as his due. Laura remained with her head bent over her work; then she suddenly looked at him and spoke eagerly.

"Maxwell, why shouldn't we adopt the child?"

This suggestion knocked him off his balance again. "Really, Laura," he answered quite peevishly. "You do make some rather foolish suggestions. What would people think if we suddenly adopted a quite new baby? Can't you see that it would be far too risky, the handle it would give to unscrupulous people? . . . Besides," he added thankfully, as an afterthought, "the mother would never be persuaded to part with her child."

The eagerness had departed from Laura's eyes. She bent over her work again.

"You're quite right, it was silly of me," she said softly. "Of course, she'd never do that."

For the next half-hour Laura sat quite still and said nothing at all. She actually finished a bunch of grapes on her needlework while Maxwell was talking, and got the light and shade exactly as she wanted it. It was for his sake rather than for hers that she let him go on. She knew that he felt guilty and that nothing would get it out of his system so well as a lavish expenditure of phrases. Maxwell was so fond of words. As for herself, what had happened made her think neither more nor less of him than she had thought for a long time past. She knew that in spite of everything he loved her as much as he could love anyone and that he needed her more than he would ever need anyone else. It was a pity his eyes were so firmly fixed on his own future. It was a pity he couldn't marry the girl and acknowledge the child. Or was it really such a pity? Perhaps once the child came the girl would be happier without him. Anyway, whatever happened to her, Laura saw that she herself would go on as she had always gone, making the house pleasant to live in, entertaining his important friends and seeing that he had everything he wanted.

He was still talking when at last she put her needlework aside and stood up.

"If it's all over as you say, Maxwell," she said quietly, "we need never refer to it again. My feelings towards you haven't changed."

He bent down and kissed the cheek which she offered him.

"Laura, my dear!" he began, and then for once words failed him.

"Open the window before you come up," she went on calmly. "It's rather stuffy in here."

Maxwell felt that this was a very inadequate curtain to the scene they had just had.

"I'll never forget your loyalty," he announced portentously. "I shall always appreciate——"

"Yes, yes." Laura moved unconcernedly towards the door; then she suddenly turned. "Maxwell, when's the baby likely to be born?"

"Oh—er—February, I believe, February."

She thought for a moment.

"That's a nice month to have a birthday," she ended. "Good night, Maxwell."

Maxwell stared at the door for several moments after she had gone. "Well, if that's Laura's idea of never referring to it again," he thought crossly! . . . Really, women can be very trying indeed!

Finally with much dignity he picked up some papers and began to study his speech on Ribbon Development.

MAXWELL lost no time in bringing the affair with Eve to an end. He saw his solicitors and arranged the generous settlement which he had decided to make; he made provision for a doctor and a nurse; he thought of almost everything. When it came to the time for telling Eve herself, she accepted the situation with an almost embarrassing calm. He actually had the illusion for one moment that she was positively relieved. She offered no reproaches, made no scene. It seemed almost as though she were glad to let him go, that her interest had passed from him to the coming child, that she had tried him out and found him wanting. Maxwell, of course, knew that this could not be the real explanation. No doubt she was a little stunned. Anyway, he was thankful to be spared the discomfort of some crude scene, and he left 99 Acacia Road for the last time without regret.

All the same, he couldn't help feeling uneasy, almost anxious, during the months that followed. This sensation was increased by the occasional strange behaviour of his wife. Laura certainly seemed to have forgiven him; she was as sweet and as tractable as ever, but her promise never to refer to the affair again was not unbroken. Sometimes when they were discussing something quite important, a dinner party or something like that, she would suddenly break off in a dreamy sort of way: "I wonder how Eve is. I hope she isn't feeling dreadfully sick." Again, he found that the calendar on her writing-table had a certain week in February marked off in red, and that she was crossing off the days each month, which was a thing she had never done before. Maxwell restrained himself from making any comment on these odd lapses, but he did feel that he was being treated very unfairly. It was almost as if she were having the baby herself.

When that particular week in February arrived, they were both on edge, though it was for different reasons. Every time Maxwell came into the house he was met with Laura's dumb, inquiring gaze. For five days he had answered her curtly with a shake of the head; then, on the sixth, he came in, beaming, with a jaunty step.

"You've had good news?" Laura asked eagerly.

"Yes, very good news, my dear."

"Well? Well?"

"It's all really quite certain now. After the birthday honours you'll be my Lady, Laura. What do you think of that?"

Laura's face fell.

"Oh, that will be wonderful," she said. "But I was really asking about Eve."

Maxwell looked injured and sat down heavily.

"I've heard about that, too," he answered. "It's twins."

Once again Laura's face lit up.

"Twins, Maxwell!"

"Yes, twins. A boy and a girl."

"And is Eve all right?"

"Yes, yes, she's quite all right."

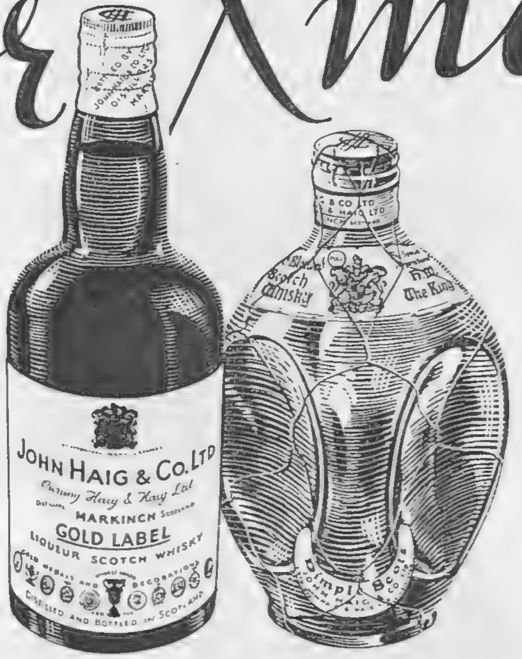
"Have you been to see her, Maxwell?"

"I sent her some flowers. Moreover, as the expenses will

(*Continued on page* 158)

Haig in every Home

For Xmas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naturally now be greater than anticipated, I have decided to increase the allowance."

"But you haven't been to see her?"

"My dear, I promised you that it was all over!"

Laura gazed at him.

"Oh, yes," she answered dreamily. "So you did."

FOUR days later Maxwell came home early one evening and went straight up to the drawing-room to talk to Laura about the plans for a big dinner which he wanted to give. Not finding her there, he walked across to his study and happened to meet the butler on the way.

"Is Mrs. Gilbertson not at home?" he asked. He was looking forward to the time when he could say "Her Ladyship."

"No, sir, she left before lunch in a taxi."

"Before lunch!"

"Yes, sir, she had her luggage with her. She said she didn't know when she would be back."

Maxwell frowned at him.

"What on earth do you mean, Charles?"

"That's what she said, sir. She left an address where she would be found in case you wanted to make any inquiries."

"Well, well! What's the address?"

"99 Acacia Road, sir—N.W.10."

Maxwell's mouth opened, and for a second the room swam round him. But he soon recovered himself. Within half an hour he was at 99 Acacia Road, knocking impatiently at the door. He was determined to stop this nonsense at once.

It was Laura herself who opened the door.

"Oh, hello, Maxwell," she said. "I wasn't expecting you so soon. Come in."

He didn't want to say what he had to say on the doorstep, and he followed her into the sitting-room on the right, which he had known so well under pleasanter conditions.

As soon as the door was shut, he turned on her severely.

"Now, Laura," he said loudly. "We've had enough of this nonsense. You're to come home at once."

"Hsh!" Laura pointed upstairs. "You mustn't make so much noise. They're asleep, and Eve is resting."

"You can't stay here," he went on in a more subdued but even crosser tone. "It—it—it isn't decent."

Laura without a glance at him picked up some baby clothes and a piece of pink ribbon, which she began to thread through them in an expert way.

"Now, are you coming, Laura," he went on aggressively, "or are you not?"

"No, I'm not," Laura answered quietly. "That is, unless Eve and the twins come too."

"You must be stark staring mad!"

"But why, Maxwell? There's plenty of room for them in the house, isn't there?"

Maxwell had no answer to this piece of insanity. He began to splutter, and while he was spluttering, Laura went smoothly on:

"I think your Eve is a perfect darling, Maxwell; but, my dear, feather-brained isn't the word! You really ought to have taken more care of her. The things she's told me, the risks she took: it's simply made my hair stand on end. And that nurse was no good. A horrid woman! We simply had to get rid of her."

"So you got rid of the nurse, did you!"

"Yes, she was a nasty, dirty, bad-tempered woman. And Eve seemed to take to me at once. She's quite ready to let me help with the children now. And then, when she's up and about again, she wants to go out and work, so she's promised to let me look after them then, too. It's really a most sensible arrangement, but it isn't everybody who would have been so generous."

"Generous!" her husband groaned. "Generous!!"

"Yes, dear, generous," Laura repeated. "And I do wish you'd see your way to have us all in our own house. Because, if you don't, I'm afraid I'm going to stay on here."

The world was reeling round the unfortunate man. He passed his hand dizzily over his head and sat down heavily. Laura was sorry for him, and put her hand sympathetically on his shoulder, but that brought him out of his coma into a sudden outburst of passion.

"I see what it is," he broke out bitterly. "You were just pretending when you said you had forgiven me. You were just waiting your time. You want to ruin me. You want to smash my career, everything I have. So you've waited and plotted; you've both plotted, and now you think you've got me in your power."

Laura looked down at him compassionately. There was a great deal she might have said in defence of herself and Eve. She might have told him how they had both been misled by his splendid façade, and how they had found no humanity inside. She might have reminded him of the long years she had sacrificed for his career which she didn't think was worth while. She might have explained how she and Eve, as women, were the guardians of the future, a future that went a long way past his rather stodgy success. She might even have been unkind enough to let him know how hard they were going to work to bring up his boy so that he would be like the man they dreamed he was and found he never had been.

But Laura had always been gentle. She had never thought it a good plan to point out to people the more disagreeable aspects of their characters. And now she simply said:

"I don't want to ruin you, Maxwell. Nor does Eve. I think between the two of us we could be ingenious enough to invent some story that will stop the evil tongues from doing you any harm. Women always lie well, because unlike men they know what the truth is. I don't want to harm you, Maxwell. I've loved you, and I can still love you. You can still have me if you want to; and as far as I am concerned, you can

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still have Eve if you want her, too. I'd like you to have everything you want. I wouldn't grudge you a single thing as long as I myself can have some little share in these two angelic babies. That's all I ask, and no power in the world is going to deprive me of that."

Maxwell stared at her for some seconds, vainly trying to comprehend what kind of a woman this was who had suddenly emerged from his quiet domesticated Laura. But the effort was too great for him. He suddenly jumped up, crammed on his hat, stumbled out of the house, and staggered down the empty street.

As he went, he might have been heard moaning the words:

"My constituents! Oh, my constituents!"

END

Double in Diamonds

(*Continued from page* 61)

The little cortège reached the inner section. There the taxi took on a disconcerting rush of speed. At the next crossing all three cars were racing. The men in the sedan were chattering excitedly to each other. Suddenly Holloway lurched from his traffic lane and careened violently into the sedan. He tumbled from the touring car to roar unreasonable protests at the pair who were profanely extricating themselves from their machine.

Lance Randall's cab purred ahead for two more blocks, turned right, and stopped. Someone standing on the curb paid the driver while Lance stepped into a second, which swung around on to the Avenue as the first continued its rightward journey. Backtracking, Lance gazed curiously at a traffic argument in which an obviously drunken man was being taken into custody by two enraged ones.

Four minutes later he arrived before a garishly lighted restaurant. A ferret-faced little man whose name was Pete stepped into the taxi and sat down respectfully beside Lance Randall. The cab started upon a circuit of the block. Inside, Lance was speaking swiftly:

"You have three hours in which to spread this news to every thug in town. Here is the story: To-night somebody snatched the Stanton diamonds. Instead of the real necklace, they got duplicates—phoneys. Lance Randall stole the originals four days ago. He substituted a paste string for them. It was the paste string which the thugs got to-night. Lance Randall is sailing in the morning on the *Conte del Castelbello*. Remember: Lance Randall is leaving the country to-morrow morning with the real Stanton diamonds. I don't care how many men you use. Now get to it!"

The cab drew up again before the restaurant. The ferret-faced little man leaped from it and scuttled for a telephone booth. The cab drove on.

Thirty-two minutes later Lance Randall stood in the Stanton drawing-room facing a girl who wore on her forehead a bandage which strangely accentuated the brilliant green of her eyes.

"I am Dale Stanton," she said, appraising him gravely. "You have some information about my necklace?"

"Yes," he replied "But it's I who am getting information. I hadn't expected to find you so lovely!"

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure. Forgive me if I ask you to dispense with formalities. I've rather a splitting headache."

"Um-m." He regarded her keenly. "I should imagine. I'll come to the point at once. Perhaps I should introduce myself: Lance Randall, frowned upon in some quarters as the cleverest jewel thief in America."

Dale Stanton's eyes grew wider and greener.

"You don't look like a thief," she said at length.

He bowed deprecatingly.

"You flatter me, Miss Stanton, upon an attribute which may be found on page one, paragraph one of (*Continued on page* 160)

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every thief's primer: 'a thief, to remain a thief, must not resemble a thief.'"

Her eyes changed to ice, cold, brittle, sardonic. Lance Randall transferred their gaze from his face to his hand by the simple expedient of withdrawing the necklace. Dale Stanton gave a little gasp of astonishment. As she reached out he shifted it quickly back into the pocket.

"Please—no, Miss Stanton. These happen to be paste gems—excellent ones made in Amsterdam at a cost of eleven thousand dollars—but paste none the less."

"I don't understand!"

A frown creased his forehead.

"Really you must let me finish, Miss Stanton. We're not getting along at all, and I've no time to waste. Six months ago I began planning to steal your diamonds. For that purpose I had my duplicates made. Simpson, your butler, is my man. He was to——"

"Simpson a thief? Impossible! He is very nice. Besides, he came to us with the best of references."

"Naturally." He smiled, and his voice sank to a reproving murmur. "I prepared them myself. But to take up where we left off—he shot a sly glance across to her—" he was to substitute the duplicates and turn the genuine stones over to me. You would not have discovered the theft for months—maybe years—allowing me plenty of time to dispose of them at a profit. Unfortunately some bungler, less painstaking than I, stepped by this evening and robbed you, me—us, perhaps I should say—of the real Stanton diamonds."

He paused to observe the effect of this announcement. Her face was motionless.

"Go on," she said.

"There is little more, except that I have spent eleven thousand dollars and Simpson's wages for nothing. I am unaccustomed to taking losses on my transactions. The only way I can keep this from degenerating into a complete fiasco is to recover your stones and collect the insurance reward. To do that I shall need your co-operation."

She lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply before answering.

"In what direction?" she demanded, levelly.

"I want you to call Adams of the *Express* and have him kill the story of the theft. As the daughter of an owner who presently is in Europe, I think your demand should have sufficient weight. Police with whom I am working will keep it from rival papers."

"Why should I do this?"

"Three reasons. First, because thieves are less cautious and police are less handicapped when a case is kept under cover. Second, to prevent a frightened burglar from throwing your necklace into Long Island Sound. Third, a personal reason I see no advantage in divulging."

"Could the third be to give you a few quiet hours in which to dispose of the real jewels?"

"Miss Stanton!" His protest came in a shocked voice. "Under the circumstances I can scarcely forgive that remark. We can work together only upon a basis of mutual trust."

"I dare say. Do you know who stole the necklace?"

"No."

"Then how do you propose to restore it?"

"Another personal question which I cannot answer to your complete satisfaction. It is sufficient to say that at four o'clock this morning the man who snatched the necklace from your throat and stabbed Simpson will be sitting in my library."

She stared at the pocket into which the necklace had disappeared.

"I presume you are doing all of this out of regard for me?"

"Unfortunately," his eyebrows shot upward, "not entirely. As I have hinted, I am not above considering the insurance reward. I am extremely eager to meet the man who has nearly murdered my colleague, Simpson. And I am equally desirous of eliminating from our profession a man who is obviously a bungler and a menace to competent workers."

"May I see the necklace you have in your pocket?"

"I regret that you may—not."

"Why?"

"Perhaps we have not arrived at the basis of mutual trust I mentioned. Anyhow, I may need it before the night is over."

"What is to prevent me from summoning the police and having you arrested?"

"Nothing I know of," he assured her with a little chuckle. "Nothing at all—except that you would sacrifice the one opportunity of recovering your necklace."

"But," she objected, "the string in your pocket might be the original."

"Would I be so foolish as to bring it to you if it were?" he demanded reproachfully.

"Perhaps. To arrange for the insurance reward you have already mentioned."

"If these stones were real, my dear child"—he rattled them temptingly in his pocket—"I should be able to sell them for much more than the reward. Or, if I were willing to trade them for the reward, I could do so without ever letting my identity be known."

"You have offered me a very puzzling choice," she said finally.

"In the long run," he pointed out, "your choice will depend primarily upon one thing—me." He tapped his chest lightly. "If you feel that I am telling you the truth, we shall work together. If you feel that I am lying, you will call the police. I can say nothing further to move you one way or the other."

The green eyes moved deliberately from his boots to his swirl of blonde hair.

"Your answers seem logical," she admitted reluctantly.

"And your questions—if I may be permitted to compliment you—would do justice to a police inspector."

"Coming from the cleverest jewel thief in America," she countered, with a faint smile, "that might be considered doubtful praise."

He was suddenly brusque.

"Beyond question we could spend an

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entire evening in this fashion," he declared as he rose to his feet, " but business interferes. It is agreed, then, that Adams will be muffled ? "

" Yes."

" Incidentally, the police must not be notified of my visit or my remarks. They take too great an interest in my affairs as it is. Captain Johnson, with whom you talked earlier in the evening, will return your necklace before sunrise. Good night—and thank you for a most diverting ten minutes."

Her cool " good night " floated to him as the butler led toward the front door.

"DID you call Holy Cross about Simpson while I was gone ? " he asked as Pemberton helped him out of his coat.

" About ten minutes ago."

" What news ? "

" He had just died."

" Died ! "

Lance Randall's lips snapped into a thin, bloodless line.

" There will be a telephone call or two for me," he said after a little pause. " I want to answer them myself. You'd better get some sleep."

" Yes, sir."

Pemberton disappeared down the hallway. Lance crossed the hall and entered his library. Moving the telephone so that it rested on the arm of his chair, he sat down and closed his eyes. It was one-twenty before the call for which he was waiting came through. He grasped the receiver.

" Hello."

There was no answer. He repeated the greeting twice more. Only the faint hum of an open line met his ears.

" If you won't speak," he said at length, " I may as well tell you to bring the merchandise—and come alone. If you don't bring the merchandise, I won't talk to you. If you don't come alone, the house detectives will nab you before you get past the desk. And incidentally, I've just had this call traced."

A receiver clicked abruptly at the other end of the line. There was a moment of silence followed by the buzz of a dead wire.

Pemberton's cat-nap had been disturbed by the ring. Now he stood, silent and questioning, in the archway.

" Our friend Pete is getting results," declared Lance. " We're going to flush a killer very soon now."

A half-hour later, at one-fifty, the second call came.

" Why do I have to bring the merchandise ? " demanded a querulous voice.

" Because some copper is going to pick you up while you're packing those phoneys around." Randall's voice was very patient. " Then they'll be traced to me, and that would be distressing."

" I been hearin' things," declared the voice suspiciously.

" Now that you've scouted the place," said Lance, " why don't you come out of that drug store and pay me a visit ? It's only a couple of blocks' walk."

" I'm not comin' till you take your tails off me."

" I'm not tailing you. I'm just crediting you with good sense. You called a half-hour ago to see if I was in. Then you looked the place over. Now you've gone to the nearest all-night drug store to call me again. That's two blocks away. Have you got the package with you ? "

" How do I know you ain't pulling a slippery one ? " quibbled the voice.

" You don't—until I tell you differently. I'm telling you now. There will be no rough stuff on account of that merchandise."

" You're too smart. That's a stall."

" Have you ever known anybody I double-crossed ? When I say there'll be no rough stuff on the merchandise, I mean just that. Now do whatever you want, but if you come, come quickly. I need some sleep."

" Well . . . I'll be there."

Lance turned from the instrument to Pemberton.

" Our friend will be here within ten minutes," he said. (*Continued on page 162*)

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"Leave the front door unlocked and don't show yourself. He'll test it from force of habit, discover it isn't locked, and walk in. That will disturb him. He won't know whether he's going to surprise me, or I him."

Pemberton frowned disapproval, but nodded a stiff affirmative as he withdrew. Lance moved his chair so that he offered a profile to the library archway. He sank deeply into the cushions, turned a wrist to keep an eye on his watch, and began to whistle softly. He was somewhat surprised to discover that the tune he had selected was from *Blossom Time*.

Seven minutes later a faint draught assured him the hall door had been opened. His whistle died away. The air ceased stirring. For two minutes a deathly silence pervaded the place. Then, from side-slits of eyes, he beheld a middle-sized man in a pinchback coat standing uncertainly in the archway. He gave a little start, as though suddenly aroused from a nap.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" He arose and walked toward the archway. His squinted eyes gave the effect of a sleepy man groping for explanation and identity. "So . . . it's Slots Regan, eh? My man is out on a bender to-night, and I was sleepy. So I unlocked the door and trusted you'd be along soon. Come in."

Slots Regan's glance darted like a snake's tongue to every corner of the room. Then, with an awkward mixture of timidity and bravado. he moved forward.

Randall sat down easily before a desk, giving himself full view of the archway. He motioned Slots Regan to the chair across from him.

"Sit down," he invited.

"I've sat with my back to doors before."

"You've been in bad company," Randall opined.

As he spoke he lazily opened the desk drawer. Slots Regan's hand travelled rapidly to breast pocket. Randall withdrew from the drawer a ·38 automatic, holding it by the barrel. Slowly he pushed the gun across the desk until it rested directly in front of the chair he had offered his visitor.

"It's loaded," he said briefly. "If you won't sit down, stand up. And before I fall asleep, tell me your troubles."

Slots Regan sat down, taking a position from which he could whirl to either direction at the slightest alarm.

"Guys been telling me funny stories," he said at length.

"Oh?"

"Um-hum. Guys say you're taking a powder this morning on that Eyetalian boat."

"Rumours get around," sighed Lance.

"Yeah. But I check on rumours. One of my friends goes down and finds out you're taking a run-out all right."

"You always did things thoroughly, Slots."

"Sure. That's why wrong gees have accidents when they cross me."

"Let's get on with your story."

"Then other guys hear you put the snatch on those Stanton rocks four days ago and slip over phoneys to keep the girl company."

"Gossip."

"Maybe so. But I hear lots more. One of my friends brings in a guy named Petey who is passing out this blast. So I take Petey and burn his tootsies"—Randall stiffened—"and he tells me everything he knows."

"Such as——?"

"He says it costs you dough to have him spread this gag."

"Yes, that's right."

"And then I begin to wonder."

Slots Regan paused and stared hard across the desk. Lance smiled.

"Poor Slots!" he exclaimed softly. "You began to wonder. You didn't know which of us had what. You did know that by morning the papers would yelp their heads off, and the rocks would sizzle. You knew that every fence had heard the rumour about two strings, which would beat the price down. So in the end, you decided to come to me."

"Maybe. All I want to know is—who crossed who?"

Randall swung back in his chair and stared at the patent-leather widow's peak that notched Regan's creamy forehead.

"Slots," he said softly, "what Petey told you was true. I switched the Stanton diamonds four days ago. I'm leaving at six this morning on the *Conte del Castelbello*. What you got last night is eleven thousand dollars' worth of phoneys."

"If you get the McCoy and I snatch fakes, how come you put out this information?"

"I'm worried about you, Slots. You're a stupid yegg, and you're bound to get caught with the goods."

"You like me like a brother then, I suppose?"

"Let's not jump to conclusions," cautioned Lance hastily. "I don't like you at all. But as I said, you'll be caught with the goods. The law will trace those phoneys to me. You're pretty awful on head work, Slots. So long as you pack that merchandise around you, you're playing signpost to my front door."

"What you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to trade necklaces with you, Slots."

Slots Regan's face remained heavily non-committal as he listened to this surprising statement. His answer came from motionless lips.

"Why?"

"Because by morning the newspapers will make my originals so hot I can't handle them.

"Take a tip, Slots; never steal jewellery unless you can keep the job dark long enough to unload. Otherwise you collect a long vacation upstate. All I want is the return of my paste stones. You may have the real ones with my blessing. The boys on Centre Street will nab you within three days anyhow. *But I want those phoneys you're carrying around your belly!*"

Slots's hand automatically crept to his vest front. His face twisted with indecision.

"I'm going to reach for my coat pocket," said Lance, "and I'm going to bring out the Stanton diamonds. Don't shoot an arm off while I'm at it."

He dropped a hand slowly and raised it again. Live fire cascaded across the glass-surfaced desk and sank to a shimmering heap before Slots Regan's eyes. Lance Randall paused dramatically to observe the effect of the gesture upon his visitor. Then he said:

"Bring yours out, Slots. I'll give you a lesson in telling phoneys from the real thing. Save you a lot of trouble in the future."

Regan's face writhed into something meant to be a smile, but his little eyes were cold and deadly.

"Maybe you think I'm a school kid?"

"No. A man . . . My mistake. In front of you is my gun—loaded. In your breast pocket is another. There's a spring-knife in your left coat pocket—and you know how to use it. Do you, by any chance, think I'll jump across the desk and break your neck with my bare hands?"

Regan's inner struggle was mirrored in his face. His fervent desire to snatch the baubles and cover his retreat with artillery was tempered by a natural anxiety concerning the identity of the real stones and the method of establishing it. Curiosity battled with cupidity for a full minute before gaining victory. From beneath his vest he slowly withdrew a twin to the necklace which lay on the desk. Very carefully he moved Lance's necklace to the right, depositing his own far to the left.

"You pull something funny," he warned, "and I play clay pigeon with your think-piece."

Lance smiled tolerantly.

"More in character, Slots," he murmured approvingly. "To make my demonstration I've got to move. Keep the nerves steady, and match.

(*Continued on page 165*)

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Smedley's

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VEGETABLES *Peas, Scarlet Runner Beans, Macedoines, Young Spring Carrots, Celery Hearts, Beetroot, Asparagus, Spinach, etc.*

FROM ALL GROCERS, FRUITERERS & STORES

The first is no test at all. This one cuts glass"—a little grating sound and a deep white scar on the desk-top—"and so does this one."

"That's a-b-c," derided Slots. "Go on."

A tumbler of water stood on the desk with an eye-dropper beside it. Lance filled the dropper, moved the necklaces slightly together, and levelled the pendant stone of each.

"Usually," he explained casually, "a fake diamond has a slick surface, while the real ones are somewhat oily. To test them, place a drop of water on the surface . . . so . . . then stab the drop with a pin . . . so . . . you see? The drop becomes a series of little drops, each separate as if floating on oil."

Slots Regan nodded. Half-standing, he was bending over the desk. Deep wrinkles of interest furrowed his brow.

"But wait a moment," cautioned Lance. "We take the other string . . . and repeat the operation . . . so. Why, it reacts exactly the same!"

He turned a quizzical face to Slots's serious one.

"Keep goin'," growled Regan.

"Then there is colour. If you've read anything about the Stanton necklace, you know it's pure blue-white. Under light its fire will therefore come in clear colours. Here—move the lamp a little this way. That's better. Watch . . . see how clear this one is? But wait—have a look at this one. Do you get the yellowish tinge? No—over a little farther . . . there!"

Heavy wrinkles of concentration separated Slots Regan's squinted eyes. His head twisted tensely from side to side. Finally he looked up.

"I never was much good at colours," he admitted. "Sometimes red and blue and green get mixed up. But I don't see no yellow here."

Lance sighed.

"You might have mentioned you were colour blind," he chided. "I haven't all night, you know. Now for a sure test, in this case at least; although some paste diamonds are made differently from mine. In the exact centre of each fake stone is a tiny air-bubble. You can see it with a glass if your eyesight's normal. Here . . . try it."

A jeweller's glass slid across the table. One necklace and then the other passed under Slots Regan's scrutiny. He repeated the inspection twice again, the sweat of concentration fairly popping from the pores of his nose. Then, with a harsh grunt of disgust, he threw the glass to the table. He stared at the two necklaces before him with slowly dawning apprehension.

"Say," he declared venomously, "these are mixed up!"

"Exactly," smiled Lance. "And who did it?"

"Why you dirty, stinkin' —— !"

Slots Regan galvanised into action. With his left hand he scooped both necklaces into his pocket, while his right expertly whipped out a flat, vicious revolver which he levelled at Randall's forehead. A second sweep carried Lance's revolver from the table into another pocket.

Lance Randall, leaning back in his chair, made movements only with his lips:—

"Pemberton is standing behind you with a gun aimed at your spine, Slots."

Regan froze, but kept his eyes steadily upon his host.

"I read about somebody biting on that," he gritted, "but it is a long time ago. Now I'm going to tie you——"

"Pemberton! Give the gentleman a little push!"

Slots Regan grunted from the pain of Pemberton's thrust. Slowly his hands moved ceiling-ward. From behind, Pemberton snatched the gun from his fist. The remainder of his arsenal followed it into Pemberton's possession. Lance walked easily around the desk, reached into Slots Regan's left coat pocket and withdrew the necklaces.

"All right," conceded Slots hoarsely, "You win. I shouldn't've made a play. Make him drop the Roscoe and I'll take the wind."

"No," drawled Randall, "you're going to stay with us awhile."

"What's the beef?" whined Slots. "You wanted the phoneys. All right—you got both strings now."

"No, Slots. I wanted you!"

A leer contorted Regan's face.

"Lance Randall, who never crossed anybody!" he snarled. "There won't be any rough stuff—that's what you said. A lotta guys'll be glad to hear about this one."

"Wrong again, Slots." Lance's voice was crisp. "I said: 'There'll be no rough stuff on account of that merchandise.' This is for something else. The butler you hacked up died about an hour ago. He was my man, and my men don't get pushed around. You're going up for murder, Slots."

Regan's face mottled grey and red.

"Lance—you wouldn't do that!"

"When the steam begins coming up from your legs, you'll believe me. Tie him up, Pemberton."

With eager efficiency Pemberton lashed the visitor to his chair while Lance held the gun. The operation completed, Lance moved swiftly to the desk. There he spilled the contents of a tiny envelope into the tumbler of water. He carried the potion to his panic-stricken guest.

"Only a sleeping powder," he murmured, as he placed it to Regan's lips. "I don't want you to babble to the police about that phoney string until I'm on my way—say until about three this afternoon."

"Damn you, Randall, I'll get ev——"

The edge of the glass bit into his lip. He spat twice, then stiffened as Pemberton's thumb discovered a sensitive portion of his anatomy and jabbed hard.

"Drink!"

Tears quivered over his despairing little eyes as Slots Regan gulped the liquid.

FIFTEEN minutes before his three o'clock appointment, Captain Johnson arrived at the penthouse. Pemberton showed him into the library.

"There is your man."

Lance pointed to the unconscious Slots Regan trussed in his chair.

"And here is the knife that killed Simpson. I suspect that its measurements will coincide with the wound in Simpson's chest. Moreover, I'll wager a few dollars that Simpson's blood may be found at the base of the spring. We were obliged to administer a gentle sedative to keep our guest from rousing the neighbours. He'll come around shortly."

Johnson summoned two underlings from the lobby. Slots Regan moaned in his deep slumber as they trundled him into the hall and toward the elevator.

"I'd have sworn one of your men did that job," declared Johnson respectfully. "Tell me how you snared this bird. We've been wanting him for one or two other jobs."

Vaguely Lance waved a deprecating hand.

"You'll pardon me," he murmured, "if I reserve a few confidences from Centre Street. Here is something that will interest you more than my technique. Your hand, please."

Captain Johnson stared at the flashing mound in his palm.

"And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be about my packing. The *Conte del Castelbello* sails at six, and I intend to be aboard."

Johnson gazed shrewdly at his host.

"Sorry. You're going to miss that boat."

Lance looked politely sceptical.

"I have no intention of missing it."

"You'll have to come with me, Randall. You won't be prosecuted, but I think Inspector Dolan would be very interested to hear your version of the matter."

"Hm-m. You fellows *are* undependable, aren't you?" Lance walked thoughtfully to his desk. "There are a few things here I'd best take along for identification." From the drawer he withdrew a small sheaf of papers. Lips pursed, he thumbed through them. "Ah . . . here they are. Letters and what-not dealing with that Greenwich fur ring."

Captain Johnson (*Continued on page* 166)

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Eleanor Adair

149, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

moved swiftly around the desk and peered over Randall's shoulder.

"You remember, of course, Captain. Let's see . . . a letter from Tony Duncan . . . oh yes, and here's one from that little girl who worked for them—Gams Leland. Found in a sack, wasn't she? Tch! Tch! Tch! And here's a note that mentions you . . . and one or two other officers as well. All copies, of course. Now let's see . . ."

He paused long enough for Johnson to read still another document. Then he threw the bundle carelessly upon the desk.

"Between us, Captain, I know you were absolutely guiltless in this affair. Your position was embarrassing, though, with retirement two years hence—well, it would be too bad, wouldn't it?"

Johnson's voice came from dry lips.

"Can I have those?"

"Of course! I'll have more made from the originals if you wish."

Johnson, having picked up the papers, dropped them back to the desk. He wet his lips nervously.

"I guess we can forget about that visit to headquarters," he said. "After all, I wouldn't like to spoil your trip. I'd better get this necklace to the girl right away."

He moved toward the hall.

"And the reward for Regan, Captain?"

The detective paused.

"I'll put in your claim," he said at last.

"Thanks. When the matter is straightened out, my address will be Hotel St. Marguerite, Cape d'Antibes."

AT nine minutes to four the front buzzer hummed insistently. Pemberton opened to a girl who wore a squirrel coat and a bandage over her forehead. She swept imperiously by him. Following the most of light which cut through the hall, she appeared in the library archway. Pemberton stood helplessly behind her. Lance Randall put his pen aside and looked up from his desk.

"Good morning, Miss Stanton."

She floated rapidly across the room.

"Has he come yet?" Her voice was breathless.

"Who?"

"The thief."

Lance nodded.

"And gone. Johnson took him away almost an hour ago. The captain is on his way to your place now with the necklace. He's holding the duplicate at headquarters. You can probably get it, too, in a couple of days."

"Did you have any—trouble?"

Lance shook his head.

"He was very tractable. Why are you carrying a gun in your bag, Miss Stanton?"

A downward glance to her handbag convinced her of its revealing bulge. Her eyes returned to Lance.

"I thought it might be needed. It's nice you recovered the necklace. You're very clever. If Captain Johnson is coming to see me, I'd better hurry back."

He arose and followed her toward the arch.

"Are you alone?"

There was a hint of concern in his voice.

"Oh no. The chauffeur is waiting."

They entered the hall. At the door she whirled on him.

"Did the thief come when you expected him?"

"Approximately."

"Why did you tell me he'd be here at four?"

He put a hand on each of her shoulders, and looked keenly into her face.

"I'll ask one. Did you come here only because of your necklace?"

A little motion to disengage herself ended with a shrug.

"No."

"What was the other reason?"

The green eyes, wide now, and beautifully frank, stood unflinchingly to his gaze.

"Because I was afraid—you might be hurt."

"Um-m." He nodded solemnly. "That's why I told you four o'clock."

Her body stiffened. A slight movement threw his hands from her shoulders. As she opened the door, he saw that her eyes were ice once more.

"You're the most conceited man I ever knew!"

"Perhaps." He held the door open as she passed through. "But you don't know me yet!"

She was gone in a rush of scented air. He sniffed. Jasmine.

ABOARD the *Conte del Castelbello*, Lance Randall slept all day in his stateroom. At five he awakened, took a brisk shower, and went on deck for a walk. At six-thirty he sent a long cable to Paris. At seven-fifteen he ordered dinner brought to his quarters, and at eight-thirty, as he was finishing a peach *glace*, his steward appeared with a note. He chuckled a little as he read it:—

Dear Mr. Randall: Please come to suite for liqueurs.

Dale Stanton.

A few moments later he was shown through her quarters to a little balcony, flush to the rail, overlooking a sea of flowing silver. An electric candle glowed upon a white tablecloth. There were two tiny glasses of Benedictine, one of which Dale Stanton held to her lips. She was wearing a diamond necklace.

"Sit down, Mr. Randall." She returned her glass to the table. "It was nice of you to come."

He shrugged, and accepted her invitation.

"It was rather nice of you to ask me."

"Not altogether. I had a reason."

"I suspected as much. May I ask what it was?"

"You may. I am still looking for my necklace."

His eyes travelled coolly to her throat.

"My apologies, but it appears you have them."

"A nice choice of words," she commented. "Appears summarises the situation. I have only duplicates."

His eyebrows met quizzically.

"It would be instructive to know how you arrived at such a conclusion."

"I thought you'd be interested. When Captain Johnson came to my house with the necklace this morning, I asked some trivial question about the duplicates. But when I saw he knew nothing of another string, I dropped the matter to save him embarrassment."

"That was thoughtful." He lifted his glass to his lips. "Still it doesn't explain why you doubt the authenticity of the one he brought you. After all, an officer of the law——"

"It is quite simple, Mr. Randall. Plainly, you held out on the captain. Knowing you had one string and I the other, it seemed fairly certain that yours would be the original."

"A subtle compliment." He nodded approvingly at the liqueur. "You should have enlightened Captain Johnson."

"I thought I could handle the matter myself, especially when he said you were sailing on the *Conte del Castelbello*. I've had reservations since the first of the month."

"Yes," he murmured, "I know. But if I had the diamonds, I might have disposed of them before coming aboard."

"No. I hired four men to watch you."

"Well!" He held the glass to the electric candle. "Very astute of you, I'm sure."

She took the necklace from her throat and tossed it on the cloth between them. The green eyes had taken on a sharp, metallic quality.

"Have you your string with you?" she asked.

He nodded, and thrust a hand into his jacket pocket.

"I thought you'd be interested in a method of identification I've hit upon," she said carelessly. "Notice the filigree setting of the pendant stone?" She pointed. "Whenever I see it, I am reminded I have false jewels."

Slightly to one side of the lower portion of the setting he saw a little indentation. He bent over it.

(*Continued on page 168*)

"Christopher, my boy, I never met a more attractive girl."
"Forget the 'my boy', we're rivals!"

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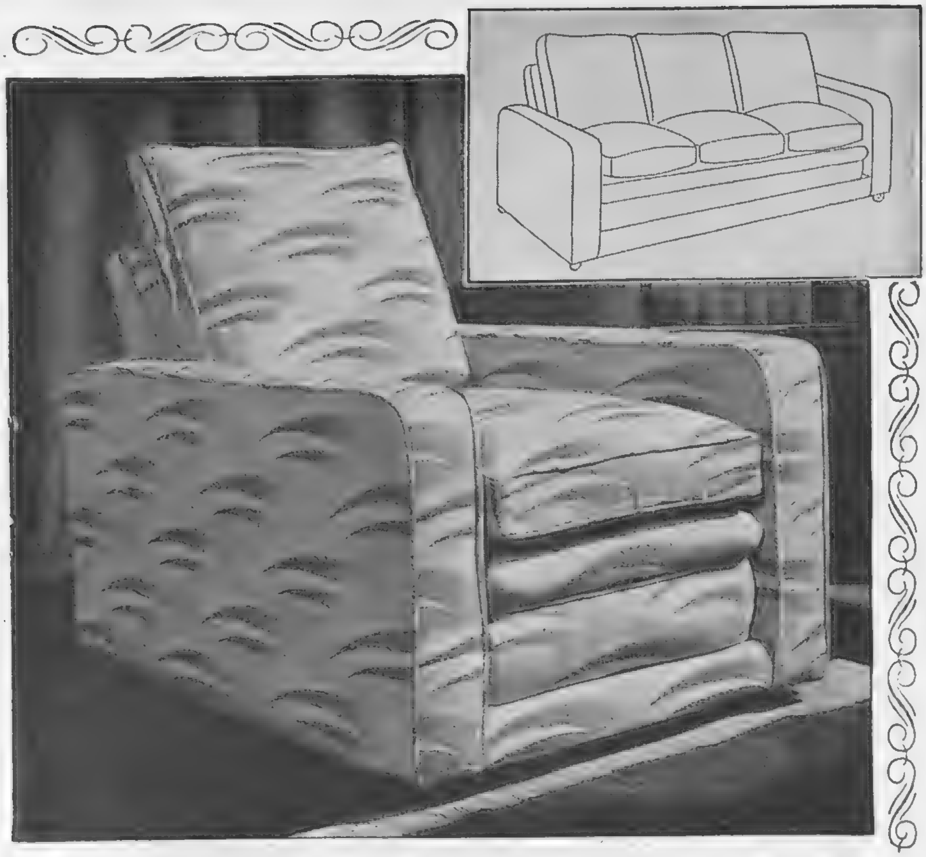

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Will you help ? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3

" You must have bitten it," he hazarded, without looking up.

" Correct."

" Like this ? "

With an incredibly swift motion he transferred his own string from pocket to mouth. She choked back a little cry as he tossed the jewels to the table. The two strings sprawled together in an indiscriminate heap. Dale Stanton's startled eyes moved from them to her guest.

" Well ! " she breathed. " We seem to be back where we started."

" Yes," he agreed, " so we do."

" Perhaps I should marry you, Mr. Randall," she declared wryly. " Then I could be certain that *one* of us has my diamonds."

He smiled thinly, but didn't answer.

" Reception, unfavourable," she mused. " Very well, I'll make you a proposition."

" So ? "

" I—well, I like you, Mr. Lance Randall. For some reason you seem to need my diamonds very desperately. I doubt that you can tell the difference between these necklaces yourself now. I'll gamble with you. Choose the string you want and keep it."

He stared across at her in amazement.

" But I couldn't—do that," he said slowly. " Because, you see—I *do* know the difference."

A flush arose to her cheeks, and her smile flashed with excitement. She leaned across the pile of paste and diamond.

" I'm—glad," she said gently. " I thought you were—like that—all along. Now it's a sporting proposition. When are you going to steal my diamonds again ? "

" Really, Miss Stanton "—he moved back slightly from the table—" I—this is just a little painful for me. You see——"

" Hush ! " She put a finger to her lips. " I see only one thing. You saw it too—last night. Something so implacable it frightened me a little . . . when are we going to settle this stupid thing ? "

" You mean——? "

" I mean when are you going to marry me, silly ? "

He finished the Benedictine and looked off for what seemed a very long while at the stars and the slow-moving ocean.

" A man shouldn't have secrets from his fiancée, should he ? " he asked finally.

" A man doesn't *have* to," she ventured.

" You see," he began painfully, " I've had the real diamonds right along. I am supposed to take them to your father."

Little wrinkles of bewilderment stole across her forehead.

" He wanted it to be a secret," he continued, " but I can't let it continue to be a secret — from you. You're very fond of that necklace because it was . . . your mother's."

She nodded.

" Her wedding gift."

The words came in a whisper.

" That's why he didn't want you to know. He was in a difficult position—a position where it was imperative that no one should know he was seeking a loan. A private French banking house agreed to take the necklace as security. It was only a temporary arrangement . . . and he didn't want to worry you. He had the duplicates made in Amsterdam, and would have switched them himself but for the fact he was called to Europe before they reached New York." He broke off suddenly. " You find this—interesting ? "

" Very ! "

" He came to me. In my work . . . I find it convenient to be known both to the police and underworld as a handler of stolen gems. I put Simpson in your house as butler, and the moment the duplicates arrived he made the substitution. Then came that unbelievably bad piece of luck last night . . . and the substitutes were stolen. I had to keep the news out of the papers before it travelled abroad to disturb the French bankers. I had to recover the paste gems and find the man who had murdered my friend. In these I was successful . . . but I fell down on the most important job."

"Which was——?"

"Keeping the truth from you. I couldn't quite convince you I was a thief . . . . thank heaven! And I wasn't clever enough to deceive you about the substitution. Perhaps I should be forgiven . . . considering the quality of my opposition."

For a long while she was silent. A light wind was coming up. It tugged at little wisps of hair at her ears. Luminous clouds were marching across the moon and the sea was troubled as if with some great expectation. Finally her voice drifted to him.

"Poor daddy! He needn't have . . ."

He masked sudden embarrassment by staring at his empty glass. When her voice came again, it was small and faintly resentful.

"Don't you ever steal anything—intangible?"

He moved swiftly around the table to meet her lips. The table shifted ever so slightly and an arm brushed across the necklaces which lay beside her glass. They both started at the sound. The deck tilted gently with the swell. Lance Randall dived for the rail. He clutched one necklace which hung half-suspended above the sea. Far below it seemed that he caught a tiny flash of fire snuffed out in sudden blackness.

At the table Dale Stanton was sobbing from excitement. When he returned his face was pale, but his voice was steadier than it had been for several minutes.

"It's all right," he said gently. "These are the ones we wanted. The rest won't bother us again."

She turned tear-filled eyes to him.

"But darling—how do you *know?*"

"I suspected you might trick me. Before I left my dinner table, I dabbed a little honey under the pendant stone of my string . . . See?" He put a forefinger to the back of the diamond, and withdrew it. "Nice and sticky!"

A choking sigh of relief died in a smile.

"Put them in your pocket," she whispered, "where we'll know they're safe."

Mysteriously the electric candle flickered out, and the balcony was darker than the sea. It was a full minute before she spoke again!

"Um—m—m . . . honey!"

In the Midst of Life and Circus

(*Continued from page* 13)

the entrance of the circus ring, to see and know the different characteristics of these people, their attitudes and peculiarities prior to their entrance. Often one hears a mumbled prayer, another will touch some supposed mascot, but most evident is the sign of the cross, which one notices repeatedly.

Another recent fatality happened to the Roders, balancing perch performers, in which two ladies climbed the high perch whilst balancing on the head of a bearer, there executing various gymnastic feats.

Whilst doing the "stand-out," a trick which calls for exceptional unison of movement, a slip of the foot threw it off balance. Down it came and both girls were killed.

Yet another from America, the news of Dekoe, star performer in the family of that name who do an acrobatic spring-board act. Their feature and finale of the act which they had done since childhood was a triple somersault from the spring-board into a chair. Slightly overturned, loss of balance—a broken neck. Yet, within a week, the announcement was again to be heard: "A triple somersault, etc. . . . ."

Another example of the glorious self-confidence that exists among these people.

An old performer had devoted the greater part of his life in practising his two sons, both of whom turned out to be exceptionally clever artists and within a year of their debut were featuring in Europe and America.

When working in London, I had occasion to be with them during morning practice, the trick being a slide on the head down a slanting tight-wire.

(*Continued on page* 170)

She'll say *so many thanks*—
for Carillon adds gaiety and charm for many months to come

THE perfume that gives her added poise and charm and a lift to her spirits; that increases her confidence and enjoyment of life. That's Carillon—the perfume that does not cloy; that stays fresh and stimulating all day; that never grows stale. Carillon is *right* at any hour and on any occasion. It is the gift that will delight the woman who thinks it necessary to be at her best *always*. Carillon comes in attractive blue-capped bottles, 1/6, 3/-, 5/6, 10/6 and upwards to 45/-.

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You can buy Carillon in a charming powder-blue box with a gramophone record of traditional old English and French Christmas carols played by Mr. Frank Wright on the famous carillon above Atkinsons Bond Street House. She will be enchanted by this entertaining gift.

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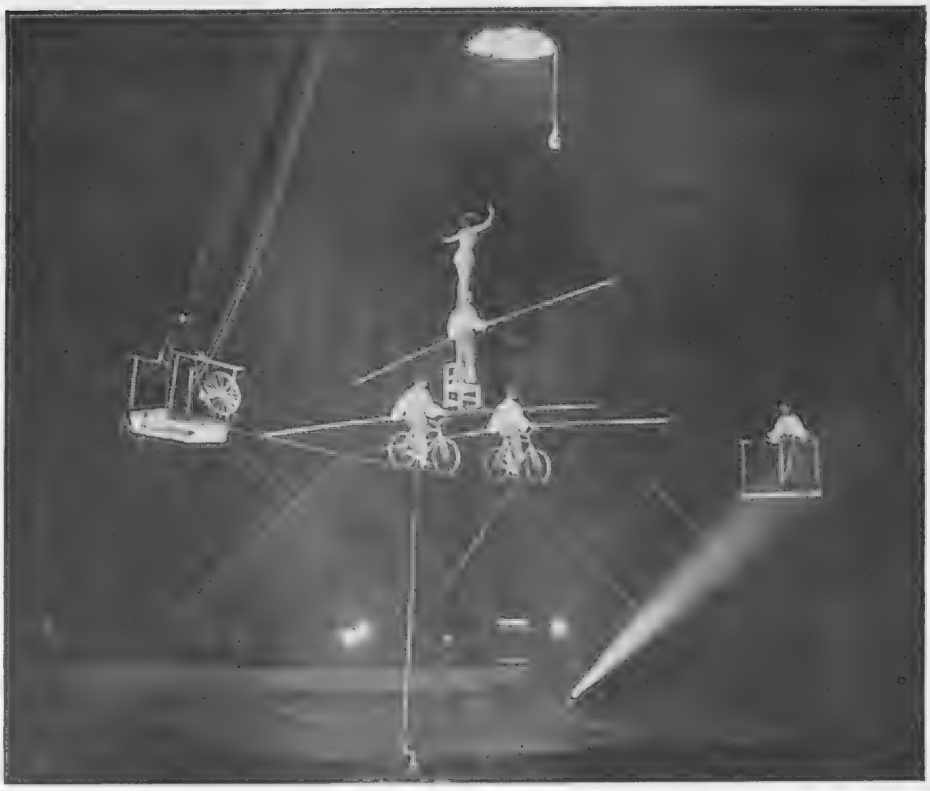

A daring high-wire act as performed at Bertram Mills's Olympia Circus

The younger of the brothers lost his balance several times, but caught the wire. I remarked that it would be much better to use the "safety-lunge." He laughed and said: "I don't usually lose my balance, but when I do, I catch the wire." Within three months of that date, a message came through: "Olivera dies from injuries received in a fall from the Head Slide."

A lifetime of training ended in less than two years of actually showing.

In this instance one may be inclined to think that carelessness and over-confidence was the cause. It could be attributed to the latter, but could such brilliant achievements be possible without complete confidence in oneself?

Speaking of over-confidence reminds me of a story in a lighter vein. It concerns a certain ambitious young man who at the time was employed as a groom in charge of bareback horses.

Notwithstanding that any act in Circus must necessarily have a groundwork of the knowledge of tumbling and acrobatics, and without efficient training in this it is utterly impossible to travel any distance on the way to success, whether it be wire-walking, flying trapeze, bareback riding or whatever one may mention.

This unusual happening occurred during a period when bareback riding was quite a popular attraction. English riders, having earned a good reputation, were in big demand on the Continent. Whether this young man was misled in his judgment of the talents necessary to this art by the constant contact with the people who seemed to do it so easily, or whether it was that while sitting on the backs of horses when exercising in the ring the apparent simplicity occurred to him, I know not. At any rate, ambition got the better of him. He therefore asked the circus director for permission to practise. On being refused with the explanation of the absolute necessity of acrobatics and long practice in balancing and timing of movement, he still nursed the idea that if only he had a chance he could do it.

This attitude reminds me always of an occasion in a Lancashire town. Whilst sitting in the audience watching the great Cinquevalli, who had just completed a very clever juggling routine, a fellow sitting next to me remarked to his friend: "Eh, that's champion." The answer came promptly: "That's nowt. Why, if our Bill had only kept up his practice, he'd ha' been twice as good at it."

Our young groom was undeterred by other people's opinion or the rules of Circus, and from that time on stole every occasion to practise alone in the early hours of the morning. After many falls and lots of bruises he did make some little headway, so much so that he did by perseverance manage to perform a trick or two with uncertainty. Proud of his achievement and not divulging his new talents to anyone, he had photographs taken in a borrowed costume and applied for a contract at the principal Winter Circus in Berlin.

Being English and writing from a well-known circus in this country, he secured an engagement. When the time came, he managed to hire a horse under some pretext and travelled with it to Berlin. On arrival, he found his name in big letters on the posters as the "Greatest English Bareback Jockey Of All Time." Feeling proud at seeing his name so prominent, he felt even a greater confidence in himself. Being received with the customary cordiality of the German Circus Director, through some medium or other he conveyed the desire to practise alone. He was granted this request, which evidently impressed them as the wish of an artist who had some great surprise in store and did not wish his methods of practising copied.

But alas, there is always someone inquisitive enough to peep. The usual thing happened. He fell about all over the ring and the rumour soon spread about the place that the English rider must be half drunk, reeling about most awkwardly and only managing to stand (*Continued on page* 172)

Was he unreasonable
or
was she slovenly?
BILL WAS HORRID —EVEN IF MY HANDS ARE A SIGHT!
SURELY YOU DON'T WANT HIM NOT TO NOTICE
BUT HE MUST KNOW HOW HARD I WORK
YES—AND HE MUST GUESS YOU'VE LET YOUR HANDS GO. YOU SHOULD GET THE HINDS HABIT
A MONTH LATER...
YOU'RE FLASHING THAT NEW RING ABOUT
WELL, YOU OUGHT AT LEAST TO SEE IT—BILL GOT IT FOR WHAT HE CALLS 'MY NEW HANDS'

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Besides giving every facility for the best possible cooking results, this unit provides an ample supply of domestic hot water. The Water Heater can be fitted with a visible fire to provide cheerful warmth in the kitchen. Come and see a demonstration, or write for illustrated catalogue.

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Barbara Gould preparations are obtainable at all Stores high-class Chemists and Hairdressers.

Creams from 4/6d. Trial sizes from 2/6d. and "Home Treatment" set 7/6d.

Barbara Gould LTD.

STANDBROOK HOUSE, 2-5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

upon the horse with the greatest difficulty.

In spite of the rumour, however, he was at the ring entrance as sober as a judge two acts before he was due to appear. Having had the scrutinising glances of the Director upon him for a while, they came to the conclusion that the rumour of his being drunk was an act of jealousy on someone's part.

At last the time came for his entrance. The band blared that typical old English Post Horn Gallop and the entrance was perfect, sitting on the horse, waving his jockey cap and looking the part; but trouble began as soon as he tried to stand. The music and lights were strange to him; also to the horse, which was also more tuned up than at the dullness of practice. The result was that he fell in all shapes and positions and could not even do a single one of the simple tricks he thought he had perfected. Never did such a peculiar quietness overcome an audience. It lasted for quite a few minutes and then laughter followed, growing louder with each fall. At the ring entrance the ringmaster bawled in every known language for him to come out. Bruised and breathless by the last heavy fall, they took advantage of this and opened the ring doors.

Within a few minutes he was commanded to appear before the Director and give an account of himself. His knowledge of German being very limited, he was spared most of the unkind things that were said to him, but eventually when an interpreter began to explain the gist of the matter he in turn saw red. Locking the door behind him, he threw off his coat and shouted: "If I can't—ride, I can—fight. Pay me my money here and now or else . . ." Which they did quickly for their own safety; even though they tried to retrieve it for false representation. They lost the case, however, on the grounds that the man was a bareback rider and there being no stipulation in the contract as to whether he stayed on the horse or the number of times he should fall off.

Terribly disappointed at the outcome of his ambition to become a bareback rider, another idea formed in his mind. The thought of how the German audience laughed and roared every time he fell made him wonder whether he could continue to make an audience laugh that way by building up an act on this foundation.

Straightway he set to work and, with what money he had saved, bought two mules which were rather wild creatures, practising to sit on them as long as he could and how to make some spectacular falls. He conceived the idea of The Unrideable Mules act, inviting members of the audience to take part on a competitive basis.

From the very first engagement the act was a riotous success to everyone except the competitors, most of whom usually were bruised and sore for days afterwards.

The public laughed even louder and longer, and our young groom lived and laughed for years afterwards to the fullest extent that the hundred pounds a week the act brought him made possible.

Ambition therefore sometimes reaps its reward if not always along the lines of our intention.

In many calamities, the artists have been the victims of ill-luck through no fault of their own. I speak of those who were dependent on mechanical apparatus. Inez, the youngest member of the Rellmuth Troupe, a girl of sixteen, fell to her death when the spinning contrivance on which she was working broke away. The Great Brava, a German performer who had earned a name for himself as the most daring aerialist of our time, ended his career in a similar manner. Imagine his work—the courage demanded of him. Picture him doing gymnastic feats at the top of a swaying steel pole at a height of 175 feet above the ground, so high that he had to be hauled up on a wire rather than exhaust himself in the effort of climbing. He had finished his performance and, whilst in the act of lowering, the wire broke and he was hurled 150 feet to the ground.

Lilian Leitzel, to my mind the greatest lady gymnast that ever lived, also fell a victim to broken apparatus. After years of admiration and glory, it was her fate to be killed through the breaking of a rope. I remember her well; her apprenticeship, her successes and, sadly enough, her unfortunate end.

One would think that the knowledge of such calamities would act as a deterrent, but it is not so with circus people. They go on aiming at still greater achievements. Practice, practice, practice and on to perfection of the act which is theirs, restricting themselves in the more natural pleasures, satisfied in the glory of their physical attainments, justly proud of their talents.

Togare has been mauled by one of his tigers, yet he still presents them. A friend of mine was killed by a polar bear, another by an elephant, and news such as this is largely responsible for this article in which I pay tribute to a wonderful body of people.

There is a human story behind The Kimris, an act that has provided the last word in aerial gymnastics, and thrilled tens of thousands of the British public during the Circus season at Olympia.

Many people have, I know, questioned the foolhardiness of acts of this description. I have been asked by dozens of people after each performance: "Why do they take such risks—can't they use a safety net?" From the Police Department, questions like "Is it safe to let these people work?" had to be explained, although the greater percentage were expressions of "Marvellous! That girl is wonderful." Then the deafening applause at the conclusion after relief from tension; admiration at the successful and artistic manner in which the act is performed is proof of that love of thrill and excitement and the feeling of satisfaction in bringing off the seemingly impossible in spite of incurring terrible risk. This is the spirit conducive to greatness in Circus.

After each performance they come back into the ring to arrange the apparatus and trapezes in preparation for the next one. Their topic of conversation is their work—how a certain trick looked or appealed to the audience—and it was during their conversation that I discovered the touching story of a wonderful spirit and a great love.

The story of two brothers, both clever gymnasts, full of ambition to create a greater novelty (*Continued on page 174*)

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THE 'PORCHESTER' 27/6.

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What more inspired gift than a Goblin Electric Clock? Greenwich time always—year in, year out—an ever-present time control over all activities! A big step forward in beauty of design, and a welcome contribution to the grace and charm of any house or flat. The name of Goblin (of Electric Cleaner fame) is important to you. It sponsors the extreme accuracy and dependability of every clock in this new and outstanding range. All are British-made. *All are sold under a unique TWO-YEAR 'Satisfaction or Exchange' Warranty.* There is a Goblin Electric Clock to harmonise with any home setting.

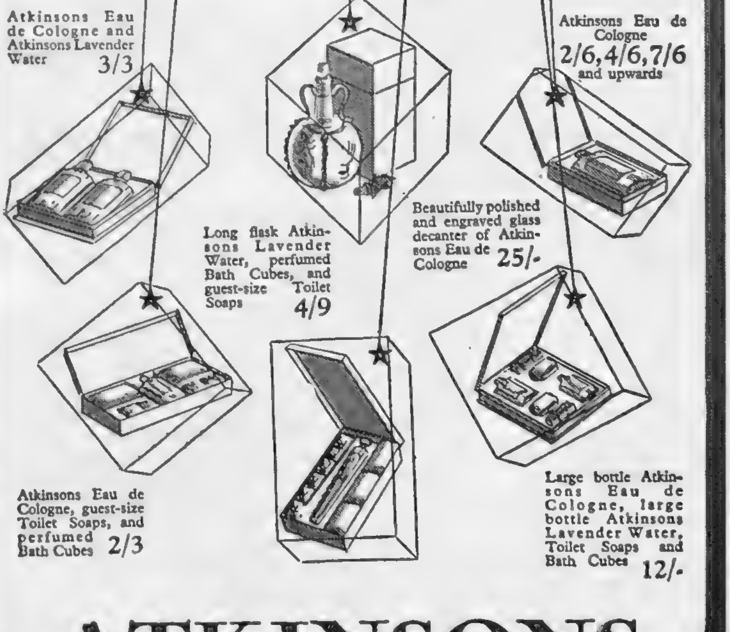
Write now for fully illustrated descriptive folder and name of nearest dealer to: GOBLIN (Dept. B.E.C.), Fulham, S.W.6.

Electric **GOBLIN** *Clocks*

What's in these parcels?

There's always a big thrill in opening Christmas parcels! And so when you're choosing your gift for Christmas see that it gives the biggest thrill of all! When those tantalising wrappings are removed, let them reveal the attractive shape and seasonable colour of an Atkinsons Gift Case—a gift obviously chosen with care—a gift that compliments the giver as well as the lucky recipient!

Atkinsons gifts are awaiting your choice in great variety at all good-class chemists and stores. From that splendid selection it's easy to find *exactly* the right gift for everybody on the Christmas list. And remember—Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is a soothing, refreshing restorative for which your friends will return you thanks long after Christmas is forgotten. The name of Atkinsons means fine quality—a quality that is not too startlingly reflected in the price.



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Atkinsons Eau de Cologne 2/6, 4/6, 7/6 and upwards

Long flask Atkinsons Lavender Water, perfumed Bath Cubes, and guest-size Toilet Soaps 4/9

Beautifully polished and engraved glass decanter of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne 25/-

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Large bottle Atkinsons Eau de Cologne, large bottle Atkinsons Lavender Water, Toilet Soaps and Bath Cubes 12/-

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GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE

AEC 58-469A-80·

Not applicable in I.F.S.

FIAT "1100"

O.H.V. engine with aluminium alloy cylinder-head and valve seat inserts.

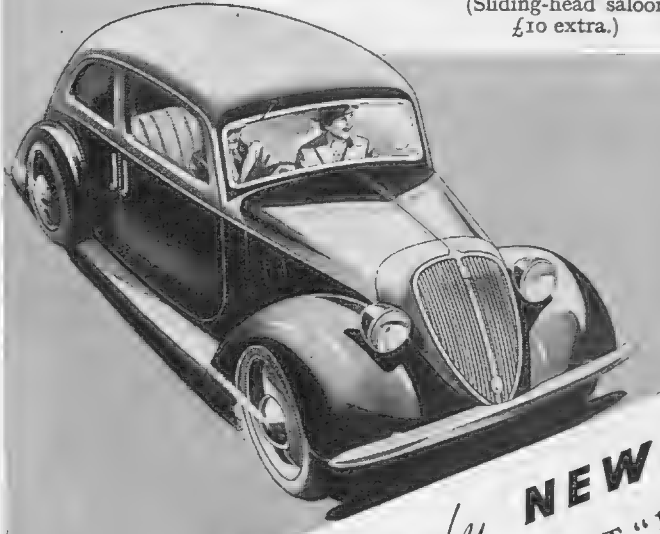
Independent front wheel suspension and torsion bar on rear springs.

Aerodynamic design for 40% more visibility and greater speed.

Consumption 32 m.p.g.

Speed over 68 m.p.h. Tax £9. 0. 0.

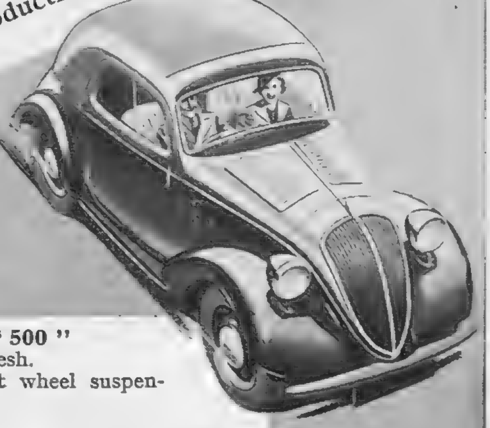
Pillarless Saloon. Price: £198. 0. 0. (Sliding-head saloon £10 extra.)



MORE *than merely* **NEW!**

"NEW" hardly does justice to the new FIAT "1100." It is three years ahead of most cars on the market—revolutionary yet entirely practicable—containing all those features which will be common practice years hence. This "1100" will be as successful and popular as the FIAT "500," which has taken the motoring world by storm from the very day of its introduction.

FIAT



FIAT "500"

4 speed synchro-mesh.

Independent front wheel suspension.

Hydraulic brakes.

Aerodynamic design for 40% more visibility and greater speed.

Consumption over 50 m.p.g.

Speed 55 m.p.h.

Tax £5. 5. 0.

Price: £120 (Convertible Saloon £125. 10. 0.), Traffic Indicators £1. 2. 0.

Please send me Catalogue for "500" (6 h.p.)..........
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(Place X against Catalogue] desired.)
FIAT (ENGLAND), LTD., Water Road, Wembley, Middsx.
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ROLFE DE PARIS

EVERY WOMAN
over 25 should
READ THIS

The secret of renewed youth is no longer hidden—a great discovery has come to light that now makes it possible for every woman, no matter how old or how wrinkled, to have a smooth, soft skin of youthful texture.

This discovery, Milk of Hormones, introduces new hormones which are as vital to skin health as sunshine is to bodily health. It replaces natural oils which an aged complexion has lost, and in this highly penetrative form will show a miraculous improvement in three to ten days.

One bottle of Milk of Hormones is sufficient to prove this. Just before retiring, massage the Milk into your face and neck, and as each day passes you will actually see your skin growing younger. No woman should be without Milk of Hormones on her dressing table.

ROLFE DE PARIS
Milk of Hormones
5/9 per bottle

From all leading chemists and stores, or if any difficulty direct from the distributors.

BRITISH & INTERNATIONAL
PROPRIETARIES LIMITED
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OLD BOND STREET W.1

Nine Times
out of Ten . . .

on those few days when you are indisposed you receive an "extra special" invitation. If you accept it your pleasure is marred by that wretched "off-colour" feeling. The wise woman turns to Cephos, the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician. Cephos restores vitality, banishes heaviness and headache, and relieves the congestion which causes suffering. It does not affect the heart. Cephos is also widely used for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds and 'Flu. Supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all Chemists and Stores in powder or tablet form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose 2d. each, powder or tablets.

Cephos
Processed Service RDGP
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

FREE SAMPLE sent on receipt of a P.C. giving your name and address to the Lady Supervisor, Cephos Ltd., Dept. 2T.W., Blackburn.

There Is A Thrill in Touring
When You ...Take-
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

for the show game, who thought out the aeroplane revolving idea. Working as Kimri Brothers, they met with great success, and, apart from their first unfortunate experience in New York, did well in America.

It was during a long summer engagement in Atlantic City that the elder of the brothers met a charming blonde girl who happened to be engaged in the same programme with a troupe of lady gymnasts. A week before the season ended they were married, but on the very last show of the season, the newly-married husband slipped and fell and was badly injured. There was just one month before they were to fulfil their next engagement, the most important one of the American tour, and realising the seriousness of the situation and what might be the result, the young wife practised day after day to take her husband's place in the act.

Considering that she had never previously been accustomed to high aerial work, also that the contract demanded the same act from which her husband had so recently been injured, she nevertheless made her debut with enormous success and added lustre to the act.

It is usual with work of this description for the girl to receive the greater admiration, yet, knowing the circumstances, was it ever more truly merited?

In detailing the description of these unfortunate happenings, it occurs to me how easily one can give a gloomy impression of Circus. Luckily, bad luck is the exception rather than the rule. In fact, the Circus artist seems to be blessed with a longer lease of life, due possibly to the exacting mode of living necessary to his work.

Just recently a well-known flying trapeze performer was bemoaning his fate because he was not allowed to work any longer. He was seventy! He said: "I know the public want to see young people in the ring, but I can still do it; yes, and possibly better than some of these young 'uns." Old man Potter, of the troupe of aerialists of that name, made the statement, and, remembering his work of only a few years ago, I almost believe him!

An occasion which created in me a full understanding is still fresh in my mind. It happened while working on the flying trapeze. I was asked to take a part in a film called "Murder," in which Herbert Marshall was playing the part of an amateur detective, with Esme Percy as a flying trapeze artist. The latter was supposed to have committed a murder, and in the impersonation of a female gymnast endeavoured to escape detection.

It was my job to double for Esme Percy and do the trapeze routine.

During the taking of preliminary matter, retakes and the usual hanging about which seems to be part of film production, I fell asleep. I was awakened in the early hours of the morning feeling half-dazed and was told that the trapeze part was to be taken next. Shaking myself, I looked round for one of my colleagues who worked in the act with me, so that he could let the trapeze bar swing from the opposite perch, but I discovered that he and everyone else except the cameraman and the producer had gone to bed.

I could not back out as the part I played led to the climax of the picture, so, taking a chance, I explained to a circus hand standing by that he would have to let the opposite trapeze bar swing to a certain point in my swing on the other trapeze. He was willing, but over-anxious. He released the bar too early and therefore it went travelling away from me much too soon.

Realising this in the middle of the trick, I experienced that feeling when the whole of your body goes "goose-flesh." Making a terrific lunge in an endeavour to save myself, I caught the bar in the first joints of my fingers. How I hung on till the end of the swing is still to me a miracle. As I reached the perch I heard the producer's voice shouting, "Good! That's what I want! Keep going!" I stood there, transfixed, looking at the ground and the cameras beneath; then I finished the job by doing tricks in which I relied entirely on my own judgment.

It is the memory of that night that makes me pay eternal tribute to aerialists who continue their work under the oddest and most risky conditions.

My gymnastic days are over now. The only apparatus I need to-day as ringmaster is a top hat, pink coat, linguistic ability and a microphone through which I shall always be proud of announcing:

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present—the Circus Artist!"

END

Let "Ranee" read your Character from your Handwriting

(See announcement on page 188)

King Frost Promises a Rich Harvest in 1938

(Continued from page 23)

rapidly increased in brightness seven-hundred-fold, and on December 22nd it attained its peak of brightness, a first magnitude star. And then it faded. When men looked for it in the sky on New Year's Eve it was only a second magnitude star, very hard to find. And now it cannot be discerned by the naked eye. Superstitious folk believed it was the Star of Bethlehem come again. But the Star would not come again, if it ever existed.

It was, undoubtedly, a nova, born in an explosion of light somewhere in the remote star systems, only to fade and die, never to be seen again by human eyes.

"If Linda tells her new young man all that," I observed, "she may impress him. But what a waste of a fine night all alone together in a romantic little observatory, even if Sirius is excelling himself!"

My friend, the astronomer, suddenly came back to earth, and grinned. "She seems a bit struck on him, what?"

He said he must see that the heaters were turned on. It was going to be cold. I reminded him he had spoken of frost. He said, yes, he thought we were in for a hard winter. I said, now I would tell him something. Last winter was a mild one, and consequently there has been a fall in the marriage rate this year. If we get plenty of frost and snow and ice this time, there may be a recovery in romance in 1938.

"You think the weather makes that difference?" he asked.

I said I was sure of it.

A young man's fancy may turn lightly to thoughts of love in the spring; but a young woman's fancy, and maybe a young man's too, not to mention the fancy of bachelors, spinsters, and divorcees of more mature years, turn more seriously to dreams of marriage and a home when windows glow like fairy lanterns through a drift of falling snow, and every trail of smoke from a chimney suggests the warm intimacy of domestic life and emphasises the loneliness of the single life and the bleakness of the outer world.

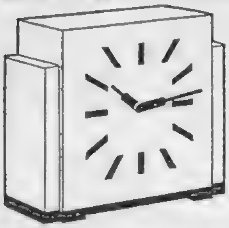
STATISTICS show that summer is the big season for marriages. Unfortunately, there are no statistics to indicate just when this marriage crop is sown. It is an error to suppose, however, that the warm season of the year facilitates romance. In America, where they have a passion for graphs and group investigations, the results of five study groups, varying from 250 to 1,110, the ages of members of each group being over 18 and under 25, show conclusively that the first spark of attraction

(Continued on page 176)

Everyone likes ELECTRIC PRESENTS

XMAS PRESENTS

ELECTRIC CLOCK NO MORE MISSED TRAINS



Dear Hubbie

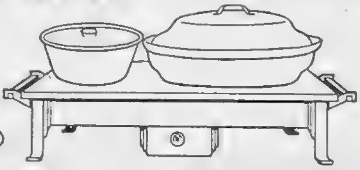
Here's an electric clock—it chimes — it will keep Greenwich time for us and needs no winding—so you'll never miss your morning train again!

Your affectionate *Wife*

from 25/-

ELECTRIC PLATE WARMER from £2-2-0

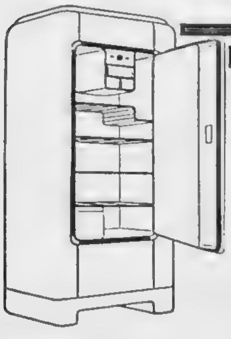
GOOD AND HOT



Dear Joan and Peter

Here's an Electric Plate warmer for the sideboard in your new home. It looks handsome and is the only good way of keeping food hot

Your affectionate uncle, *William*



ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Mother dear

Will you and daddy come to dinner on Friday and sample one of *my* ice puddings? Frank gave me an electric refrigerator for Christmas. It holds simply heaps and there's no such thing as "waste" in the house now

Your loving daughter, *Joan*

HOME MADE ICES ARE NICEST

from £29-10-0

SOME LAST MINUTE IDEAS

Electric Razor from £3-3-0
Electric Clothes Washer from £9-9-0
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Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London

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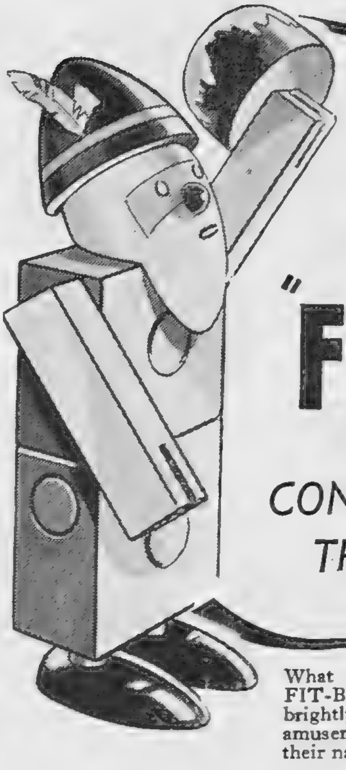


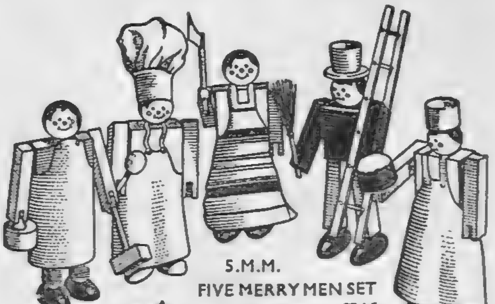
EVERYBODY
MUST
HAVE A SET OF

"FIT-BITS"

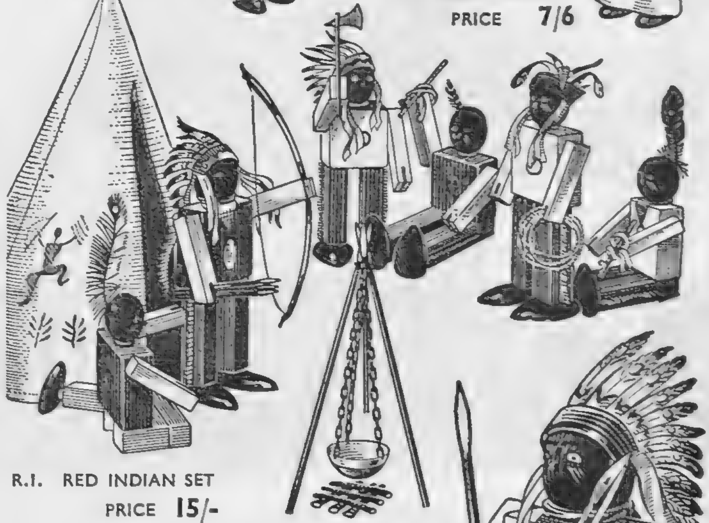
The New
CONSTRUCTIONAL
TRI-ANG TOY

What child could resist the new Tri-ang FIT-BITS Constructional Sets? These brightly coloured toys will give them hours of amusement and will at the same time foster their natural creative inclinations.

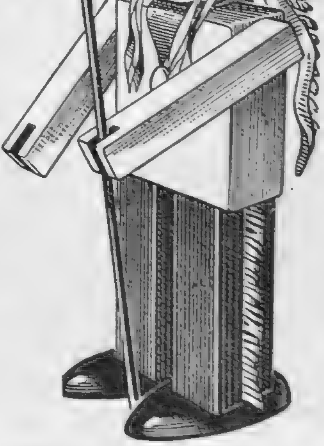
FATHER CHRISTMAS



S.M.M.
FIVE MERRY MEN SET
PRICE 7/6



R.I. RED INDIAN SET
PRICE 15/-



Fit-Bits can be taken to pieces and re-assembled in various queer and jolly shapes which will cause fun to children *and* grown-ups too. Animals, trains, Red Indians, circuses — they're all there!

You FIT the BITS together with simple safety rubber connections.

Complete sets from **1/11** to **25/-**.

Obtainable at all good toyshops, stores, etc.

Patents pending in most countries.

A TRI-ANG TOY MADE BY LINES BROS., TRI-ANG WORKS, MORDEN ROAD, MERTON, S.W.19.

A
PERFECT
EXAMPLE
of
healthy, sturdy
boyhood, says
COUNTESS
JOHNSTON-NOAD

45, Brunswick Grdns.,
W.8

Dear Sirs,

I think you will agree that my son Michael, photograph herewith, is *a perfect example of healthy, sturdy boyhood.*

He was, of course, fed on Cow & Gate Milk Food from birth. I cannot speak too highly of your marvellous food.

No mother need have the slightest anxiety about her child's welfare if she gives it Cow & Gate.

You have my full permission to use this photograph and testimonial if you desire to do so

Yours faithfully,

Betty Johnston-Noad.

Have the satisfaction of knowing in the future that you gave your child the very best possible start in life.

Give him Cow & Gate Milk Food which has been used for seven Royal babies in the last five years and which also saved the Quads.

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"THE BEST MILK FOR BABIES WHEN NATURAL FEEDING FAILS"

A FLAVEL ELF upon the wall

Will solve your cooking difficulties at lowest possible cost. Measures only 18 inches wide by 13 inches back to front. FULL CAPACITY—will cook for four, and very economical in use. Will not blemish your wall because the heat products are led to the front through cleverly designed plate warming chambers. Porcelain finish throughout. Mottled Grey or Colours with Ivory Door Panel. Your Gas Co. will supply an "Elf" Gas Cooker complete with special Bracket for small quarterly payments. Cash Price: Mottled Grey, £4-9-6. Bracket 4/-

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON
Stovemakers since 1777

For list write our London Showrooms, The Welbeck Street Fireplace Galleries.

38 Welbeck St., W.1

was struck in the majority of cases during the cold weather season.

The psychological factor—just why boy fell for girl, or vice versa—was not examined. Perhaps the austerely scientific research-workers conducting the investigations did not feel there was anything of vital importance to be ascertained from the revelation of whether it was the way the girl walked or talked which first allured the young man, or whether it was money or looks or prowess at games or parlour tricks that first caught the girl's fancy and turned the man from just another casual male into a recognisably likely life-mate.

But the seasonal factor, the time and the place, were closely checked. It was disclosed, perhaps a trifle disappointingly, that the domestic circle, and not the great and exciting and adventurous outer world, is still the chief breeding ground of romance.

True, the meeting may occur at a ball or at a party in a cabaret, in the hunting field or on a ski-run ; but it traces back to a young man or a young woman home for the holidays, or on a visit to friends, at a time when days are short, indoor sports and pastimes are the order of the night, cars are closed, homes and houses and firesides are unusually tempting, private parties are more numerous because there is little to do outside, dusk falls as the tea is brought in, one dines by candle instead of late sunlight, and blazing fires invite not only confidences but a closer proximity than might seem quite natural and normal in the midst of a heat wave.

It has been noted that a mild winter is not conducive to a larger-than-usual marriage crop, and that a severe one can be followed by a bumper harvest. The experienced statistician would not, on the strength of those interesting sociological-seasonal curves on a graph, necessarily conclude that the marriage rate irresistibly and inevitably rises and falls according to the relative temperatures registered between December and March. He would be aware, if he had studied the phenomena of mating in our intricate society in the machine age, that the state of trade has much to do with mere quantities in the marriage statistical set-up.

Love may be possible on the dole, but the average girl of the worker mass prefers a husband in a job which pays good wages. Further, although the State is most paternal these days, the normal wage-earner is not as eager as some hard-faced tories would have us believe to take a wife and beget a family in the absence either of a job or of some feeling of confidence that work at a living wage is going to last for as far ahead as he can see.

We thus find that on a quantity basis marriages rise in booms and fall in slumps. But on a class and quality basis this economic phenomenon is not so strongly marked. In the middle and upper strata of society the marriage curve over a period of years looks less like a fever chart. But such things as big or little, gay or dull London seasons, and the growth or decay of certain pleasures, pastimes, and customs, have a substantial influence on the marriage rate in general categories above the worker and small-salary brackets.

I know one sociologist who, noting with interest that the cult of the summer sun had reached a point where damsels roved about Mediterranean coast beaches in a state close to that of Nature, and men arrived white-skinned and submitted themselves to a brazen sun which fried them through thick oil films to the colour and texture of rye-bread toast, sought to chart the effect of the sun cult on marriage.

His graph was not very convincing, because he had taken only the Riviera coast, and checked on data supplied him through a questionnaire sent out to rather more than a thousand people and key sources of information. But it did show that the seasonal rush to the sun beaches had to be counted as quite an important part of the whole elaborate and gigantic (*Continued on page* 178)

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
SPECIAL
CIGARETTES
in
Presentation
Oak Boxes
50's cabinet 3/10
100's cabinet 6/6
(as illustrated)
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THE SMARTEST FLAT

IN CHELSEA CAN BE YOURS

FROM £90 to £190 PER ANNUM

EVERY single-roomed and two-roomed flat has its own private bathroom, kitchenette, and up-to-date conveniences for luxurious comfort.

If you wish to be gay, our Restaurant-Ballroom is one of the most charming in the west of the West End. Of course, the Cocktail Bar is unique.

Whether you use your flat only as a *pied-à-terre* or as a permanent home, you are always treated *en prince* by our well-trained staff, who pay constant attention to your slightest wish. Even in this extremely practical day and age, the courtesy and genuine hospitality of olden days is truly appreciated. In a word, if you would give yourself the chance to be care-free and happy, it is here that you may find it. **The Show flats are open every day, including Sundays, until 9 p.m.** Call or, in any case, write for illustrated brochure from Manager, Letting Office,

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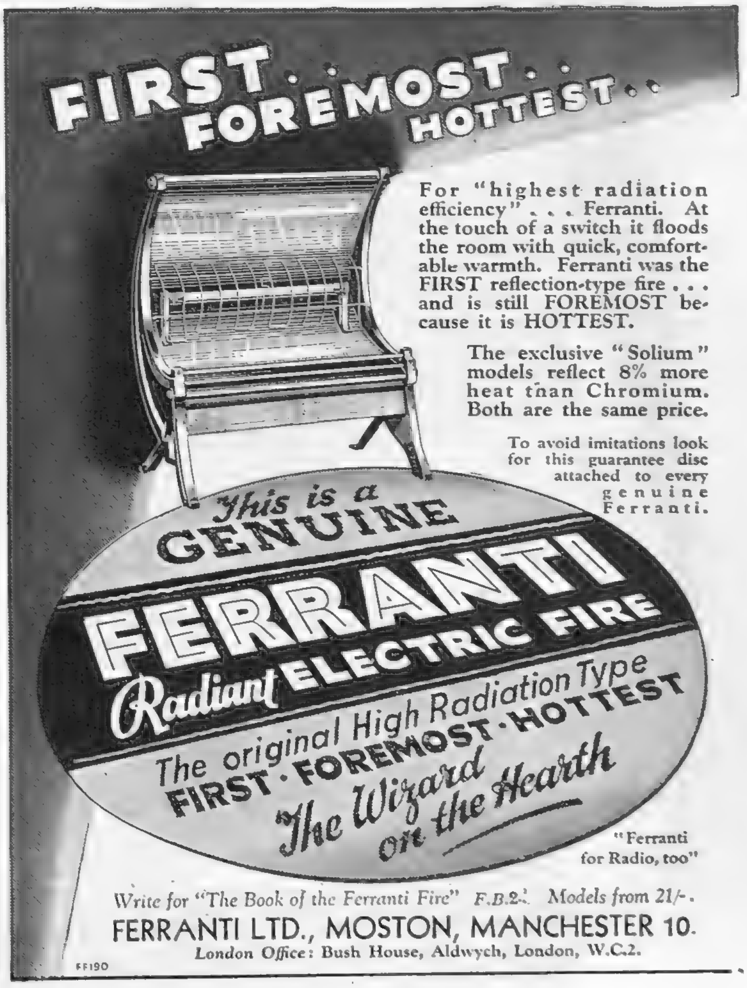
FIRST . . FOREMOST . . HOTTEST . .
This is a GENUINE
FERRANTI
Radiant ELECTRIC FIRE
The original High Radiation Type
FIRST · FOREMOST · HOTTEST
The Wizard on the Hearth

For "highest radiation efficiency" . . . Ferranti. At the touch of a switch it floods the room with quick, comfortable warmth. Ferranti was the FIRST reflection-type fire . . . and is still FOREMOST because it is HOTTEST.

The exclusive "Solium" models reflect 8% more heat than Chromium. Both are the same price.

To avoid imitations look for this guarantee disc attached to every genuine Ferranti.

"Ferranti for Radio, too"

Write for "The Book of the Ferranti Fire" F.B.2. Models from 21/-.

FERRANTI LTD., MOSTON, MANCHESTER 10.
London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

FF190

Candles for Christmas! The festive board gleams . . . . . radiant faces glow in the soft light of colourful Venetian Candles. Candlelight gives glamour in keeping with the occasion. Choose Venetian Candles—they're brighter and burn better.

PRICE'S VENETIAN CANDLES

Note for the Christmas present list . . . Price's Matched Candle Sets . . very charming and inexpensive.

A WINE OUR FOREFATHERS HONOURED

What Nelson said in 1800...

. . . . . when he discovered Marsala Wine at Sicily, following the Battle of the Nile, is just as true today. "Marsala Wines are so exquisite," he remarked, "that any gentleman may admit them to his table."

Fragrant in bouquet and delicate in flavour, this brilliant amber wine is really enjoyable—and economical. A bottle once opened will keep in perfect condition even if left for several weeks.

ASK YOUR WINE MERCHANT FOR A COPY OF THE MARSALA BOOKLET.

MARSALA IS A CHOICE WINE FROM THE ISLAND OF SICILY. DRY, SWEET OR DARK BROWN

From all Wine Merchants and Stores

MARSALA

Every genuine bottle of Marsala sold in Britain is shipped by FLORIO : INGRAM-WHITAKER or WOODHOUSE

process whereby young men are enabled to meet young women, under circumstances which lead to a ripening of an initial attraction, a pursuit, a surrender, and a marriage.

A chart plotted to show the effect of the winter sports boom on romance and marriage among the middle and upper classes would probably yield more striking results. For this boom is a comparatively new thing. The glamour of the snow is indeed a relatively new discovery—or, rather, like the fundamental design of the new shoes and the new hats for women, it is a rediscovery of something very old.

The winter sports crowd have been going out to Switzerland for decades and almost for generations. Son has followed father, and, as he bows the family to their window table looking out on the slopes of the Oberland, the old *maître* beams on the six-year-old grandchild of the man whom he remembers spent his honeymoon at the hotel, and hopes the chip of the old block will turn out to be as good a ski-er as his grandad was—the old gentleman spends most of his time on the curling rink now.

But this was a set, a coterie, a charmed circle. The crowd did not go winter-sporting. It could not get away in winter—or it thought it couldn't, having got sunk in the rut of the summer holiday spent, normally, on a crowded beach beside a sea cold enough, even in high summer, to make the sturdiest gasp and feel a Spartan rather than a Sybarite.

Now, realisation of the money in winter sports, and the cult of the athletic life, has led to an intensive competition between resorts, and to the deliberate development of new resorts where young people can play around on snow-covered mountain slopes under a sun which tans the skin a rich, deep golden hue. Abruptly, through advertising and publicity, through money poured out to make huge investments profitable, an immense new mass of human beings has been made snow and winter-sun conscious.

A new fairy world, a Hans Andersen world of tinkling sleigh bells and frosted pine forests and vast white mountains and tremendous precipices, has been brought suddenly to the threshold of people who had never previously thought of it as a place they could or would penetrate to, and enjoy. And in a thousand villages and little towns perched high in the hills and mountains, the winter sports novices assemble in chalet and hotel, to play through the days on luge and steel blade and long narrow plank, and dance through the night, and sleep deep in the profound silence of a snow-clad world that looks, after the electric bulbs go out, like a deep valley of the moon.

"Winter sports" used to mean, for the average Briton, Switzerland, and in particular St. Moritz, much as the sun cult used to mean the Riviera, and especially Cannes and Monte Carlo. But now it means most of the mountain ranges of north, east, and central Europe: it means even north India, where the imperial British are beginning to develop quite a fashionable ski-ing and skating district. It means Canada and North America.

It means even this little island in the north Atlantic. You don't have to cross the Channel or the North Sea to reach the winter sports ground now. Given snow, you can toboggan in Buxton, and down the Derbyshire hills, and do snow-plough turns on Helvellyn. I know enthusiasts who have taken skis and skates up to Alston, in Cumberland, and a schoolboy who broke his leg trying to do a "stembogen" in soft snow on the treacherous Howgill fells. Whenever the weather is propitious, parties collect in the hotels and country houses of Kingussie and Aviemore, Ballater and Braemar, for the skating on the frozen lakes and the long ski climbs and runs in the hills and mountains, where you have to wear wind-jackets and sun-glasses as though you were up on the Riffelalp in hard weather.

All these people, whether they are aces flying down the hills above Murren in the Bernese (*Continued on page* 180)

CRÊPE DE CHINE

Perfume by

F. MILLOT

Paris

Touching your beauty to glamorous life—to a subtle, tremulous awareness of itself. Of such a fragrance one may only whisper that, in exquisite glass bottles, it costs as little as 4/6 for the 'introductory' size. Sent post free against remittance.

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NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1, *also at Paris and New York.*

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Bookcases

Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6⅞ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25.2.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11⅜ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7.11.0.
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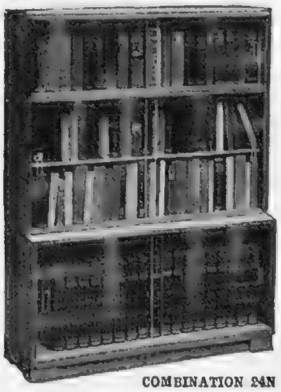

COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

MINTY SECTIONAL BOOKCASES MAKE GOOD CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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A
remarkable
new
treatment for
"Acid
Skin"

Are you one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all their beauty worries — blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'MILK OF MAGNESIA.'*

Just as 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams soothe away acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful milky-white, greaseless cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture. You will be amazed at the way this new-type cream corrects those unsightly imperfections which cause so much worry and anxiety.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM liquefies instantly it touches the warm skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Generous TRIAL JAR of both creams sent on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14D1), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores

PHILLIPS'
Magnesia

3/- a Jar

TEXTURE CREAM **CLEANSING CREAM**

**'Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

A Holiday in Jamaica

HOTEL CASA BLANCA MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Enjoy life, the debonair pleasantries, the holiday verve at Hotel Casa Blanca. Right on the water's edge at beautiful Montego Bay, world famous beach resort. Plunge in the surf, bask on the coral beaches, motor, fish, play golf or tennis, ride, sail, dine regally and dance under the stars—all yours to command at Hotel Casa Blanca—rendezvous of the discriminating. *Apply to your travel agency or write to:*

HOTEL CASA BLANCA, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I. Cables: "Casablanca" Jamaica

King Frost Promises a Rich Harvest in 1938

Oberland or rabbits falling in all directions about the nursery slopes at St. Moritz, have something in common, like the members of a club, or passengers aboard an ocean liner. They even wear a uniform, trousers and wind-jackets, large boots and peaked or skull caps, which marks them out as belonging to a distinctive body dedicated to a cult, and establishes the same sort of *esprit de corps* that uniforms inspire in an army or a militant political party.

Customs, the tribal customs of the snow folk, arise, and are religiously adhered to. The snow-girls in the winter sports resorts from Adelboden to Igls come into the tea dance in their ski-ing trousers, sweaters, and big boots. Even when they live in the hotel, they don't change. It is not done.

In the bar, hot arguments arise over the relative merits of steel or ordinary edges. The technical data of the latest ski fastening are debated learnedly. Some surmise that the only reason why new ones are invented is to give the shopkeeper something to sell—it is like that always when sport is industrialised: there must be new models, or people will go on with the old, and then where will business be?

The stars come out over the frozen world, and in the steam-heated restaurants the men go on debating the relative merits of the Swiss and Austrian schools of ski-ing, crouch or stand straight, while their womenfolk wonder whether the widow is having an affair with the sloe-eyed ski instructor, and what it would be like to be married to a ski instructor anyway; they look marvellous, but they must be terribly tough, in all that sun, and working eight hours a day on skis, but probably terribly sweet-tempered, they're so well trained in being patient and helpful with one-week-a-year ski-ers, whose limbs they must preserve whole, if possible, since otherwise there'll be one customer less for the hotel next season.

The cult of the snow sun has been called a ten-million-pound industry. But that is absurd. That sum would not cover half the special communication and transport system woven in an intricate and dizzy network among the Swiss mountains alone. An official of the Austrian finance ministry told me in Vienna last February that the finances of the little state depended substantially on the success or failure of the great drive to get winter sports enthusiasts in from the outer world, and especially people with pounds and dollars. The drive succeeded, and the financial strain was eased.

BOOKINGS for all the European resorts last year were phenomenal, and the figures I have by me from the travel agencies indicate that, in spite of the stock market slump and the war psychosis, the rush for the snow this season will probably be bigger than last year. In Switzerland alone it is estimated that the bulk of expenditures running into millions will be made up of relatively modest sums. The big increase is not among the people who pay two, three and four pounds a day for suites at luxury hotels. It is among the people who count their half-crowns, if not their pennies.

The latter have a week of winter sports in the Alps for £7 10s., or a fortnight for a ten-pound note, including railway fare, tips, and everything. They go up to the Zermatterhof for 16 days for twenty-two guineas, or to Austria for a like period for £11 16s. 5d. Note the 5d. In this new big business the price has to be shaved to the nearest penny; for it is not old rich people, or retired comfortable plump people, who are lured to the snow world. For the most part the new crowd are young, and a lot of them are earners who have to save money for the holiday.

What all this has meant to the natives of the mountain and valley towns and villages, to manufacturers of skis and skates and winter sports clothing, and a thousand branches of trade and industry, is a romance in itself, and one which has affected a million or more families (*Continued on page* 182)

By Appointment

Concentrated
Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

JASMINE
CARNATION
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WINTER CRUISES
by
VOLTAIRE & VANDYCK

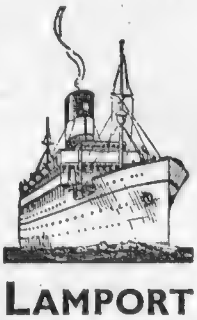
First Class only. *Window or porthole in every room*

CHRISTMAS CRUISE

DEC. 20. "Vandyck" from Southampton to Madeira (for Christmas Eve festivities), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe and back to Madeira for New Year's Eve Celebrations. Returning to Southampton anuary 5th. **16 days from 25 gns.**
Passengers will have option of leaving steamer at Madeira on December 24th, and rejoining New Year's Day.

WEST INDIES CRUISE

FEB. 5. "Vandyck" rom Southampton to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo (Santo Domingo), Kingston (Jamaica), Havana (Cuba), Miami, Bermuda, Ponta Delgada. **46 days from 80 gns.**



MADEIRA SERVICE
T.S.S. "VOLTAIRE."

Regular ortnightly sailings during Spring, commencing February 2nd, from Southampton to Lisbon and Madeira. Homeward accommodation reserved.

For full details of above apply:

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE, LTD.

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3 (Tel. Bank 8850); 27 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3 (Tel. Royal 5723); 64 Cross Street, Manchester, 2 (Tel. Blackfriars 2806); or local Tourist Agents.

A Christmas Gift

WITH REAL "WARMTH" IN IT...

TO say that this "H.M.V." Controlled-Heat Iron of gleaming porcelain and chromium plate will give pleasure to the recipient is an understatement. It is all the irons a woman needs . . . in one! It has a heat regulator giving the precise degree of heat required for a particular article . . . and each heat "dialled" is kept at an unvarying level by thermostatic control. The "H.M.V." Iron cannot scorch, thereby safeguarding the most delicate fabrics . . . The untarnishable chromium-plated shoe is grooved, to go round and under buttons and for pleating, etc. . . . There are two thumb-rests . . . Go and see it now, in the special presentation packing, at your "H.M.V." dealers, store or electricity showroom.

★ *A comfortable easy grip . . . sole plate is uniformly hot right to the edge . . . shaped to travel backwards as easily as forwards, gliding over materials with 20% less effort . . . reaches ironing heat in one quarter of the time and retains correct temperature by automatic control . . . the iron will stand on its own when tilted back —no separate stand is needed . . .*

"H.M.V."
controlled-heat
IRON

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THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY
to treat colds

VAPEX
BRAND
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.
Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere

You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—*and from*—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.
Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day-long protection.

Off to School with Vapex

Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief . . . with instructions to breathe from it occasionally . . will keep your children free from colds.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE MATRON OF A NURSING HOME

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
—B. S., Burnham-on-Sea.

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good—feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.

VAPEX
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DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DANGEROUS DRUGS

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve—today—and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

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RED OR SHINY NOSE
BROKEN VEINS, FLUSHING
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
(5 hairs removed simultaneously without scar)

Latest scientific treatments, personal diagnosis, free advice for the skin, guaranteed by the 31 years' experience of

Mme. Bertha JACOBSON
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Her famous treatments: Acne, Wrinkles, Dry or Greasy Skin, Red Veins, Red Nose, Chilblains, Coarse, Loose or Scraggy Skins, Puffiness under Eyes, Double Chins, Open Pores and Blackheads, Eyebrow Shaping, Eyelash Tinting, Manicure, etc., Individual Cosmetics and Skin Medicaments are unrivalled. All consultations and Booklet free.

Try the famous Pompadour Wonder Mask Rejuvenation in 20 minutes. Sample Treatment 2/6 post free

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King Frost Promises a Rich Harvest in 1938

in and around the mountain countries. Consider one winter sport—ski-ing. It was born in Scandinavia. The British found it there and imported it into Switzerland. They say that when Mr. Arnold Lunn first appeared on skis in the Chamonix district in 1905 the whole village turned out, and stared, and gaped, and laughed, and shouted. They thought him crazy. None recognised in the lone pioneer the founder of a great Swiss industry, and a man who might claim some of the credit usually appropriated wholly to a little god with wings on his shoulders and a bow in his hand.

One fears the experts, the downhill racers, the men who compete in the jumping and *langlauf* competitions, would not like the latter implication. You might even be thrown out of the Kandahar Ski Club, which exists only to foster downhill racing, for the mere suggestion that any human being comes to the winter snowlands, and puts on skis and ski clothes, for any other reason than to risk his limbs and neck competing against other ski-ers in races where the competitors get up to 60 miles an hour, and a winner will average 40 miles an hour over a course dangerous enough to break a novice into small pieces (a lad like Willi Steuri, the Swiss crack, will deliberately fall at high speed, and pick himself up again, and go on, in order to avoid losing time by a slow-up for a racing turn).

But the fact remains that for most of the snow folk ski-ing and skating are a game, a gregarious game; and your Swiss hotel keeper, for one, likes it that way. He admires the aces, of course, but privately deplores the competitive intensities which induce men to cut out alcohol and tobacco, and the late dance in the bar, in order to have a better chance of winning a pot or showing up well in a contest. He prefers the easy-going crowd who dance, drink, smoke, and make love, even if they do spend most of their time outdoors with their skis in the air, and not infrequently have to bring cushions into the dining-room to sit on during meals.

There will probably be a million of these in Europe this year—maybe three if one adds the Americans playing around in their own country and Canada, for the ski-ing craze has bitten them over there too—and the number of nationalities represented constantly increases. I came over from St. Moritz to Arosa late last March, at a time when the place should have been as dead as London in August. Instead, the season was still on, and I found the Tschuggen Grand Hotel packed with French, Italian, Austrian, German, and English visitors—fifteen different nationalities, no less, the manager told me with pride.

I checked, and added one more. She was a Burmese lady of caste, who smoked a cigar during the dinner dance, and for a month had been gallantly trailing in the wake of the ski school, first series. She was a lady of character. Having achieved her hundredth fall, she gave a party to celebrate. When a leather-faced English lady, very county, who had ski-ed for fifteen years, stubbed the point of her ski in soft snow going uphill, and fell forward, and broke an ankle, the Burmese lady gave another party—I don't think she liked the English lady, who looked down her nose at the cigar, and disapproved of a Burmese complexion.

The prettiest girl in the hotel told me as we danced that she was tired—she had spent half the night reading a simply thrilling book. I asked her if she would lend it to me—it must be something very special. She brought it down. It was not, however, either Hemmingway, or Maugham, Arlen, Mitchell, or even Frankau. *Naturliches Skilaufen* was the name of it, by E. Matthias G. Testa. It came from the press of Verlag Paul Haupt, of Bern, and told everything about ski-ing, illustrating every attitude and accident with photos and sketches, and including an excellent series of X-ray photographs to show (*Continued on page* 184)

"A hunt ball for others . . . a beauty test for me"

LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

"WHEN I came back to England after a childhood spent abroad, I noticed how much less attractive my skin was than that of most girls of my age.

"No wonder then, when I received an invitation to a hunt ball, that I turned for aid to what my friends used—Pond's Cold Cream.

"I attended that hunt ball as I might have done an important beauty test . . . but I need not have feared. Thanks to Pond's Cold Cream my skin looked as nice as any girl's there . . . Since that day I've used this cream—it's the best way I know of keeping the skin healthy, clear and free of little blemishes."

Wake Up Your Under-skin

Your skin can be made lovely, as hers was. For skin faults start in your *under-skin*—the glands, muscles and nerves lying under your top skin. When it gets sluggish, blackheads, big pores, lines and wrinkles appear.

But you can wake up a sleepy under-skin and make it work. By using Pond's Cold Cream! Smooth it on—to cleanse the pores. Wipe this dirt away. Then pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to rouse the under-skin. When you wipe it off, your skin will be softer, smoother, clearer, fresher.

But do this faithfully *every night*—in the morning and to remove powder. Soon lines will be softened. Blackheads will be loosened—will go easily.

Start using Pond's Cold Cream today . . . To hold powder on use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Pond's Creams are at chemists' and stores—sizes from 6d. But try both free—send the coupon.

POND'S

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. **C1269**, Pond's, Perivale, Middlesex.

NAME________________

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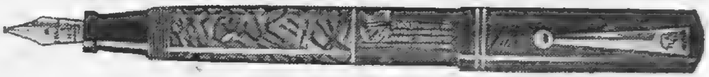
BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: *Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.*

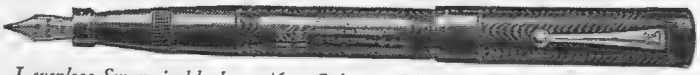
TO SOLVE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM

Decide to Give Swans –

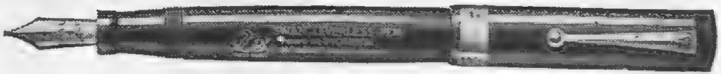
the gifts that are REALLY appreciated



Visofil Swan, black or colours, 25/–



Leverless Swan, in black, 17/6. Other models, black or colours, from 21/–



Leverless Swan, black or colours, 30/–

Fyne-Poynt Pencil in rolled gold or silver, 12/6

. . . some Swan Pens in their neat boxes, a few strong envelopes, your gift list in front of you—and your Christmas present problem is solved. Swan Pens are so supremely suitable as gifts . . . so practical, so lasting. Headed by the Swan Visofil and the Swan Leverless, all the pens bear the mark of fine workmanship. All Swan Pens are guaranteed for a lifetime's service. And (an interesting point) Swan Pens can be inexpensively engraved with names or inscriptions.

The VISOFIL and LEVERLESS

Swan Pens

Prices to suit everyone: The new Visofil Swan, with mounts and clip of rolled gold, 25/–. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Other Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens from 7/6. Available in black or colours with nibs to suit all hands. Fyne-Poynt Pencils to match most Swan Pens from 5/–. Gift Sets (pen and pencil complete in presentation case) from 13/6. Of all Stationers and Jewellers.

Made throughout in the British Isles by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Also at 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1; 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

you just where and how the bones of your leg, ankle and foot break in the various falls you are liable to have if you don't look out.

The only fault I could find with it was that it had overlooked the thumb sprain, or break—a minor but common mishap apt to befall the unwary ski-er whose sticks take charge of him at an awkward moment—and that, by an oversight, perhaps, no mention was made of the hip and pelvis breaks that you *can* make if you go ski-ing too late in the season, and happen to hit a patch of top snow lying deceptively over a patch that was once ice, only the ice has melted, leaving just a hole . . . .

One day, perhaps, somebody will write of the amours that started in Arosa, the loves that were born in Lenzerheida, the romances that began in Monte Rosa and the Riffelalp, the marriages that were made at St. Moritz, Murren, and Maloja; and it will make a very fat volume.

Jack drives out, or back, or both ways, with Jill in a horse sleigh. The bells ring gaily as the sleigh glides through pine woods, over the paths of a fairy-tale world. They feel on their face the tang of keen air at ten to fifteen below zero, and the snug warmth of fur rugs pulled up to the chin. Moonlight on a boat deck in summer time seas is thin lager compared to the potent wine of this enchantment. . . . .

The winter world is more beautiful than the summer world—more beautiful and more glamorous, lovelier, lonelier. Friendships develop as easily amid the frost spangles and snow-hung branches as they do on shipboard on the high seas. It has, perhaps, something to do with sharp reminders of the brevity and precariousness of a little human life on earth, the vividness of the sojourn, and the long sleep that waits at its end. Northerners have a greater zest for life than Southerners. Vigour is a northern, languor a southern phenomenon.

These are not altogether personal reflections. The realisation has reached even

King Frost Promises a Rich Harvest in 1938

Hollywood, and started a fashion in celluloid dreams there which involves great money adventures.

When Sonja Henie crossed the Atlantic to try her luck in the film capital she was just a blonde and rather plump little figure skater who had won the world's title for a number of years on end, and finally lost it to a sixteen-year-old English girl. The magnates did not talk big money. But you cannot do what Sonja has done, and lack character and resource. The ice girl hired the biggest hall in sight and staged a one-girl ice rink show. It is said that she made three thousand pounds in two weeks. She certainly packed the place out every night.

"That is what I can do," she said sweetly to the now interested magnates. "Let us talk business."

They groomed her over, fitted a story to her technical skill and personality, and sent her forth into the world in a snow picture—the first of the snow-world pictures, if one excepts the little-theatre pictures made by Trenker and Riesenstahl in the Alps. It was a smash hit. The owners of a large and older investment, if one may be permitted so to refer to Claudette Colbert, had meantime perceived the lure of the new thing, and the competition. They put Colbert into training, and as soon as she could cut a graceful figure on skates, clapped her into a snow-picture and gave her Robert Young as a foil, on skis. It was a smash hit.

Now the film factories keep a rink going for Sonja all through the summer; three dry ski schools are in operation (there are a couple in London, too), and the news is that Gary Cooper is being fitted for skis, while half the aspiring players are spending all their spare time mastering the intricacies of figure skating.

After this, of course, a new art form, in the shape of ice ballet, is a normal development. The de Basil Russian ballet had no sooner departed from Covent Garden on the points of their big toes than the Langdon-Megroz ice ballet came skimming in on steel skates, to the music of Chabrier, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, Massanet and Delibes. The critics began by sniffing, and talking of trick skating, and stunts, and "a spectacle calling itself art." But they had not taken more than one good look at the compositions rehearsed by the fur-coated producer on skates before they were murmuring such phrases as "exciting quality," a "minor but very lovely art," and "that 'absolute' beauty only associated with an art."

So it goes. Ice, frost and snow are the new stimulants, to industry, commerce, entertainment, art, and the romance which keeps the builders and equippers of homes busy. Roll down, mercury! The icicle-hung path to our fairyland winds through the zone below zero.

END

(Copyright in Canada and the U.S. of America)

The Chelsea Arts Ball

THE "Old year out" and the "New year in" will again be celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall, where the Chelsea Arts Club will hold their annual ball. Dancing from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. with Ambrose and his famous orchestra.

This year the theme will be "Flaming Youth," the setting designed by Professor Gerald Moira, and the centre-piece by Charles Wheeler, A.R.A. Fancy dress is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn. The first issue of tickets are priced at one and a half guineas, but very few of those are left. Tickets include supper in the gallery. There also are boxes from ten guineas. Tickets to view from the balcony are 6s. each, including tax. Fancy dress is not necessary for these seats and refreshments may be purchased. It is not possible to reserve seats, and tickets cannot be dispatched until paid for. Tickets may be obtained from the Royal Albert Hall and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7. Telephone: Western 5148.

Get fit - keep fit

*To be fit is to be happy—
Everyone should take part in the
National Fitness Campaign*

**MISS PAMELA PRIOR
Professional Champion
Ice Skater of the World
appearing in "St. Moritz"
at the COLISEUM.**

All active sport demands a full store of energy. Amongst all foods, Bread stands supreme as the energy-provider and as the restorer of energy consumed.

Bread for Energy

C.F.H. 361

DEAUVILLE
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PATRICIAN

Start collecting Community Plate

Community Plate is supplied through all leading silversmiths in canteens for 6, 8 or 12, or in smaller units and presentation sets for all occasions. To those who have in mind obtaining one of these smaller units, may we suggest that you make it the first step towards building a complete service.

The glow of candle light . . . the tableware, perfectly laid, reflects with every subtle flicker of the flame the infinite beauty of Community Plate. Four exquisite designs, patterns of true craftsmanship, await your choice. Write to Community, 264 (A.C.) Regent Street, W. 1., for fully illustrated catalogue and Elizabeth Craig's interesting booklet on setting table.

COMMUNITY PLATE

SEAGERS COCKTAIL CABINET

CONTAINING ½ BOTTLES OF:

SEAGERS famous EGG FLIP
SEAGERS BRONX COCKTAIL
SEAGERS HIGHLAND COCKTAIL
SEGAVIN The wine for every occasion

Complete with Cocktail Cherries and Sticks, and in a polished sliding door cabinet, which is in itself a useful piece of furniture.

Get one to-day from your usual Stockist — it's the perfect Christmas present.

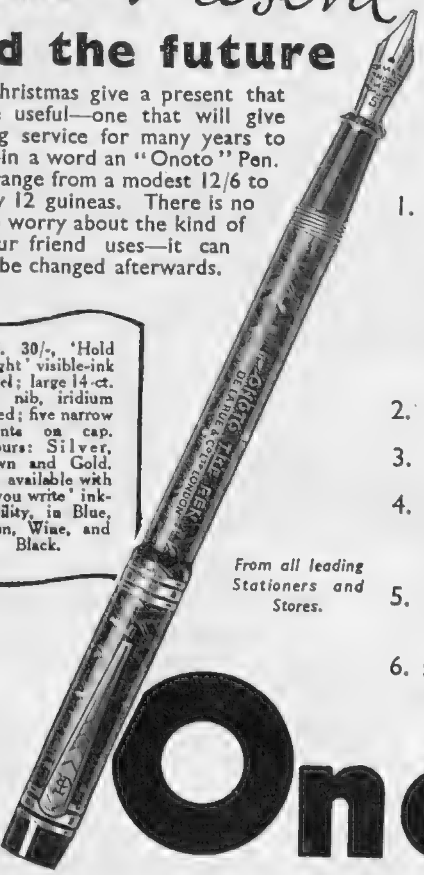
12/6 COMPLETE

TRADE MARK

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805
DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

The *Present* and the future

This Christmas give a present that will be useful—one that will give unfailing service for many years to come—in a word an "Onoto" Pen. Prices range from a modest 12/6 to a lordly 12 guineas. There is no need to worry about the kind of nib your friend uses—it can always be changed afterwards.



6235. 30/-, 'Hold to light' visible-ink model; large 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped; five narrow mounts on cap. Colours: Silver, Brown and Gold. Also available with 'as you write' ink-visibility, in Blue, Green, Wine, and Black.

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AYR WOOLS

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R 125

Christmas Cafeteria

(*Continued from page* 85)

Add the tomatoes (peeled and with pips removed) and let this work very slowly, seasoning with salt, pepper and a good pinch of paprika.

While this is slowly cooking, melt the rest of the butter in a small saucepan, add the flour, and stir well till smooth. Cook for one minute, and then add, little by little, the milk which you have warmed. Cook slowly, beating often till you have a smooth, thick sauce, adding salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg, and you then add the onion and tomato, stirring it well in.

Take a Phœnix glass oven dish, butter it well and put in the fish flaked, or the cooked lobster cut in small pieces. Pour over most of the sauce, stir well and then add a final coating of sauce. Add one or two tiny pieces of butter on top and bake in moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

The preparation of this dish can be done in the morning, leaving only the final cooking in the oven, in which case it is a good plan to put on top the tiny pieces of butter after you have put the things in the dish. This prevents a hard crust from forming; but as the whole thing takes very little time it is really preferable to do it just before it is wanted.

Talking of Phœnix glass dishes, I would use as many as possible always in a small establishment, as they are so easy to clean and avoid extra serving dishes, besides being most attractive to look at.

Salade Panachée

Half a pound of Belgian endives.
Two beetroots, one apple, three or four cooked potatoes.
Two slices of lean cooked ham, one slice of pineapple.
Cream, lemon juice, salt, pepper, tomato ketchup.

Clean the endives, and peel the beetroot, potatoes, apple (this to be cored, of course), and cut these into small pieces, also the slice of pineapple and ham.

Put into a salad bowl, mix well and make a dressing with salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one of tomato ketchup, and a good squeeze of lemon juice.

Mix the dressing separately, pour it over the salad just before serving, and stir well.

If You Have a Sweet Tooth

(*Continued from page* 84)

Tangerine Cakes

Twelve ounces of flour.
Six ounces of castor sugar.
Six ounces of mixed fruits.
Two ounces of sweet almonds.
Six ounces of butter.
Grated lemon rind.
A little milk.
Four eggs.

Cream the butter in a bowl, add the sugar and beat well. Add the eggs, well beaten, stirring all the time; also about two tablespoonfuls of milk, putting this in alternately with the flour (previously sifted) and mixing thoroughly. Now add the fruit, picked and chopped, the grated rind of one lemon and the almonds, blanched, of course, and chopped. Mix again and pour into a cake-tin lined with greased paper. Bake for about one hour and thirty to forty minutes.

Let the cake become quite cold, split in two and spread both inside layers with tangerine icing. Put the two pieces together again and spread all over the top and sides with a good layer of tangerine icing.

Tangerine Icing

Six ounces of icing sugar.
The strained juice of two tangerines.

Put the sugar and the juice together in a small saucepan. Bring to the boil and boil gently until the sugar has dissolved and the icing is smooth and thick. Let it cool a little before applying to the cake.

General Icing for Cakes

The white of an egg.
A teaspoonful of strained lemon juice.
Half a pound of icing sugar.

Beat together in a bowl the icing sugar and white of egg. When you have a stiff, smooth icing which runs like a ribbon when you lift the spoon, add the lemon juice, stirring lightly but firmly, and use the icing according to requirements.

The "Regulo" settings are as follows:—

Fish or Lobster Pie	..	*Mark* 5
Tangerine Cakes	..	*Mark* 4
Fruit Cake (rather rich)	..	*Mark* 3
Chocolate Cake	..	*Mark* 4
Another Fruit Cake	..	*Mark* 1

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CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2

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BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

T80

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In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.

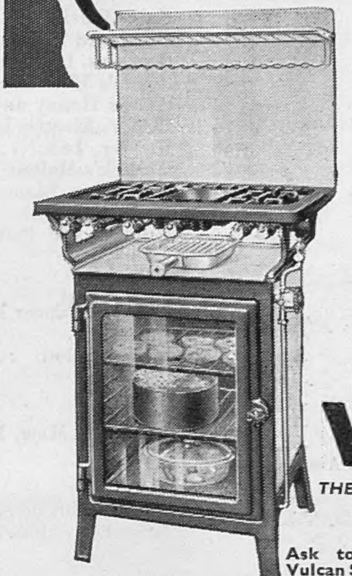
CHIVERS' Olde English MINCEMEAT
CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING
CHIVERS
RASPBERRY MILKET
CHIVERS JELLIES

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY. HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

"VISIBLE COOKING"

Makes expert cooking easy

GOOD COOKS EVERYWHERE SAY



For expert results you must have perfect equipment. The VULCAN Gas Cooker, planned to the minutest detail for accuracy and easy work, makes it simple for every woman to become an expert cook. Automatic oven heat regulator, large oven space, single back burner; and the patent double glass door to give a clear view of the interior. All these improvements combine to make the VULCAN the supremely perfect cooker it is.

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- ★ Large oven space, with single back burner.
- ★ Housewife planned hotplate; covered griller.
- ★ Porcelain enamelled in mottled grey or plain colours.

Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms, or write for free list to The Vulcan Stove Co.Ltd.(Dept. BE 12), Exeter

If you have no gas supply, write for special list of Vulcan Cookers for use with Calor Gas, which can be installed in isolated homes, yachts, caravans, etc. Calor Gas cylinder service is available anywhere in the British Isles.

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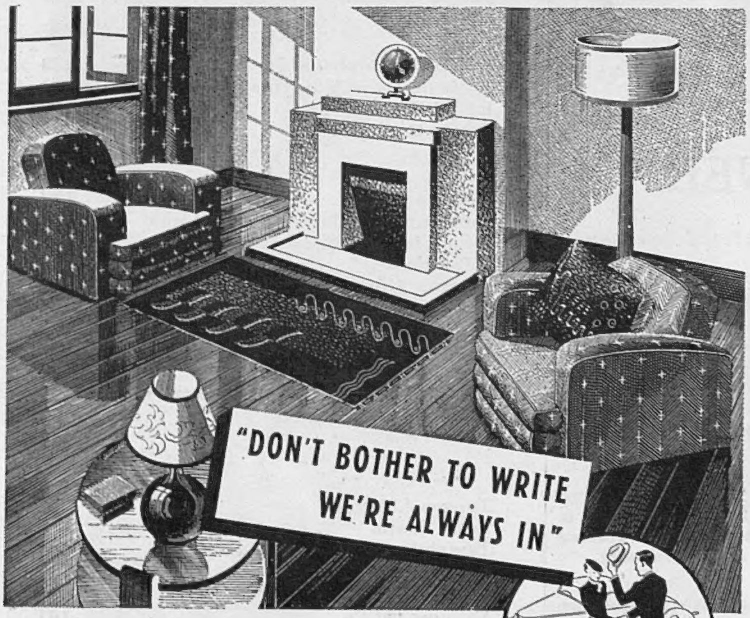

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FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

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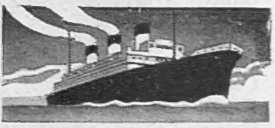

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Let "RANEE"

read your character from your

Handwriting

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In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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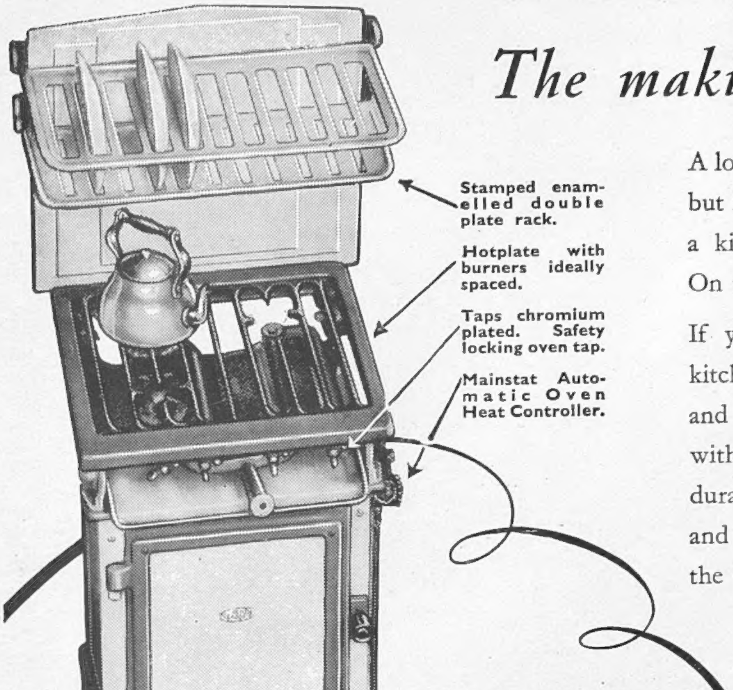
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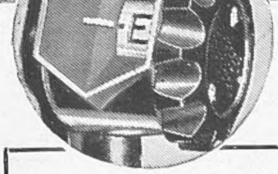

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CHRISTMAS PUDDING

¾ lb. Self-raising Flour, or
¾ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants.
2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel.
¾ lb Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. ¼ pint Rum (optional).
6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg.
1 eggspoon Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. *Recipe for 4 puddings.*

THIS splendid 'Atora'—the good Beef Suet, is a wonderful convenience, pouring straight from the packet. 'Atora' ensures perfect puddings, light, dainty and digestible, because being entirely free from fibrous tissue, the suet blends evenly and thoroughly with the other ingredients. And it makes Mincemeat that just melts in the mouth.

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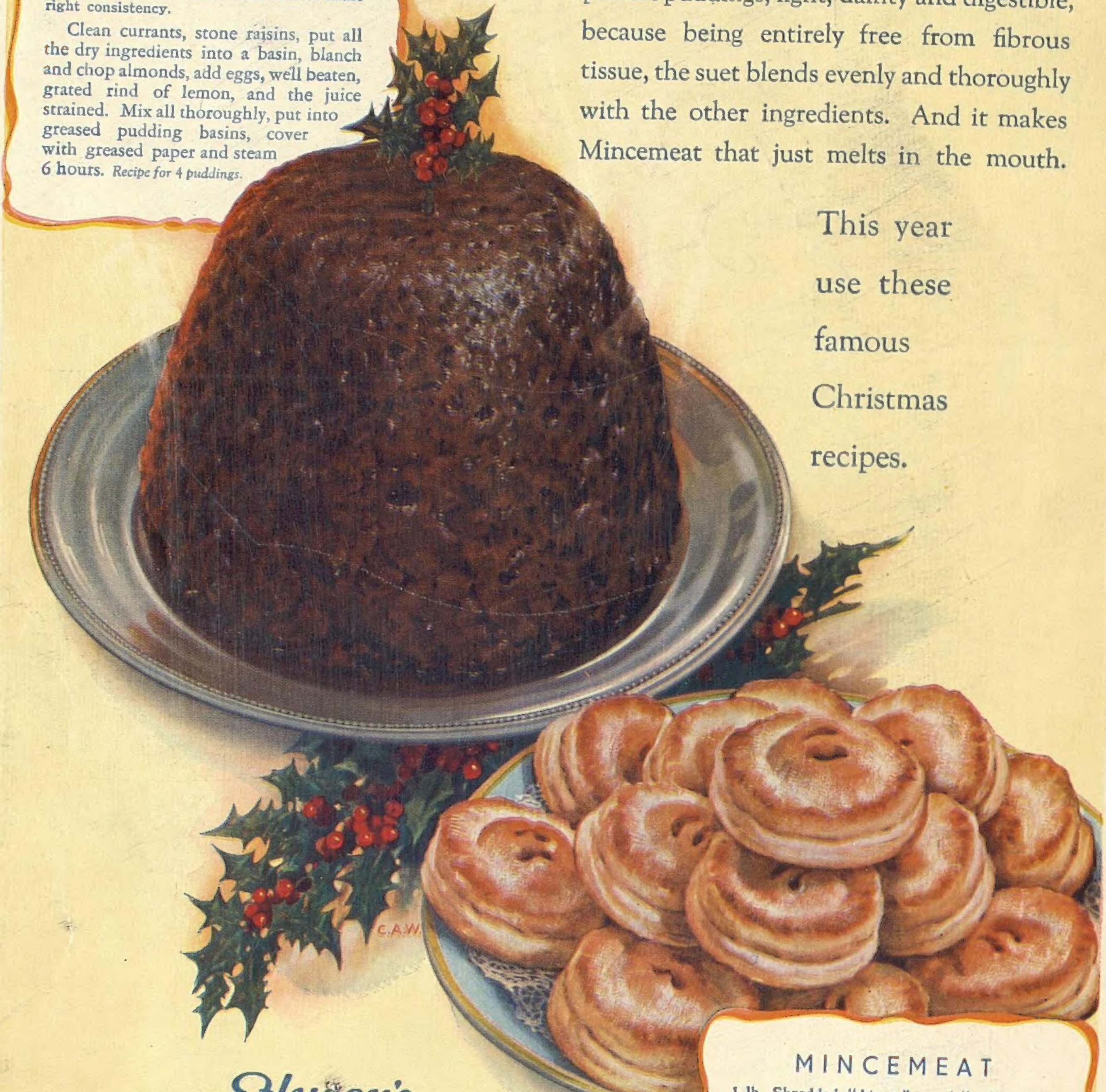
Christmas
recipes.



MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Shredded "Atora." 1 lb. Currants.
1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar.
1 lb. chopped Raisins. ¼ lb. Citron Peel.
¼ lb. Candied Orange Peel. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky (optional). 1 Lemon. ¾ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. ½ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ teaspoon Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Hugon's

ATORA

THE GOOD BEEF SUET

These recipes are taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, 11.